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THE FACE OF MOTHER INDIA

BY
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THE STORY

THIS book is a story-picture-book. Its aim is to give eyewitness of India as India stands today. Its pictures, all photographs of the actual object, number 406. Had they been thrice as many, they still must have left untouched a multitude of interesting peculiarities of that most interesting and peculiar land. But the limits of space compel selection, and from a storehouse so rich in subjects so varied, any selection is bound to leave many minds unsatisfied, even to the point of protest.

For a reasonable understanding of the photographs, however, some slight background is necessary, beyond the tags of statements attached to each item. Therefore the story comes first.

* * *

"Land of internal antagonisms." So to describe modern India would strike close to the core of fact. Yet of all the many antagonisms, social, political, moral, today gnawing at India's vitals, the deepest-toothed, the least tamable, the strongest, hottest, fiercest, is precisely that which few Western minds seem willing to face. Politicians are prone to avoid and undervalue it. Idealists misstate and undervalue it. And both, in pious hope, try to still it with lullabys so that they may proceed in peace on ways of their own preference.

As well sing lullabys to erupting Vesuvius, as wisely forget, under Etna, that ever-impending fate, as attempt by any cajolement, any evasion or denial, to mask the fiery gulf that yawns between the Hindu and Islam.

When, in the year 632 A.D., Muhammad, founder of Islam, closed his mortal career, he left kindled behind him one of the most tremendous moral fires of all time. As through fields of ripened wheat that blaze swept out from Arabia, land of its birth, west and east, igniting the minds of men, until today the Islamic creed—Muhammadanism—is professed by one-ninth of all mankind.

In India today it controls, in passionate devotion stronger than life itself, eighty millions of human beings; or almost one-fourth, and that by far the strongest fourth of the entire Indian population.

"Islam," the word, means "surrender"—surrender of the human will to the revealed will of God. Hinduism, too, declares itself to rest on revealed divine will, and is equally unshakable in its hold on its adherents. Hinduism, including outcastes, whom it counts as Hindus for political purposes only, claims about two-thirds of the Indian population. Between the two creeds, Hinduism and Islam, the contrast is antipodal.

The Muslim is the purest of monotheists. He owns no two religions—one for the learned, one for the simple. No matter what his station, intellectual or social, he worships One God and Him only, Omniscient, Omnipresent, Omnipotent, First Cause, unbegetting and unbegot, Master and Judge of all creation; and the Ten Commandments of Moses are embedded in his law.

The Hindu, excepting a few advanced theologians utterly aloof from and indifferent to the people, is the most elaborate of Polytheists. He worships millions of gods, some by acts that are cardinal offences against any moral code of civilized humanity.

The Muslim asserts that in the sight of God all men are equal, be they rich or poor, dark or light, bond or free. Muhammad, Prophet of Islam, was no respecter of persons, welcoming to his friendship the most humbly born.

The orthodox Hindu holds that his gods have ordained a social scale at whose top everlastingly sits the Brahmin, endowed with all privilege; below the Brahmin descend by steps some three to four thousand inferior castes and sub-castes, each inescapably fettered, as to every concern in life, within its own compartment; whilst beneath them all wallow helpless and hopeless millions of outcastes—humanity born so low that they possess no rights of any sort and their very shadow defiles whatever it falls upon.

The Muslim concedes no place for priestly mediation between himself and his Maker, holding that every true believer enjoys immediate access, through his own prayer, straight to the throne of God.

The Hindu believes that access to his deities can be attained only through the paid interventions of the Brahmin; and that, as charms—*mantras*—control the gods and the Brahmins control the charms, the Brahmins, for all practical purposes, dominate the gods, whose earthly form they are.

The Muslim teaches his Bible, the Koran, freely and without reserve, to every member of his faith, man, woman and child, and opens his Heaven to all believers.

The Hindu counts exclusive control of his holy scriptures amongst the prerogatives of the Brahmin, leaves all women, except as wives, outside the scheme of salvation, and denies to outcastes the right to learn, to use, or even to hear, the Vedas.

The Muslim accepts both our Old and our New Testament—the Law and Gospel—as, like his Koran, the revealed Word of God; venerates Christ as, like Muhammad, God's chosen Prophet; and may intermarry with Jews and Christians though these retain their faith.

The orthodox Hindu ranks all Jews and Christians amongst the outcastes, "untouchables," contact with whom is defilement necessitating religious rites of purification.

The Muslim, bracketing idolatry with polytheism, abhors both as the most blasphemous of sins.

The Hindu, in his ultra-polytheism, has devised an infinitude of idols which he venerates daily with elaborate and minutely fixed ceremonial.

The Muslim, exultant, plunges into battle for Islam, his Faith, assured that if he dies for its sake, fighting the Idolater, his soul soars straight to Paradise. And for that cause it was, in that triumphant assurance, that he first descended upon India. Nor can any clearer light be thrown upon the whole subsequent Muslim-Hindu position, even to the present day, than is shed by one story of that first coming.

Let the story begin at the year 999 A.D., when, up in the mountain fastnesses beyond India's north-west flank, in the region now called Afghanistan, reigned a young Muslim chief of Turko-Mongolian race, called Mahmoud of Ghazni.

Son of a soldier-king, twice before his fifteenth year Mahmoud had ridden south through the high passes, down into the plains of Hindustan, to campaign against the Hindu, fighting in pitched battles, hand to hand, at his father's side. Already he shone in skill at arms and in the art of war when his father died. Now Mahmoud stood in his father's place, another David, King of Israel—soldier and champion proved, poet, musician, ardent in religion and learned in the learning of his day—when to him out of the distant west came riding an embassy.

The Caliph of Baghdad, revered head of the whole Islamic world, confirming Mahmoud's sovereignty, was investing him, on this the threshold of his career, with two great titles—"Right Hand of Government" and "Guardian of the Faith."

Like Pentecostal fire the words caught the heart of the young ruler. Then and there he registered his oath. "By the One God," he swore, "and for the love of His Holy Prophet, on whose name be peace," he, Mahmoud, would not tamely accept these stern titles; he would well and truly earn them. As soon as he could prepare, and once each year thereafter, as long as strength endured, he would scale the Frontier passes and march on the Faith's chief offender, most ancient of arch-idolaters, the Hindu.

With one swift blow at the Punjab, northernmost Hindu territory, he began the task. This was about the year 1000. In 1001, again swooping down from his eyrie, he cut still deeper south, crushing the Rajah of Lahore and laying waste his sanctuaries. Again and yet again, year after year, farther and farther afield he struck with practically unbroken success, always demolishing both idols and shrines, until at last, in 1008, six powerful Hindu princes united to stop him.

The numbers of the allies greatly exceeded those of the invaders, but while Mahmoud's troops were disciplined veterans trusting and glorying in their general, each Hindu contingent secretly doubted the loyalty and the object of the rest and no Hindu prince would wholly entrust the control of his own men to the titular commander-in-chief of their combined armies. Nevertheless, so great was their advantage in numbers that it alone seemed bound to decide the issue of the day, when suddenly, as the hostile forces yet stood facing each other, an event intervened such as abound in war annals of the kings of Israel. One of the vessels of naphtha, carried in Mahmoud's supply-train for the better and quicker destruction of idol-houses, blew

up with a roar. The elephant bearing the ranking Hindu chief, terror-stricken and out of control, turned and bolted through the allied body. The Hindu hosts concluded thereat that their mutual suspicions were justified. Behold, was not here their premier prince, without striking a blow, deserting in the face of the enemy? General rout ensued. For two days and two nights thereafter Mahmoud "smote them and chased them" after the fashion of Joshua dealing with the seven kings at the waters of Merom, obeying the orders of Moses.

Thus ended for the Hindus, in confusion, disaster, and an aftermath of mutual blame, the only approach to union by which they were ever to oppose Mahmoud's invasions.

Many great temples did Mahmoud thereafter destroy. Many idols did he shatter. Many thousands of slaves did he bring back to Ghazni; much precious treasure of art for the adornment of his capital and his court, where it was his joy to assemble the scholars and poets of his day—such lights as Alberuni and Firdousi amongst them. But never did he linger in the land of the idolater, always returning swiftly to his own place and his own people.

Then came a day, after years of almost monotonous triumphs, when rousing news reached him. The Hindu priests—the Brahmins, had at last collected their wits to save their faces: To all that would hear they were now proclaiming that Mahmoud's successes, far from being due to the power of Mahmoud's God, as Mahmoud himself pretended, were in reality a supreme manifestation of the strength of the Hindu super-deity, Siva. (See photograph No. 4.)

Siva, declared the Brahmins, enraged against the lesser Hindu gods, his vassals, because of certain ill behaviour, had willed to punish them by destruction of their shrines. Wherefore, he, Siva, had employed the rude hand of Islam, otherwise powerless against their divinity.

If this new preaching accomplished its purpose by bracing the faith of the Hindu, no less surely did it spur the zeal of the Muslim. Mahmoud cast about for a target that should truly test the Sword of Allah. So doing, his mind came to rest upon Somnath.

Now Somnath, on the far distant coast of Kathiawar, was Siva's greatest shrine in all western India. Here the god was especially adored as Lord of the Moon, the way of it being thus explained in priestly teaching:

Siva's wives, inflamed with righteous wrath, once complained to another god of their husband's unsatisfactory marital conduct. This second deity called Siva to account and, when the latter delayed to mend his ways, cursed him with disease that eats the flesh of the face. Aghast at his damaged fairness—witness to this day the gnawed and ravaged countenance of the full moon—Siva now promised reform and begged for the removal of the curse. The co-god refused to retract his word. Finally a compromise was reached whereby Siva was permitted to hide most of his shameful sores for two weeks out of every four—witness to this day the moon's two minor quarters; but on condition only that Siva set up a special memorial of the whole incident.

That memorial, so it was divinely ordained, should be a huge image of his own lingam,

to be enshrined supreme in a grand new temple where faithful Hindus must come to worship it.

This time the god obeyed. And so appeared, in Kathiawar, the famous temple of Somnath, reared to the honour of Siva, Lord of the Moon.

Its floor, resting on blocks of stone, consisted of massive teak planks, the cracks filled with lead. The pyramidal roof of the main hall, thirteen stories high, rose from fifty-six columns of solid teak. Within, crowned with splendid jewels, stood the lingam itself—a rounded shaft of stone seven cubits high, its lower third sunk in its *yonî*. And—so potent was this emblem's sanctity—the very sea, as the Brahmins pointed out, twice each day fell down before it, doing it reverence. Witness to this day the tides that rise and fall on the beach of Somnath. Especially in seasons of eclipse, pious Hindus, a hundred thousand at a time, gathered in pilgrimage to adore the image in appropriate rites—those rites that the Hebrew prophets denounced when performed before Moloch, Baal, and Ashtoreth. Rich Hindu rajahs sent in their unwanted daughters to supply its corps of 500 *devadasis*—resident prostitutes, “wives of the gods,” kept for Brahmin priests and for favoured visitors. And into the temple endowment fund, aside from constant gifts, poured the revenues of ten thousand villages devoted by their rajahs to its use.

Of all western India's countless temples, that of Siva of Somnath towered supreme in holiness. And so that its spiritual power might be fully complemented, it was surrounded by a great and forbidding fortress.

Therefore, when the tale of the Brahmins reached Mahmoud's ears—their tale that Siva, not Allah, through all the years had sustained his sword against the idolaters—Mahmoud thought naturally of Somnath, stronghold of Brahmin pride. Not only its preëminence, not only its strength, not only the quality of its tradition and its rites, marked it out for attack, but also its exceeding difficulty of approach challenged both his faith and his generalship.

From Ghazni to Somnath, as the crow flies, is over a thousand miles. Mahmoud must travel by a longer route, through far stretches of bone-dry desert over which his camels and elephants must carry every ounce of water, food and munitions required for his whole force, man and beast. But that march—one of the outstanding feats of ancient soldiery—brought him safely at length under the fortress walls of Somnath.

Fifty thousand armed Hindus, long forewarned, had gathered to the defence. These from the lofty ramparts now shouted defiance: “Fools, Our Lord of the Moon mocks you! Mad men! He himself has brought you here, every step of the way, solely that he may destroy you, every one, at a single blow, because of your insults to our gods of Hindustan!”

After the assault began—so the record reads—band after band of the defenders, aghast at its progress, fled down from the walls to weep and plead before the lingam—then returned to their places to die. The fortress fell. The garrison was wiped out—put to the sword or chased into the sea. The famous shrine, swept bare of its mass of treasure and drenched with naphtha,

vanished in swift flames. The great lingam itself, smashed into bits, was carried away to Ghazni to serve as stepping-stones before the Mosque. And the temple gates, lifted from their hinges, followed.

So ended the sixteenth crusade of Mahmoud of Ghazni, called in his day "the Idol-breaker."

Certain modern historians, because of his wholesale seizures or destruction of works of art, with the accompanying loss to archæology, denounce Mahmoud, in his relation to India, as no more than a barbarous bandit whose master-motive was avarice. This quality of estimate constantly appears when the deeds of one period are measured by the standards of another. Mahmoud rated the thing before him on its merits as what it then was. What merit it might acquire in the eyes of European archæologists yet nine hundred years from birth, if he let it stew on undisturbed, may easily not have occurred to him. Further, nine hundred years make a long, dark tunnel down which to descry a concealed motive in any man's mind; but as for the motive that Mahmoud himself professed, it was at least logical; it lay, at least, in his law. If he was merely a bandit driven by avarice, what were Joshua, Gideon, Saul, and David when they too obeyed their God speaking by the mouth of His prophèt, smashed the idols, hewed down their groves and their temples, and slew and spoiled the idolater?

And it must never be forgotten, nor can it be overemphasized, in following Indian history from that time to this, that the faith, the spirit, and the virility of Mahmoud on the one hand, and, on the other, the faith, the spirit and the practices that provoked Mahmoud to violence—these two unchangeable and irreconcilable opposites, have remained, are today and will long continue to be, determining factors in India's destiny.

* * *

The barrier that Mahmoud scaled, leading his men "up like mountain goats, down like waterfalls," out of Afghanistan into the land of the idolater, is a part of the Himalayas. A hundred miles deep, fifteen hundred long, and containing the highest three measured peaks in the world, the Himalayan range blocks access from the north to the V-shaped wedge of land that we call India. In Mahmoud's time that wedge, two thousand miles in length, had no covering name of native giving. Each of its hundreds of kingdoms, larger and least, was ruled by its own absolute despot. All frequently at war and battered by war, all dominated by a radically anti-social religion, they recognized little community of interest. Separated by bars of mutually unintelligible languages and mutually repellent tradition and customs, as well as by history and by blood, they never conceived of themselves as together an entity, social or political—not even to the extent of giving a name to the sub-continent upon which fate had thrown them. That common habitation—to them the world—made between them no more of a bond of fellowship than proximity today creates between Italy and Ethiopia.

Further, the whole country is much broken, split, subdivided by various mountain sys-

tems and by wide tracts of desert; and while its southern tip almost touches the 8th parallel above the equator, the northernmost boundary approximates parallel 35. Both physical and climatic oppositions, therefore, accented other elements of disunity.

Yet, from Mahmoud's point of view, all humanity between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin were as peas of one pod; for all were idolaters. And while they themselves might discern important differences amongst the gods, demons, hobgoblins and monsters, members of their teeming Hindu pantheon, Mahmoud set one value on the lot. Buddhism, originally a reforming departure from Hinduism, had reached its zenith in the fourth century before Christ. Now, encumbered with creeping lichens from the root that it had spurned, it was, in India, fast sinking to its end.¹ The Punjab—great northernmost plain of India—had almost forgotten Buddha. The gods had returned to their own,—de facto governors of the land—when Mahmoud began his holy war.

By the close of Mahmoud's career a large part of the Punjab had already acknowledged Muslim control. As time passed, other Muslim conquerors, descending like Mahmoud down out of trans-Himalayan Asia, increased that area. Their road was often disputed, but the results, even of the stiffest resistance, rarely varied. Enormous Hindu armies, by no means lacking in individual chiefs of great personal gallantry but always lacking in skilled command, always lacking in discipline, always lacking in internal confidence and mutual trust, and always hampered by endless barriers of caste, melted into head-long mobs before small, well-led, disciplined and united Muslim forces.

When the Hindu troops were Rajputs—a proud and valorous folk descended, so some students think, from ancient Mongol stock, then the Muslim needs must fight for victory. But as the field of conquest moved south-east, that condition changed. Two hundred Muslim soldiers sufficed to take the entire province of Bihar. And all of populous Bengal, a territory twice as big as the State of Virginia, dropped like a ripe plum when that hardy Islamic campaigner, Muhammad Khilji, barely twitched the bough. Muhammad Khilji, with eighteen Afghan horsemen at his heels, rode up to the palace gate of Bengal's reigning rajah. Nothing more was required. The rajah, a Bengali Brahmin, waiting neither for word nor for blow, slipped swiftly away by the palace back door.

That "conquest" was effected in the year 1200. With it ended Hindu rule in Bengal. For five and a half centuries thereafter the great Brahmin stronghold lay, almost without interruption, flat as a millpond under Muslim lords. And when, in 1757, she changed hands it was to glide at Clive's touch into British, not Hindu, control.

During the period of Muslim conquest and assumption immediately following Mahmoud of Ghazni's day, some Islamic masters concerned themselves more, some less, with the religious practices of the Hindu populace. But all levied on its wealth and its produce, all commandeered its services and its labour, most shouldered their sacred duty of smashing its idols

¹ In all India, excluding Burma, there are now only 439,000 Buddhists. *Census of India*, 1931, vol. i, part 1, p. 389.

and its idol-houses, and many turned to account the abundant wreckage thereof as ready-made, convenient and significant building materials for that noble architecture in which from the first the Muslim excelled.

For example, when the Muslim commander, Kutbu-d-din, about 1209, A.D., raised in Delhi the great Kutb Mosque, he used in its construction the wreckage of no fewer than twenty-seven Hindu temples. (See No. 5.) In the masonry of this Mosque, as in many another splendid Muslim creation spread over the face of India, it is still easy to identify Hindu temple remnants—blocks of carven stone showing fragments of temple patterns or figures of monsters, demons, gods. And the student of races, observing these blocks, ponders the fact that in all the centuries since first they were so placed by the victor's hand, the Hindu living in their presence has never dislodged them.

So passed five hundred years and more; years checkered not only with fresh invasions, but also with rivalries between Muslim conquerors already settled in the land.

Then, in 1526, down through the Himalayan gorges rode, as Mahmoud had ridden, another epoch-making Islamic figure—Babur of Samarkand, since his twelfth year king and soldier.

Babur, then forty-three years old, united in his veins the blood of those two classic Mughal conquerors, Tamerlaine and Genghis Khan, adding to the strain his own brilliant individual gifts of character and mind, accomplishment and learning. His diary-memoirs, written by his own hand, preserve today the freshness of life itself. To read them is to be translated into his time and company. For he saw and thought with clarity and he practised the rule that he laid down for his son: "Write without elaboration; use plain, clear words. So will thy troubles and thy reader's be less."

Recording the campaign into India, he begins:

I put my foot in the stirrup of resolution, set my hand on the rein of trust in God, and moved forward against Sultan Ibrahim . . . in possession of whose throne at that time were the Delhi capital and dominions of Hindustan."¹

Babur's army of invasion numbered 12,000 men, all told. Ibrahim's force was estimated at 100,000, with 1,000 elephants. News of the odds spread betimes. "Some in the army were very anxious and full of fear," writes Babur of his own command. "Nothing recommends anxiety and fear. For why? Because what God has fixed in eternity cannot be changed." On the famous field of Panipat the two armies met, and such a battle ensued as, says the chronicler of the other camp, had not been seen before in all that land. For the leaders on both sides were Muslims, whatever the composition of Ibrahim's troops.

Babur goes on to state that at the date of his conquest the country was governed by seven "respected and independent rulers," of whom five were Muslims "many-legged and broad-landed"—the Sultans of Delhi, Gujerat, the Deccan, Malwa and Bengal. The remaining two

¹ *Babur-Nama*, translated from the Turki by A. S. Beveridge. Luzac & Co., London, 1922, vol. ii, p. 463.

rulers, "pagans" (Hindus) both, were a Rajput chief who disputed the possession of Mewar, or Udaipur as it is now called; and the rich rajah of Vijayanagar in the remote south. Aside from these seven major figures, a host of little chiefs were sprinkled about the land, some obedient to Islam, some lodged in fastnesses so remote or inaccessible as still to have remained unvisited.

When Babur, having conquered Ibrahim of Delhi, had got his conquest well in hand, he turned first to deal with the Rajput chief who threatened him in the west. But, because of one depletion and another, he had at this juncture only a few hundred of his own transmontane Mughals to stiffen a small army mainly of local draft and perhaps largely converts from Hinduism. This native element now chattered and shivered in praise and in terror of the Rajput fighting fame. "At such a time as this," exclaims Babur, came an ill-omened astrologer who, "though he had not a helpful word to say to me, kept insisting to all he met, 'Mars is in the west in these days; who comes into the fight from this (east) side will be defeated.' Timid people who questioned the ill-augurer became the more shattered at heart. We gave no heed to his wild words, made no change in our operations, but got ready in earnest for the fight."

Things were at this stage on the morning of February 25, 1527, when Babur, thinking to ride off his irritation, ordered his horse.

Now, it happened that Babur, careful of religious duties in other respects, had always loved and freely drunk good wine, forbidden though it is by the Koran. Also three strings of camels loaded with "acceptable wines of Ghazni" had just come into camp from Kabul, by Babur's express order. Upon this background must be read the following entry in the diary:

"On Monday [Feb:25:1527] when I went out riding, I reflected, as I rode, that the wish to cease from sin had always been in my mind, and that my forbidden acts had set a lasting stain upon my heart. Said I, 'Oh! my soul

How long wilt thou draw savour from sin?
Repentance is not without savour, taste it!"

The resolve taken, that very day in the presence of his high officers he ordered all his "flagons and cups of silver and gold, the vessels of feasting," brought before him, then and there broken up, and their fragments bestowed on the deserving poor. Next day he issued a public proclamation making known his vow of perpetual abstinence. And all the good Ghazni wine from Kabul was salted to make vinegar. Not without difficulty, not without hardship, but with unbroken faith, Babur kept his oath throughout his life.

But the army still shivered.

"No manly word or brave counsel was heard from any one soever. . . . None had advice to give, none a bold plan of his own to expound. . . . At length after I had made enquiry concerning people's want of heart and seen their slackness for myself, a plan occurred to me; I summoned all the begs and braves [officers and men] and said to them, 'Begis and braves!

Who comes into the world will die.
Who lasts and lives will be God.

He who hath entered the assembly of life
Drinketh at last the cup of death. . . .

Better than life with a bad name is death with a good one. . . . God the Most High has allotted to us such happiness and has created for us such good fortune that we die as martyrs, we kill as avengers of His cause. Therefore must each of you take oath upon His Holy Word that he will not think of turning his face from his foe, or withdraw from this deadly encounter so long as life is not rent from his body!"

May an American be permitted, reading those words, to remember the jubilant scorn of our sergeant of Marines in Belleau Woods to the men he leads over the top: "Come on, you sons of ——! Do you want to live for ever?"

Babur's victory over the Rajput was complete. And soon he had swept all northern India clear of opposition, becoming himself the first Mughal emperor. But, neither he nor his men liked the land of their conquest, of which few details escape the Emperor's recording. Flora and fauna he observes with a naturalist's closeness and an artist's, gardener's and animal-lover's joy, describing leaf, flower and fruit, paw, fin and feather. Climate, topography, manners, methods, he sets all down. And when he comes to summarizing his opinion of land and folk he is no less definite:

"Swordsmen though some Hindustanis may be, most of them are ignorant and unskilled in military moves and stand, in soldierly counsel and procedure." . . . "Hindustan is a country of few charms. The people have no good looks; of social intercourse, paying and receiving visits, there is none; of genius and capacity, none; of manners, none; in handicraft and work there is no form or symmetry, method or quality; there are no good horses, no good dogs, no grapes, musk-melons or first-rate fruits, no ice or cold water, no good bread or cooked food in the bazaars, no hot-baths, no colleges, no candles, torches or candlesticks."

The general bleak disorder of human life and works repels him to the point of disgust, and his particular description of such things as the habitual fouling of well-water—photographic in application to the practice of 1935—show how thoroughly he loathed the things he described. But he could not withhold his hand from the plough: Endless were his efforts, snatched from the demands of a crowded life, to introduce beauty, order and the amenities of civilization into the land of his conquest.

Even the end of his career, sudden and untimely, came in the same self-giving. It was in 1530. Babur, then in his forty-eighth year, had recently returned to Agra from an expedition into the north-west, when news came to him that his eldest son, Prince Humayun, attended by his mother, was being brought to him, down the Jumna, ill. Humayun lay in the grip of a violent fever, which, resisting all medical skill, grew so rapidly worse that the young prince's fate seemed already sealed, when his father announced a resolve to practise the Muslim rite of inter-

cession. According to that rite the suppliant offers to Heaven that which he holds most precious in exchange for the life besought.

Those around the Emperor thought of the great diamond, supposedly the Koh-i-nur, of which Babur himself had written at the time he acquired it, that "every appraiser has estimated its value at two and a half days' food for the whole world." But the Emperor would make offering of no gift so small. Walking thrice around his son's bed, he prayed aloud, so that all might hear, "O God, if a life may be exchanged for a life, I, who am Babur, give my life and my being for Humayun."

Even as he spoke a surge of fever seized him. "I have taken up the burden!" he cried in joy. Humayun at once rose from his bed, bathed, went out and held audience. The Emperor, stricken on the spot, died shortly thereafter.

This is the testimony of the Princess Gul-badan, Babur's daughter, who wrote it down in her own book, the *Humayun-Nama*, made for the Imperial family records.¹

From father to son at each step, Babur's crown descended to Humayun, to Akbar, to Jahangir, to Shahjahan, to Aurungzeb, the "great Mughals." Akbar, *the* Great Mughal, mounted his throne in 1536—two years before the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne of England. Soldier and statesman, both by arms and by diplomacy he pushed back his borders until his domain stretched from Kabul, in Afghanistan, twelve hundred miles to the south, where it marched with the territories of earlier established Muslim conquerors. One by one, he brought under control almost every Hindu prince that resisted him, even the gallant Rajputs eventually becoming, for the most part, loyal supporters of the Imperial house, to which some of their greatest rajahs were glad to give their daughters in marriage.

Thus, by conquest or by agreement, Muslim suzerainty spread through India.

The reign of the Emperor Akbar, like that of his contemporary, Elizabeth of England, was a reign not only of extended boundaries but of enhancing wealth, of a magnificent court, of encouragement and flowering of arts and letters, of ordered government, of administrative reforms. A man of kingly presence and of distinguished qualities of mind, Akbar himself could neither read nor write, having as a boy refused to waste soldier's energies on clerk's business. Nevertheless, he was in effect well read, a remarkable memory serving him instead of the printed page. Systems of theology and philosophy especially engaged his interest. With the hospitality of a patron of pure learning he listened to the exponents of all faiths. Further, he permitted their practice. He invited Jesuit priests to his court, and to them gave leave to make converts if they could. He chose his friends and high officers from amongst Hindus as well as Muslims; yet it is obvious through all that his tolerance entailed no liberty to the Hindu to encroach upon Imperial control.

The twenty-two-year reign of Jahangir, Akbar's son, passed unchallenged as to suzerainty by any Hindu element save the Rajputs of Udaipur, whose effort failed. Like his father,

¹ *Babur-Nama*, vol. i, p. 441; vol. ii, pp. 701-702.

Jahangir was an advanced liberal in things of the mind. He decorated his throne-room and audience-chamber with pictures of Christ and of the Christian saints, some of which his own hand painted. He carried friendship to Christian missionaries still farther than had Akbar. Akbar chose to carve upon the magnificent Gate of Victory, leading into his city of Fatehpur Sikri, these words attributed to Our Saviour: "Jesus, on whom be peace, said: 'The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house upon it. The world endures but an hour, spend it in devotion.' " But Jahangir went farther still, actually subsidizing with Imperial funds the Jesuit missions and their converts to the Christian faith. Hinduism, however, he contemptuously dismissed as a "worthless religion," troubling himself little farther concerning it.

The period of the Emperor Shahjahan, Jahangir's son, during its thirty years of almost unbroken peace, was the supreme period of the great Mughals. Still farther the Imperial borders spread. No invading power, however briefly, set foot upon India's soil; no Hindu prince raised a rebellious head. The court of Shahjahan, like those of Akbar and Jahangir, exceeded in magnificence all other courts in the world of that day. The Emperor's wealth attained enormous proportions.

All the Mughals were passionate lovers of beauty in every form, from the simplest and most delicate to the most grandiose, from the sound of falling water in a mountain cascade or the blue of a wild flower in the shadow of a cliff, or the poise of a last autumnal leaf upon its twig against the sky, to the gravest, purest and loftiest forms of architecture that the Oriental mind has conceived.

Babur had inherited from his great-great-grandfather, Tamerlaine the Conqueror and Builder, and from a double ancestral line of scholarly men and women, a trained and discriminating love for noble architecture. But, save for the many gardens with which he softened the land he found, his brief and active life left him little time for building. "No bondage equals that of sovereignty," he wrote, and his creative gift, but little used, passed on from him to his successors on the throne of Empire.

Fatehpur Sikri and the reverence-commanding tomb of Humayun remain as living monuments to Akbar's architectural sense. Jahangir's inheritance of his father's æsthetic genius stands proven in much besides the Mausoleum that he designed. Shahjahan's palace in Delhi, like his dreamlike Pearl Mosque, places his name among the greatest of human creators; and the shrine of his life's love, the Taj Mahal, is the treasure of all the world.

As to religious thought in the mind of Shahjahan, the pendulum swung well away from the nebulous theologies reached by his two Imperial forbears. Shahjahan stood fast by the supremacy of his own Muslim faith. Given this foundation, certain acts of insolent evil committed by Christians lodged in the Empire—largely in seizing Imperial subjects to sell as slaves—produced their natural result for Christians as a whole.

Proceeding farther on the return to orthodoxy, Shahjahan withdrew from his Hindu subjects certain privileges into which they had gradually crept during the easy days of the

two previous reigns. One of these privileges was that of rebuilding the idol-houses which, beginning with Mahmoud of Ghazni, over six centuries before, many Muslim rulers had destroyed, each as he penetrated new Hindu territory. This indulgence Shahjahan now cancelled. More, he ordered that all such edifices as were in process of construction be levelled flat to the ground. An empire-wide crash followed. In the district of Benares alone, seventy-six Hindu temples dissolved forthwith into heaps of stone.

To the throne of Shahjahan succeeded Aurungzeb, his son, a religious puritan of the sternest type. Aurungzeb, in the midst of a gorgeous court on whose splendour he insisted, lived his personal life as a rigid mortifier of the flesh. His Muslim subjects he permitted in such matters to follow their individual consciences. But his own conscience, above all in the matter of idolatry, left him no choice. Nor can any student of the Bible fail to recognize the source of the law to which he bowed.

Thou shalt have no other gods before Me. . . . Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. . . . Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them. . . . Ye shall utterly destroy all the places wherein the nations which ye shall possess served their gods . . . ye shall overthrow their altars and break their pillars . . . ye shall hew down the graven images of their gods, and destroy the names of them out of that place. (Exodus XX and Deuteronomy XII.)

Could any command be clearer? And what though the words were brought, not by Muhammad, but by Moses, down from the Mount of the Presence? What though the place of their first recording be not the Koran, but The Book of the Jews? Moses, or Jesus, Son of Mary, or, Muhammad, third and last of the Holy Prophets, did not the One God speak through each alike? Could His servant, Aurungzeb, do else than obey? The land entrusted to his stewardship must be cleaned of sacrilege.

Right and left, then, Aurungzeb struck out, destroying whatever remained to be destroyed. Combing Benares for overlooked offence, as the Muslim lords of the land had often done before him, he found an ancient temple of Siva, tore it down and built of its fragments, still plain to be seen, a mosque upon its site. Thousands upon thousands, over the land, the idols crashed. Trainload upon trainload of gem-encrusted gods, brought from the four points of the compass, came to burial beneath the steps of the Agra Mosque, where the feet of all future generations of Muslims, ascending to prayer, might daily glorify the Oneness of the One God.

So was the first, the constant theme repeated.

So, and not otherwise, had Mahmoud of Ghazni struck, overthrowing the altars, hewing down the graven image, seven hundred years before. So, on the backs of his war elephants, had Mahmoud brought home to Ghazni the broken fragments of that gem-wreathed "pillar"—the great stone lingam of Siva, to lodgment beneath the feet of the faithful ascending the steps of the Ghazni Mosque.

And so, as in the glare of a lightning-bolt at night, now stood revealed once more that bottomless gulf that has yawned through all the centuries between Hindu and Muslim. On the one hand, the subtle Brahmin, knitter of cobweb cables that have bound his victims' souls in slavery to multi-millions of gods worshipped in idol-crowded shrines befouled by unnamable rites; and on the other hand, the plain, free man who, offering his simple and direct worship in a house of prayer as bare and clean as was that of John Knox, rides out to his death unterrified, shouting: "The Faith! The Faith! There is but one God and Muhammad is His Prophet."

But Aurungzeb was not a constructive monarch. The special genius of government lay not in him. Whether directly or indirectly, his policies tended to diminish or destroy the fealty of his vassal lords, opening the way for troubles of many stripes.

Thus in his day serious Rajput rebellions broke out, provoked by unwise handling of certain Rajput princes, long-faithful lieutenants of the Mughal crown. And again, near the opposite end of the social scale, the Mahrattas of the west-coast mountains, all Hindus of inferior caste, rapidly developed as an organized brigand horde. Rough, sturdy, nimble, cunning, and taking by nature to banditry, the Mahrattas now possessed in one of themselves, Sivaji by name, a leader of great energy and resource.

Against this enemy Aurungzeb's natural shields were the two states on his southern border—Golconda and Bijapur, both independent Muslim sultanates sprung from conquests made long before the Mughal Empire was born. But in each case the sultanate, adhering to the Shiah sect of Islam, regarded by the orthodox as heretical, had displeased its Imperial neighbor. Bijapur, besides, was deemed too powerful, too proud; while Golconda equally offended by lacking pride enough, having stooped, on the one hand, to bargain for peace with Mahratta peasant banditry, and, on the other, to make use of Brahmins as Ministers of a Muslim state. Both Sultans, therefore, were snatched from their thrones; both countries, being left without sufficient direction, sank under the raids of this and that marauding gang; and the Mughal Empire lost thereby what it ill could afford to lose—its buffer to the south.

So, in fast-gathering darkness, closed Aurungzeb's half-century reign.

The Emperor was ninety-one years old when, in 1707, he died. In his latter days his brain had lost something of its native vigour; but his will remained of iron, up to the last. Whatever his other qualities, he was sincere as Savonarola, sincere as Martin Luther, in religious zeal. Even when the burden of years bowed low his head he would shift to no other's shoulders one jot of the duty with which he believed himself divinely charged.

For one hundred and eighty-three years—from the accession of Babur, its founder, to the death of Aurungzeb, the sceptre of the Mughal Empire had been gripped in a master hand. Now the strength of that strong blood-royal was spent while yet its life dragged on. Between 1707 and 1749 came a series of crowned ephemera ending with one no abler than the rest, whom for almost thirty years a freakish fate pinned fluttering to the throne.

While the Imperial Mughal power thus sloughed into decay, movements made possible thereby swarmed up on every side. The Imperial Governors of Hyderabad, Oudh, and Bengal each in turn set up his province as a separate Muslim State practically free of the Imperial power. An Afghan Muslim clan, the Rohillas, boldly scaling the Frontier, rode south into India, helped themselves to good Hindu ground, and sat down thereon to stay. And the Mahratta bandits, for a time obscured, again appeared equipped for mischief on a larger scale.

Without detailing the Mahratta successes, it will suffice here to say that they included, by process of blackmail and trickery rather than by valour, the laying of states and provinces under extortionate tribute; and also the acquisition of much territory by conquest of arms; so that for a time it seemed as if the entire country so long obedient only to Muslim high control, might now come under the yoke of the marauding gangs.

But not to the Mahratta, not to any Hindu, was it granted to seize the sceptre dropped from the Mughal grip. News of the weakened defence of the Himalayan passes, for nearly two centuries barred by the Mughal sword against all invasion, had spread far back into the inexhaustible fountain-head of Islam. Once more, then, down through the grim defiles, poured fresh armies of the Crescent and the Star—first Persians, under the famous Nadir Shah, killing unnumbered multitudes and bearing away to their own country the still-splendid wealth of Delhi; then wild Afghans under Ahmed Shah Abdali, founder of the present Afghan kingdom, to deal the final blow.

Struck home on the field of Panipat, in 1761, that one impact drove the Mahratta force back to its jungle, broken beyond recovery of its towering hope. In strength of arms and in numbers deployed, it had far excelled its opponent. But the story now enacted was exactly the story so commonly enacted before. Faced by a typical Muslim fighting force led by an able commander, these Hindu troops did as others had done when similarly placed. Fighting stoutly for a time, they suddenly broke en masse, running just as Hindus so often had run from Mahmud of Ghazni seven hundred and fifty years before.

“By one effort, we now get this thorn out of our side for ever,” declared the Afghan chiefs, as, over a circle of seventy miles, they hunted the flying Mahrattas. Of those fugitives, it was reckoned, over 200,000 fell, before, sated with slaying, the Afghans turned back to their hills.

After that, full chaos descended—a blood-soaked era of small wars and hideous rapine, while some two thousand separate predatory chiefs of every sort and origin, Mahratta with the rest, rode up and down the land at will, murdering, looting, burning, scattering or destroying all accumulated wealth, each striving either to hack out a toe-hold for himself, or to defend and enlarge a position imperilled. A titular Mughal Emperor still sat on the throne, but little power remained with him. Effectual central government had ceased to exist. All India, out of control and abandoned to the lawless ambitions, jealousies, greeds, and mutual antago-

nisms of its own innumerable races, tribes, clans, religions, castes, factions, and individual adventurers, had returned to a state even less coherent than that in which it lay when Mahmoud of Ghazni first shivered it with his iron mace.

* * *

And now, turning time backward, we must pick up a different thread—that of Europe's first interweaving in the web of Indian life. It was in 712 A.D., that the Arabs conquered Sind, the country around the Indus, on India's western coast. And for four centuries thereafter Sind remained under Arab rule, thus permanently casting the Muslim character of the population. Arabs again, somewhat later, began, as traders and sailors, peacefully to settle amongst the people of the Malabar Coast, south of Sind, where their multiplied descendants, the ardently Muslim "Moplahs," live to this day. But India's first practical contact with a western European power was deferred until 1498, when the Portuguese Crown was seized with urgent concern for the saving of Hindu souls. Circumstances related to that concern appear as follows:

An enormously profitable trade flourished between the west coast of India and the great merchant cities of Italy. Arab ships carried that trade, because Arab ships enjoyed undisputed passage over the direct sea-route, all of whose waters were bordered by Islamic power. But why, Portugal now asked herself, should Italy pocket all this wealth? Why should riches so luscious be shared by the infidel "Moor"? And how, in the face of these two unanswerable questions, could spiritual neglect of heathen India be longer endured?

Portugal's duty admitted no doubt. And so it was that that famous old sailor-man, Vasco da Gama, with three little ships much smaller than the *Mayflower*, set out by order of King Manoel of Portugal to find the way, out of sight of inquisitive eyes, around the south end of Africa and so across to the Indian coast—for the saving of the souls of the heathen.

In the summer of 1498, da Gama touched the coast near Calicut, its richest port. This was twenty-six years before Babur founded the Mughal dynasty. Much of southern India still remained in Hindu hands, including Malabar, the south-western coastal strip where Hindu rulers bore the title of Zamorin. The Zamorin of Calicut received da Gama with courtesy, scarcely grasping, perhaps, the meaning of a neat little marble pillar, typifying Portuguese conquest and claim of possession that the visitor quietly set up on his shore. Certain harassing incidents occurred, yet when da Gama, having seen what he needed to see, at last sailed away, he bore from the Zamorin to King Manoel a letter written on a palm-leaf that read:

"Vasco da Gama, a nobleman of your household, has visited my kingdom and has given me much pleasure. In my kingdom there is abundance of cinnamon, cloves, ginger, pepper, and precious stones. What I seek from thy country is gold, silver, coral, and scarlet."

But when da Gama came again to Calicut, still by his King's command, the time of compliments had passed. Time for business had begun. Soon da Gama spoke by the mouths

of his guns, bombarding the Zamorin's palace. Contemporaneous Portuguese chronicles tell the story; and if an extract or two be given here, may the matter be pardoned because of its lasting significance.

It befell, one day, that a boat from Calicut came alongside da Gama's ship, carrying, under a white flag, a letter from the Zamorin. Da Gama allowed its bearer, a Brahmin, to come aboard, promising him safe-conduct back to shore. Meantime, the letter being interpreted, da Gama conceived a suspicion that it did not cover the Zamorin's whole intent. Therefore, he put the Brahmin to torture, to discover the truth. Under torture the Brahmin finally admitted that his orders were to observe whatever he could, on board the ship, that might be of interest to his master. He then begged to be killed at once, since otherwise he must kill himself for shame of having betrayed his master's confidence.

The situation left no two ways open. That heathen dog, the Zamorin, if ever he was to learn the fear of God, must first learn fear of His Majesty of Portugal. Da Gama, seeing the picture clearly enough, hastened to project it. First he cut off the ears of his ship's dog, then those of the Brahmin; after which he caused the dog's ears to be sewed "with many stitches" to the Brahmin's head. Then he cut off the Brahmin's upper and lower lips, so that the teeth showed as in a canine snarl. Which completed, with some further details that must here be spared, the messenger was shipped back to his master as Portugal's complete answer to heathen insolence. Yet, for good measure, bombardment of the town followed.

Against such visitations the Indians, both then and always, were powerless, having no sea strength able to cope with that of the foreigner. It also chanced that da Gama lay before Calicut when a fleet of twenty-four little native sailing-craft, bearing rice from farther down the coast, swung into the harbour. Escape from the Portuguese caravels being impossible, da Gama easily robbed the fleet of all its cargoes. Then he ordered his own people to cut off the hands, ears, and noses of every man in the native crews, and to tie each man's two feet together. After that, lest they untie with their teeth the lashings that bound their ankles, he had their teeth knocked down their throats. This duly done, he ordered some of his victims to be hung by their heels to their own mastheads; after which the rest, roughly numbering eight hundred, were flung into their boats in heaps and the heaps covered over with mats and dried leaves. Finally, all sails being set for shore, the inflammable stuff was fired, and the little craft sped forward, blazing. As they sped, under the eyes of great crowds of horror-struck natives gathered on the beach, the Portuguese cross-bowmen, from da Gama's decks, shot arrows into his still-living victims as they swung head-downward from the masts into the blaze.

While this was in progress, several other small vessels, unwarned and unsuspecting, swept into the harbour, to be likewise seized. But from aboard these later comers certain natives called out to their captors, begging "for the sake of Thomas" to be made Christians. Now the Apostle Thomas the Doubter is believed to have spent the last years of his life on the eastern coast of India, where, before his martyrdom, he made converts. The cry of the helpless,

raised in St. Thomas's name—so says da Gama's chronicler—"from pity was repeated to the Captain-Major [da Gama], who ordered them to be told that even though they became Christians, still he would kill them. They answered that they did not beg for life, but only to be made Christians. Then, by order of the Captain-Major, a priest gave them holy baptism. There were three who entreated the priest, saying that they wished for once to say our prayer, and the priest said the Pater Noster and Ave Maria, which they also repeated. When this was finished, then they hung them up strangled, that they might not feel the arrows."

These episodes will be found at length in the *Lendas da India* of Gaspar Correa, chronicler of the voyages of the famous Portuguese navigator and in other old Portuguese records.

The relations thus launched developed in kind. Unable, after all, to seize Calicut, the Portuguese, by heavy fighting, wrenched from the Sultan of Bijapur his island of Goa, some 260 miles to the north on that same coast. Here they set up the first European control that any Indian soil had known since the beginning of the Christian era. Here they raised a pretentious city that thrived and grew rich for half a century, while its masters built up a history that should blister the page recording it. They "converted" the natives by wholesale torture, and by torture slew such of their converts as dared resume their earlier faith. In a land used to cruelties, the cruelties of the Christian Portuguese brought new horror. Their religious zeal was beyond question, but so was their stupid brutality. Their administration was evil to the core, their way of living rotten, and their abuse of the people hedged them in with hatred and fear.

Elsewhere in India, by one means or another, Portugal effected settlements. But her policy was always the same and her hothouse growth sank of its own badness. When, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, Dutch battleships, hot on the trade trail, hove in sight, Portugal's knell sounded. Yet a few throes and henceforth she would be known in India only by certain small dead spots bearing her flag.

But the Dutch, having torn from Portugal's grasp all her blood-stained power, made relatively little use thereof. Holland's real interest in the East lay in the great Spice Islands; of her one-time tarrying in India few traces today remain.

So with Portugal, so with the Dutch—conquest by arms was their first approach, and conquest by arms their ultimate title. But with England the story differed.

Queen Elizabeth, as sovereign to sovereign, opened relations, by letter, with the Emperor Akbar. Later she granted a royal charter to a company of English merchants, authorizing them alone amongst Englishmen to trade with India. Next, the East India Company so created secured permission from the local Mughal governor to build a factory on the western coast of India, at Surat. And not until that permission had been finally confirmed by special Imperial edict did the Company proceed to build its first factory and to open its trade.

Meantime, both Queen and Emperor having died, again the throne of England acted, King James I sending his ambassador to the Emperor Jahangir. Further agreements were

now made, resulting in the gradual establishment, by Imperial consent, of a chain of British East India Company trading-posts along both coasts of India. Madras was so founded, on a forlorn sandbank, in the year 1639—nineteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the “stern and rock-bound coast” of Massachusetts; Calcutta, chosen for its harbour, began as an English settlement in 1690. Bombay, never a part of the Mughal dominions, still flew the flag of Portugal when, in 1655, King Charles II of England received it as part of the dowry of his bride, a Portuguese princess. Pestilent little island that it was, its position nevertheless pointed to commerce, and King Charles, accordingly, released it to the Company, which soon found Britons mad enough to face death by fever and start a post there.

Thus all the English Company’s positions were attained in a policy looking neither to military control nor to territorial acquisition, nor to soul’s salvation, but to trade and trade only. Practically the only land that the Company acquired, aside from the plots on which its buildings stood, were, first, a few square miles around Madras secured by paying its price and taxes to the native authorities; and, second, the little island of Bombay, as just described.¹

In the rich commerce that now arose the French shared, having their own chartered trading company and their own headquarters founded in 1674 at Pondicherry, on the east coast south of Madras. At first peace reigned between the two companies in their several posts, each conducting its own business in a field ample for both, and neither ambitious beyond its zone. But when, in 1745, and again in 1756, war broke out between England and France in Europe, its flames blazed up wherever the two flags met around the globe. Thus while the British Colonists of New England and New York, with the aid of red Indian allies, were fighting “French and Indian wars” for control of the future of America, British and Indian allies on the other side of the world were also struggling against the French,—and to similar outcome.

Meantime, in India’s internal affairs, the knell of the Mughal Empire had sounded. Aurungzeb, last of the Great Mughals, had died, and his domain, as we have seen, had fallen into chaos. No power remained in it capable of maintaining peace, of protecting life and property, or, in the English case, of supporting the Imperial edicts and treaties under which the Company operated. The latter, therefore, found itself faced with these alternatives: either it must take strong measures to help itself, or it must see its work, its future, and its people perish in the general crazy whirlwind of little wars, gang maraudings, lootings, and butcheries.

The Company chose. It set up for its own defence a body of European troops supplemented by Indian auxiliaries. Small as the force was, its character proved formidable in the type of work there was to do. Seeing this, Indian princes, beset by each other or by Mahratta raiders, repeatedly besought its protection, in return becoming allies or tributaries of the East India Company. Other Indian states, their forces often trained and led by French officers who

¹ Sir Joshua Child’s attempt upon Chittagong, in 1685, and another sporadic gesture at Surat, were lonely, short-lived, and fruitless breaks in the Company’s policy.

reflected the ambitions of France in the East, made war upon the Company and its Indian friends; which wars frequently ended in the Company's establishment of a protectorate or in its definite acquisition of territory.

At this point three possibilities lay visible for India: She was about to become either a French or a British sphere of influence if not outright possession, or some strong new Muslim power would enter from the north. France was not sufficiently interested to throw much weight into the scales. The British Company, sincerely opposed to territorial acquisition and to political action of any kind, wished to remain purely and simply a trading concern. Curiously enough, it was neither the French nor the British, but the Bengalis, who settled the point.

Ever since its "conquest" by Muhammad Khilji and his eighteen Afghans in the year 1200, Bengal, centre of Brahmin Hinduism though it was, had lain in Muslim hands. Ever since 1576, when Akbar took it, it had remained a province of the Mughal Empire, ruled by a Mughal governor. At the time now in question that Mughal governor, the Nawab Siraju-d daula, was a young man ambitious to test his fate. To which end he suddenly fell upon the practically defenceless English settlement at Calcutta and seized it by force of arms.

This deed and its complicated sequels—amongst which was the tragedy of the Black Hole—brought about action on the part of the Company: Clive, then a colonel in the Company's army, led against the Nawab a contingent about 2,900 strong, of whom 900 were Europeans, while the remaining 2,000 were British-trained native troops. Clive's artillery consisted of eight six-pound cannon.

This little force the Nawab confronted with an army of 68,000 men and fifty heavy-calibre guns. But the disparity proved other than it sounds; the Nawab's troops, Bengalis, "failed to display courage or any other soldierly quality,"¹ the only steady fighting on the Nawab's side being that put up by a small party of French artillerists.

Therefore, at Plassey, on June 23, 1757, all Bengal dropped from the Mughal Empire into the hands of Colonel Clive, at the cost, to Colonel Clive, of twenty-two men killed and fifty wounded.

The domain thus in a sense accidentally acquired was too big not to tip the scales as between England and France. The Bengalis, at Plassey, gave India to England.

In its chief executives the East India Company was often greatly fortunate. Clive, Hastings, Wellesley, such giants led through the deepest wilderness. Whatever directors at home might prefer, they could scarcely maintain their position as a mere trading concern while such men acted for them in India. As the Company's dominions increased, Clive, Hastings, Wellesley, with their long vision, their imaginative courage, and their unbreakable will, each in turn, by his special genius suited to his special day built toward a future in which order was gradually to emerge from chaos, and life and property to become increasingly secure under the extension of peace and law.

¹ Vincent Smith, *Oxford History of India*, p. 494.

But Clive and Hastings, these two in especial, found a thicket of domestic growth to clear from their path. The East India Company's administration had no horrors in its record such as those that should have disturbed the Portuguese peace; but it bore, for a little while, another and probably an inevitable stain. In a country such as India became after the death of Aurungzeb, it required almost superhuman integrity to resist meeting guile with guile. And the ordinary run of the Company's employees were mere ordinary folk a long way from home and the public opinion of home. Meagrely paid, they were constantly plied with enormous bribes by native magnates and the Ministers of native courts, to whom bribery, murder, and tricks were other names for statecraft. Every man and every advantage was for sale to the highest bidder. Every crime could enter the argument, from the native side. And the whole atmosphere made straightforward dealing next to impossible for the foreigner having business to put through. Once standards had been lowered to meet these conditions, entanglements multiplied. Clive's devoted efforts to clean them away cost him dear—even to life itself. Hastings, taking up Clive's burden with a self-immolating loyalty beyond praise, accomplished all that any man could, in the time allowed him, toward redeeming a system so embarrassed. His work both for England and for India was of the first order of merit. His reward was seven years of torture at the hands of his enemies—an ordeal from which he emerged unsoiled and unbowed, but an ordeal such as few men have been called upon to endure.

But dawn was near. When Lord Cornwallis came in as Governor-General—this was in 1786, after Yorktown—he could stand on the foundation laid by the toil and sacrifice of Clive and Hastings and work effectively toward the end dictated by his own high moral character. Yet a little while and the position was practically cleared.

Further time, however, was needed for the construction and establishment of an administrative network that could bring ordered and unified civil government to a conglomerate of inter-repellant peoples speaking two hundred and twenty different languages and exhibiting degrees of development beginning with the Stone Age; peoples whose majority fought every effort toward lessening poverty, defeating disease, or in any way raising their physical and social status. For the wide experience of social reformers, in India, has been and is, that the anchor of the wrong to be righted, almost without exception, is found firmly sunk in the bed of the Hindu religion. Pull at its cable and the whole earth quakes—the whole Hindu orthodoxy, led by its priests, shrieks, "Sacrilege!"

Of this fact an early and perfect illustration lies in the story of suttee. According to Brahminic teaching, any Hindu wife who submits to be burned alive with her dead lord's body performs thereby an act of great religious merit, and reflects much-coveted distinction upon all her surviving family—as well as relieving the estate from a widow's unwelcome claim. Concubines, too, may share the wives' privilege, adding their bodies to the glory of the pyre.

So, willing or forced, half-drugged or wholly conscious, old, young, or child, noble or simple, wife or concubine, hosts of such victims were immolated yearly, in Hindu India, from the earliest historic times.

The Mughal emperors held suttee in utter horror. Akbar himself once "rode at top speed nearly a hundred miles" to save a Rajput princess from being burned against her will. Akbar's successor, Jahangir, is credited with meting out capital punishment to persons implicated in suttees. Mandelslo and other travellers record the patient and practical efforts of Shahjahan's governors to protect and dissuade Hindu women from that awful death. Thus within the territories directly under the Muslim emperors' control, the practice was gradually so discouraged that, in the region around the Mughal capital, for example, it never revived.

But wherever the Hindu religion remained undisturbed, suttee continued—until at last a Governor-General of the East India Company, Lord William Cavendish-Bentinck (see No. 9), found himself in position strong enough to proclaim that man guilty of culpable homicide who should aid and abet the burning alive of a Hindu widow, whether or not the victim consented; and to sanction the death penalty where violence, drugs, or any other means of overpowering the victim's will was employed.

This Regulation he issued on December 4, 1829, acting thereby against the dissuasions of that eminent Brahmin reformer, Raja Rammohan Roy, who, though himself militantly opposed to suttee, feared that so bold a step as its prohibition might upset the country.¹

And, indeed, although certain Hindus approved the Regulation, the greater number resented it, particularly in Bengal, where 463 wives had been burned alive in the previous year, and where the rite was not only a religious edification, but an exceedingly popular public show. On January 14th Lord William was waited upon by a delegation of Bengali gentlemen of the first station and piety, in protest against so gross an assault upon ancient religious privilege. Two days later Rammohan Roy and his supporters came forward with a counter-address, laying the origin of suttee to jealousy and selfishness, and expressing "deepest gratitude," "utmost reverence," for the "everlasting obligation" that the British Governor-General had "graciously conferred upon the Hindu community at large." But the indignant gentlemen who had first waited upon Lord William countered promptly with a great meeting of Calcutta's orthodoxy—rich folk, largely, whose waiting carriages formed a line a mile in length while they conferred.² The immediate fruit of this conference was the dispatch of a petition to His Majesty at Westminster, praying for relief from unsympathetic alien oppression, and bearing the signatures of eight hundred male advocates of the immediate burning alive of widowed wives.

¹ *Life and Letters of Raja Rammohan Roy*, S. D. Collet, edited by Hem Chandra Sarkar, M.A., Calcutta, 1913. pp. 146-147.

² *Ibid.*, p. 152.

The reply from Westminster did not, however, at once end the struggle. Despite the vigilance of British district officers, for years after the issuance of the edict suttees not infrequently occurred, while in Hindu-controlled native states women burned as before.

The second social reform undertaken in Lord William Cavendish-Bentinck's time was suppression of Thuggee. The Thugs were devotees of the Hindu goddess Kali (see No. 368), she whose tongue forever lolls in unquenchable torments of thirst for human blood. An ancient secret and hereditary brotherhood, pervading almost all of India, the Thugs worked in gangs, their victims being, as a rule, travellers on the main highroads. For Kali's solace these people strangled their prey, robbed them and buried them, all with a peculiar set technique so swift, so noiseless, so traceless that detection was practically unknown. Hindus of many castes, high or low, were Thugs by religious inheritance; men of rank and fortune belonged to the organization or connived with it, drawing from the work both cash profit and a ghastly exhilaration spiced with fear. And occasionally Muslim associates were found—dregs of their world.

In crushing this industry, the Governor-General's right hand was Sir William Sleeman, whose task was brilliantly accomplished in the period between 1831 and 1837. Up to that time thousands of travellers on India's main arteries of traffic had been butchered each year in Kali's honour.

Thuggee, crushed, was not openly bewailed as was suttee. Yet the two were one in that their existence from prehistoric times rested upon strong religious roots and consequent popular veneration. Amongst Hindus, centuries are not long enough to kill such rootage. The issuance of temporal edicts against any practice arising therefrom merely serves to drive it to deeper and wider underground spread, on which to produce in new form its essential leafage. Widows seldom now mount a funeral pyre, because the flames, visible from afar, may attract the police. But garments catch fire within the house; "accidents" happen; and the suttee accomplished is still ecstatically praised by Hindu political speakers and the Hindu nationalist press.

"Would suttee revive if the British left India?" asks one who has deeply studied the subject—and answers himself:¹ ". . . there would undoubtedly be instances of suttee, especially where Brahmin and Rajput influence is strong; and in some districts the rite might become not uncommon. The disquieting thing is, suttee has troubled the Hindu conscience hardly at all." The Thugs have still their lineal and spiritual descendants; and Kali, in her eternal thirst, is still heard by obedient worshippers as she calls aloud for draughts of human blood.

Lord William Cavendish-Bentinck, in conferring upon India the blessing of his two social reforms, was enabled by a power of which the British administration was soon to be shorn. Queen Victoria, in her Proclamation of 1858, issued this fateful command:

"Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity and acknowledging with gratitude the solace

¹ *Suttee*, Edward Thompson, Allen & Unwin, Ltd., London, pp. 139-140—a valuable study.

of religion, we disclaim alike the right and the desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects. We declare it to be our royal will and pleasure that none be in any wise . . . molested or disquieted by reason of their religious faith or observances. . . . We do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects on pain of our highest displeasure."

Had that command been given before Lord William Cavendish-Bentinck's day, it would have left him as powerless to move against the burning of living women as are viceroys of the present time to move against child marriage, the debasement of widows, and other forms of social evil that are rooted in the Hindu religion.

And now let us turn to look at the Indian masses as a whole, of whose general condition little has thus far been said—and for the following reason: The history of India, through its pre-British centuries, is a history of princes, not of peoples. Under no Indian régime of any recorded period did the common people's welfare determine a ruler's policy. Their condition, for better or for worse, inspired no course of action—scarcely even their own. Except where the waves of Islam broke and rested the majority of the population were Hindu, and these in especial lay like clots of helpless insects beneath their masters' feet. Their religion dictated flaccid acquiescence in all life's ills. Because of forgotten sin in some forgotten birth, the gods had condemned each soul to whatever pain its body suffered now. Why increase the awful debt by further sin of resistance? Let the gods have their way.

Actual figures are lacking, but the Indian population in habitable regions was probably always denser than that of contemporaneous Europe, and Indian climatic conditions at all times insure periodic local recurrence of crop shortage. Against this terror no general safeguard was ever undertaken. The first historic reign of a Hindu king is that of Chandra Gupta—the period lamented by present-day Hindu politicians as "India's Golden Age of peace and plenty." To the reign of Chandra Gupta, about three centuries before Christ, a twelve-year famine is traditionally ascribed. And Chandra Gupta, it is written, met his people's emergency by suddenly abandoning his throne and its responsibilities in favour of a religious life, taking himself off with a band of congenial associates to settle afar, care free, in a more prosperous land. His subjects, because of their former sins not possessing royal mobility, might stay as they were and starve to death—which they did.

Over eighteen centuries later the Hindu ruler of Agra and Delhi, Hemu by name, fed his five hundred state elephants on sugar, butter, and rice whilst a famine-scourged populace, grown by suffering "so hideous that one could scarcely look upon them," devoured the flesh of their own kin and kind.¹ A hundred years later the people of Mewar "went mad with hunger. . . . Things unknown as food were eaten . . . even the insects died: they had nothing to feed on. . . . All was lost in hunger . . . *man ate man!*"²

¹ Badaoni, quoted by Vincent Smith in *Akbar, the Great Mogul*, p. 37.

² *Raj Vulas*, chronicle of the reign of Raj Sing. Quoted in Tod's *Rajast'han*, vol. i, p. 311.

During the periods that separated these three episodes, the same visitation recurred many times over throughout India, leaving only too clearly established, by the pen of numerous and unanimous witnesses who saw the facts, its record of unconcern on the part of most rulers, and, on the part of the populace, of misery ending in cannibalism and other horrors too monstrous to detail here.

Akbar, it is true, tried to lessen extremes of distress by the distribution of food. But Akbar stood almost alone. "We must recognise," writes a modern historian, "that alike in greater calamities and in lesser, the peasant was ordinarily left to bear the burden unassisted except in so far as he might be able to secure a reduction in the revenue demand."¹

But the demand for revenue laid upon the Indian peoples by their own rulers remained in general as relentless as death. Individual monarchs might decree, as did the Mughal Emperors Akbar, Jahangir, Aurungzeb, special measures of mercy in the face of some great need; but mercy of that sort was practically inoperable beyond the immediate range of the monarch's eye. It had no root nor reason in the land's native philosophy. Remoter officials could scarcely be expected to work it. From greatest to least, since time immemorial, each in descending order had, as a natural right, taken his personal "squeeze" of all that passed through his hands. And the crown itself was recognized by ancient Hindu law² as entitled to twenty-five per cent of the crops.

Sivaji, the Mahratta bandit king, exceeded that limit, demanding for himself forty per cent of every man's produce, and putting his headmen, even when they were Brahmins, to torture on the rack if they failed to extract his full claim.³ Additional taxes everywhere were imposed at the rulers' need or caprice. If the villager could not deliver his toll, he, his wife, his children, could be, and were, sold into slavery. The few buried coins of the artizan could be unearched. The merchant could be forced, by physical torture, to surrender his hidden gold.

Under such conditions industry offered no reward, for any belongings, however humble, courted seizure if visibly enjoyed. The peasantry lived poorly, if for that reason alone; and the margin of substance left in their hands was at best so small that, famine or no famine, hunger crouched always near the hearth. Human life itself had little value. The common people were often sold with the land on which they lived. No one was charged with studying their needs in any direction; they existed solely to produce for their master's use. No good highway had ever been built. In North India a rough waggon-path connected Agra, Lahore, and the west coast, but otherwise the Ganges and the Indus offered the only channels of communications, and all ways, at all times, by land or by water, were beset by brigands and Thugs. In South India, from Golconda to land's end—a thousand miles' stretch—no wheeled vehicle could travel, the trails being passable only to pack animals and men afoot.

¹ W. H. Moreland, *India at the Death of Akbar*, p. 128.

² *Institutes of Manu*, ch. vii, v. 130, and ch. x, v. 118.

³ *Oxford History of India*, p. 435.

And in that lushly fertile south country—so wrote van Linschoten, who knew it between 1580 and 1590, the peasants “are so miserable that for a penny they would endure to be whipped.”

Against this uniform poverty of the people stands out in sharp contrast the fantastic splendours of emperors and kings, their seraglios, their courtiers, their high officials. Muslim or Hindu, North or South, through all chronicled centuries the story in this respect runs much the same. All personal property, even that of the great, was insecure. No means existed for the investment of savings. The one way surely to enjoy money was to spend it quickly in gorgeous living. Every monarch accumulated his own hoard of bullion, coins, and gems, in addition to that which he inherited; but he also wore upon his person masses of jewels of the greatest value that he could acquire. His robes, his cushions, his throne, were encrusted with precious stones, as were the trappings of his elephants. Shahjahan is described as wearing, at a given time, jewels amounting in value to 20,800,000 rupees. The Russian bishop Athanasius Nikitin, visiting the Deccan about 1470-75, observed that the ruler of Bedar, “riding on a golden saddle, wears a habit embroidered with sapphires and on his pointed head-dress a large diamond. He also carries a suit of gold armour inlaid with sapphires, and three swords mounted in gold. . . . Behind, a great many attendants follow on foot, also a mighty elephant decked with silk and holding in his mouth a large iron chain. It is his business [by swinging the chain] to clear the way of people and horses in order that none should come too near the Sultan. The brother of the Sultan rides on a golden bed the canopy of which is covered with velvet and ornamented with precious stones. It is carried by twenty men.”

This, however, was not a state progress. On occasions more formal, the same ruler, wrote Nikitin, was wont to be accompanied by three hundred elephants clad in Damascus steel armour, wearing scythe-like swords weighing over one hundred pounds lashed to each tusk; 1,000 horses decked in gold, 100 camels carrying torch-bearers, 300 trumpeters, 300 dancers, and 300 concubines. And sometimes troops of 300 monkeys.

Below the Deccan lay, at that time, the Hindu Empire of Vijayanagar, of which Babur wrote, founded in 1336 to check the southward sweep of the Muslim conquerors and to preserve in itself the glory of Hindu civilization. Muslim conquerors, two and a quarter centuries later suddenly attacking the place, wiped it so thoroughly out that scarce one stone remained upon another. But in the interval Vijayanagar was visited by travellers from several foreign lands, who recorded eloquent descriptions, on the one hand of a court and city of indescribable opulence and sensuality, and on the other of a peasantry peculiarly wretched, poverty-ridden, and oppressed. Here great men's funerals were so lavish that from two to three thousand wives and concubines were customarily burned alive with their master's body; and the decorations of the palace surpassed all telling. But the peasantry, toiling patient and hopeless like the naked slaves that they were, had scarcely their bare necessity of bread. This

status of the masses obtained in general throughout India until England's authority began to effect change.

* * *

Meantime, in England herself the social conscience of the people was undergoing a famous awakening. England's abolition of negro slavery throughout her dominions, in 1832, thirty-three years before America so painfully followed her lead, was one result of that strong tide. And now that British responsibilities in India had grown so great, British public opinion increasingly insisted that no territory, no population of such size, could properly continue in the hands of any private trading organization, however competent, however safeguarded.

In 1858, therefore—the year after the Mutiny—by an Act of Parliament “for the better government of India,” all powers, rights, and responsibilities of the East India Company's were finally assumed by the British Crown.

The great and essential pioneer work of the Company's governors—hewers of roads through primeval jungle—could now be strengthened and built upon more widely. The civil administration could be augmented with a view to service more advanced.

Among the duties so to be undertaken were the defence of the Frontier against invasions, so frequent and so deadly in the history of the past; the better country-wide enforcement of internal peace; the codification of the laws, with, as before, sympathetic regard to the ancient laws and customs of the peoples; the extension and protection of competent courts and of a competent police; the survey of the land and its due and minute recording, in order that land titles to each acre of the humblest owner might at last be sure; the forestallment of famine and the provision of famine relief measures; the building of good highroads, of railroads, of bridges and of ports; the irrigation of deserts; the improvement of agricultural methods and the increase of crops; the establishment of hospitals and of medical relief and of schools for the people; the study and combat of those terrible pestilences and chronic diseases that peculiarly ravage India and which, through her, threaten the rest of the world. These were some few of the things that imperatively needed doing.

But, imperative as they were, who was to do them?

As far back as 1833, Parliament had decreed that no native Indian should, by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, or colour, be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment under the East India Company. In 1858, when the obligations of the Company passed to the Crown, this pledge carried over. And Queen Victoria, in her Proclamation announcing the Crown's assumption of sovereignty, emphasized her will that

“So far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to office in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity duly to discharge.”

The Indian's right to serve his country in governmental office was, therefore, early and

amply recognized. But "education" and "ability" to perform necessary types of executive work highly technical in themselves, Western in concept, and strange alike to the history and the spirit of the land—where were these qualifications to be found? British influence in India having to this day almost wholly failed to produce them, it may be well to see the reason of a failure so deadly.

The East India Company, in the earlier days, had no thought of imposing any sort of Western system of education upon the Indian peoples. Warren Hastings, as Governor-General, promoted study of both Muslim and Hindu law and of the ancient literatures of the land. "It was his belief," says the Calcutta University Commission¹ ("that if the British power was to be lasting it must become an Indian power, and that its greatest gifts would be the gifts of order and justice, under which the ancient indigenous culture might revive and flourish")—to which end Hastings himself, in 1781, founded the Calcutta *Madrassah*, or Muslim College. And British political opinion of the time agreed that India would profit most if left, on the intellectual side, to find her own way forward. But such opinions did not long prevail.

The policy displacing that of Hastings came neither from statesmen nor from men of letters, but from certain British missionaries in the current of the great evangelical revival of the 1830's. These men vehemently urged it as England's duty, through education, to open her own intellectual and moral concepts to India; and their fervour carried their cause. English missionary work in India, now stimulated to new zeal, took the form of rapid multiplication of missionary schools and colleges. Under the same influence, the East India Company increased its allotment of funds for education, and that factor, too, was thrown to the side of Western learning.

Debate then arose as to the language vehicle to be employed. Neither the Company nor the missionaries had any desire to discourage the development of the vernaculars. Indeed, it was the Baptist missionaries of Serampur, near Calcutta, who first raised Bengali to the rank of a literary dialect.² It was generally agreed, however, that none of the native vernaculars was sufficiently developed to serve as a medium for Western knowledge and that, therefore, either English or one of the classical languages—Persian or Sanskrit—must be adopted for the higher schools.³

Partly because of lack of textbooks in either classic tongue, the choice fell upon English. Two years later—in 1837—English was adopted as the official language of the courts of law, thereby dislodging the imperial Persian from its ancient and honoured throne. Yet seven years, and Lord Hardinge, as Governor-General of the East India Company, announced that thenceforward preference would be given in all appointments under the Company's government to men who had received Western education; and he set up examinations so based.

¹ *Report*, vol. i, part i, p. 31.

² *Encyclopædia Britannica*, eleventh edition, vol. xiv, p. 384.

³ *Calcutta University Commission Report*, vol. i, part i, p. 35.

Those three steps—the adoption of English in the higher schools, the displacement of Persian in the courts of law, and the making of Western education a passport to government service—produced results of a character little foreseen by their authors. One of these results, a great and fateful one, was the reversal of the order of racial power that for many centuries had obtained in India.

The Muslims could not and would not give up learning Persian—for them the language of philosophy and of poetry, of history and of science, of authority and of law—the language, in a word, of cultivated minds. To master and use English in addition to Persian would be too heavy a burden. Furthermore, English was the tongue used and taught by Christian missionaries. Heads of families did not care to endanger their young sons' Islamic orthodoxy by that approach. In religious loyalty, therefore, as well as in pride of race, Islam in India withdrew within itself, refusing to abandon its own culture and compete in common market for room in the strange new world that had replaced its own.

Not so the Hindu of the clerkly castes. For many centuries their fathers before them had learned a foreign language—Persian—in order to secure employment under their Muslim lords. Now they had only to change to another foreign language, to obtain from new rulers a like result. The Bengali in especial, quick of wit, apt at words, and for over six centuries never his own man, found himself suddenly Fortunatus.

The English educational scheme for India was far from intended to emphasize bookish attainment as education's goal. On the contrary, it urged studies useful in the practical up-building of the country's welfare; but in so doing it counted without the Hindu mind, upon which, almost exclusively, the plan was to operate. It failed to reckon with the facts, first, that the Hindu religion is an active anti-social force, confining every man's interest to himself, his family, and his caste only, leaving him blamelessly indifferent to others' welfare; and, second, that it had dangled the prize of government jobs before the possessors of arts degrees.

The result followed as night follows day: To have a university graduate in the family became the great ambition of every Hindu household amongst the clerkly classes; for a youth so distinguished may go any length. At once he may and does demand a higher dowry with his wife. Also, if he gets a government job he can—and must, by one method or another—maintain many of his relatives; for that which the West calls “nepotism,” with condemnation implied, ranks, in the iron-bound law that governs each Hindu caste, as a cardinal virtue whose claim no man, high or low, dare deny. To attempt to deny it would mean unbearable moral and material ostracism throughout his own world.

Scientific agriculture, veterinary science, forestry, engineering, commerce—few Hindu youths desired to spend their efforts on humble technical subjects like these, because of cash values; and also because such practical callings were, to them, identified with the lower castes. But the demand for degrees in arts grew apace, and universities multiplied to supply them.

Thence sprang the inevitable. Rapidly as the work of the new government grew, with the passing years extending its multiform activities in a network over India, it could not absorb all the Bachelors and Masters of Art turned out by India's degree mills.

The type of service that their country most needed, these young men were both unprepared and undesirous to render. Anything nearer to the soil than a government clerkship was beneath their dignity to assume. Better starve than accept the humiliation of a merely useful job. Yet the stools they wanted to perch upon were filled already, their occupants' heels fast locked in the rungs. Each year, therefore, saw the further increase of a class of unemployed, hungry, discontented, and ever-more-dangerous literates whose minds, clouded by misunderstood and misapplied Western political and economic theory, were now exposed to every bitter doctrine of social unrest. By 1897 a Brahmin called Tilak had started in Bombay a fruitful propaganda of anarchy and assassination. By 1905 his work had developed new foci in places as far apart as London, Paris, and San Francisco. Here, among groups of young Indians, the revolutionary spirit was invoked through appeal to religion, the making of infernal machines was taught, special conspiracies were plotted, and murders of British officials followed through the years, both in England and in India.

Thus, while Indian High Court Justices sat upon the bench; while Indian legal lights shone at the bar; while Indian members sat in the Cabinets of the Secretary of State for India and of the Viceroy; and while India's general conditions were being improved as fast as was possible without a larger measure of intelligent and patriotic Indian help—young Hindu malcontents were preparing their chosen contribution to their country's advance.¹

Then came 1914 and the Great War, testing all India like a touchstone. The Indian princes vied with each other in practical demonstration of loyalty. The commercial magnates, though less readily, gave of their wealth. But the greatest story of all came from the North—from the Punjab and the little North-West Frontier Province.

Let us see it, first, in figures.

The areas of the Punjab and the North-West Frontier Province, combined, make about one-seventeenth part of the total area of India. The population of the two provinces, as of 1921, made about one-thirteenth part of the total population of India. But the number of combatant troops sent to the King-Emperor's support by the Punjab and the North-West Frontier Province well exceeded fifty per cent of India's total man-power contribution. And over half of India's total combatant losses in the Great War were sustained by the Punjab and the North-West Frontier Province.

That North-country is indeed the home of India's martial races—Rajput Dogras, Sikhs,

¹ India's total population is 340,000,000. Counting every man, woman and child, from Viceroy down, only 135,000 are Europeans, including all British troops, who number 60,000. The Indian Civil Service, steel frame of administration, reckoning both executive and judicial branches, has 1,300 members, over a third of whom are Indian. The Police Force totals some 200,000 rank and file, all Indian, with 700 officers, the higher largely British. All provincial Ministers are Indians, as are nearly half the High Court Judges. In every branch the process of Indianization, inherent in Britain's original conception of Government for India, proceeds methodically.

and Jats, as well as of the pure Muslim stock; and the flower of them all stood forward now. No need to conscript them—only to say, “The King-Emperor goes to war.” The great Muslim territorial chiefs, Colonel Sir Umar Haiyat Khan and Nawab Sir Khuda Bakhsh Khan (both of the famous Tiwana tribe), Nawab Ghulam Muhammed Khan Gheba, the Ghakhar and Janjuha chiefs—these and many others, themselves soldiers all, called up their men; and the clansmen, swarming in from the villages to answer that call, not seldom were escorted by their women chanting farewells in Islam’s ancient battle-songs of valour and victory.

Pride of race would still forbid a standing before the new Government as suppliant competitors with the Hindu for material advantage so long and so lately all in Muslim gift. But now that Government came to them, itself a suppliant, asking for their lives, instantly their attitude changed. With dignity and with gladness, from chief to the humblest, they offered their lives in their open and outstretched hands.

Sir Walter Lawrence, Special Commissioner charged with the care of sick and wounded Indian soldiers in the Great War, shows, in one small example, how positive a thing is that Islamic loyalty. The centre for Indian invalids had been placed at Brighton, because of the sunshine. Several hotels and other large buildings had been commandeered for hospitals, and to these His Majesty the King added his own house, The Pavilion, especially for wounded Indians’ use. So came the month of Ramazan, during which, between sunrise and sunset, Muslims take neither food nor drink. And when the Muslim patients began that rigorous fast the doctors in alarm protested that some of them, at least, were inviting disaster. Sir Walter Lawrence, attempting to dissuade his charges, reminded them that Islam grants exemption from the Ramazan fast to men on a journey. “But we are not on a journey,” protested one and all, “we are honoured guests in our King’s country.” “*And we,*” added those in The Pavilion, proudly, “*are guests in our King’s own house!*” So, between allegiance to their Faith and allegiance to their King, they would cede nothing whatever either to the weakness of the body or to human commands.

Over fifty per cent of the North’s recruitment of fighting-men was the gift of Islam.

But the Province of Bengal, with a population of nearly 47,000,000 against the 23,000,000 of the two northern provinces combined, sent only one battalion to the front, lost not a single man in combat, and established, in that battalion, a record so appalling that out of pity it has never been exposed to the public eye.

A satiric star might seem to have governed the birth of the Bengali race as to its martial aspect; but their Great War record, like their records in wars of centuries past, was probably predetermined by their peculiar socio-physiological history. And it is also just to remember that Bengal’s share of the new Western-educated intelligentsia is over-heavy; that the accumulation of bitterness in the minds of that class was by now an inheritance of rising generations; and that its boys came into the world far more sure of their daily gall and wormwood than they were of their daily bread.

Where the martial races poured out their lives, where princes and chiefs gave themselves, their men, and their money, where the great traders subscribed to the funds, the loyal fraction of the Hindu intelligentsia, in Bengal and elsewhere, doubtless also contributed. But that loyal fraction was small. The intelligentsia's greater part, whatever its first position, grew early war-weary, early disaffected by war hardships, early infused with doubt as to the Allies' final victory, and soon came to see in the world-struggle now afoot only its own political opportunity to drive its knife into England.

It maintained its secret agents in Berlin, after France, having discovered their activities on her soil, flung them out. In America its workers connived with German agents against America and the Allied cause until the American Intelligence Department discovered their activities and flung them out. In India, after its initial hesitation, it used a busy press to fan sedition in the public mind; it attempted to induce mutiny in the army; and in the Viceroy's Legislative Council it tried to block the war funds.

In a word, while the Punjab and the Frontier Province, with grim resolution, were exhausting their manhood in recruitment after recruitment to replace the killed, the Hindu intelligentsia, safe at home, was doing almost its utmost to stab the fighting-man in the back and make his sacrifice a mockery.

"The most that this intelligentsia can claim, and some of them claimed it," wrote one who knows them well, "was that they might have done much more harm to the Government cause than they actually did; but they did all they dared."¹

Meantime, while the war was on, while the smoke was rolling, England had no time closely to scan friends' faces; she was fighting for her life. But when the war was over, when she could catch her breath and count her blessings, her heart welled up with gratitude for India's display of loyalty at her side on the fighting front. Whence in particular that display had come she took small thought to ask. *India* had been loyal, *India* had been gallant—that was all that England knew; and now her keen desire was to show her gratitude in convincing form.

Happily for England, happily for those who deserved all gratitude that England could display, the Punjab possessed during the war and the perilous years thereafter a great Governor. To the intuitive judgement, quick decision, and impartial firmness of a born executive, Sir Michael O'Dwyer added long experience and the gift of sympathetic understanding of all manly classes with whom he dealt. And now, in the matter of advising on the form that England's deserved recognition should take, no wisdom could have been surer than Sir Michael O'Dwyer's. For each element in his province he bespoke that which would give it, individually, most satisfaction. For the princes, high military rank, additions to their honours, additions to the number of guns in their salutes; for the soldiery, battle ribbons to pin on their breasts and grants of good land near their villages; for the disabled and for the fami-

¹ Sir Reginald Craddock, *The Dilemma in India*, p. 163.

lies of the killed, liberal pensions and the respectful care of their government. Therewith the North-country was deeply content.

So much for the people and the soldiers of the North-country, and for an administrator who knew both soldiers and people and who dealt with facts. Now for the people and the intelligentsia of the rest of British India, and what them befell.

The people, as always, had little or nothing to say. The intelligentsia, as always, had much to say, and said it very loud. Having done all they dared to lose the war, having contributed nothing toward winning it, having risked nothing unless it were the risk of being hanged as traitors, they now stood forward as India's representatives, demanding for themselves India's reward for war service. Further, they named the form that reward must take—immediate political independence.

Immediate independence they could not have. The Queen's Proclamation of 1858, still called by Indians their Magna Charta, pledged the Crown "to administer the government for the benefit of all our subjects resident" [in India]—not for the benefit of any selected class. That Proclamation was still binding upon England; and the present applicants for independence—"Swaraj"—had yet to betray the faintest interest in the welfare of any but their own small class, out of the entire Indian population.

Nevertheless their appeal fell upon friendly ears. "Surely," said the typical Englishman—"surely we of the English tradition should feel great sympathy with men who, after centuries of alien rule, long to govern themselves!" And though Britain could not in honour forthwith abandon the so-widely-various Indian peoples into hands such as now were outstretched to seize them, this alternative was descried: To implant upon the country, bodily, the framework of a Western democratic machine; and in Western-type parliaments, as in forcing-houses, intensively to train the claimant class so that in a brief series of stages they might qualify as governors of their fellow men.

Some years earlier, one of the bravest of Indian intellectuals had written these words in connection with the Swarajist demand:

"It is no question of *intellectual* ability at all. We Indians have got to establish a tradition of ability to rule, of moral fitness, before we can with safety claim *as a people*, or even *as a class*, greater powers and rights. It is the toll we must pay for our own past history."¹

As to the history of the more immediate past, it is useless to deny that British India, today, in view of the care and opportunities bestowed upon her during the past three-quarters of a century, is the world's greatest phenomenon in backwardness. During that period such progress as she has made has in the main been achieved in spite of flaccid inertia or active resistance on the part of the majority beneficiary; and by dint of such wiles, persuasions and devoted hard work on the part of the alien in the land as a patient nurse may devise to win to reason and self-help an obstinate, fractious and undeveloped child.

¹ Miss Cornelia Sorabji, B.C.L. quoted in *India, Minto and Morley*, by Mary, Countess of Minto, p. 246.

The word "progress," as above used, is meant to betoken, not necessarily adoption of any foreign or debatable standard but, rather, advance against enemies so primal that they must be recognized as such with regard to any grade or form of life: Starvation, thirst, disease, death. British India's social lag, increasingly a threat to the whole family of nations, is due, at base, neither to economic nor to political causes, but, as has already been affirmed, to the inhibitions of the Hindu religion. "You cannot think of a social question affecting the Hindu community," wrote one of the foremost of Hindu statesmen, "that is not bound up with religious considerations."¹ Those considerations represent an obstacle such as no government of our times has elsewhere been forced to face.

As to the Constitutional Reforms in India, this is not the place to describe their course. Still less is it here presumed to question their wisdom nor to surmise their ultimate result. But this it is safe to assert: If instinct, genius and will for good government exist anywhere in mankind, they are lodged with the British, whom India burdens with an appalling job.

Let us, rather, go back to pick up the story of Terrorism in India, already touched upon, an example of the Hindu barrier. The cult, as we have seen, was started in Bombay Presidency, about twenty-seven years ago, by a Brahmin politician called Tilak. Tilak, to launch his work, hit upon a typical artifice: It happened that in the city of Poona bubonic plague had broken out in an epidemic of unusual violence; and that Government, fighting it, had undertaken a house-to-house search for rats. But the agency of rats as plague-spreaders was as yet unknown to the people; a fact in which Tilak, himself a man of education and the owner of a newspaper, saw his golden chance.

Behold, he could cry to a populace already unnerved by the onslaught of death—behold a Government so infamous that, not content with violating the sacred privacy of the Hindu home, it must, to satisfy its malice, reach up to heaven itself and pull down upon our helpless Hindu people the wrath of the holy gods! You die today because of the fury of Ganesha. *Is not his earthly vehicle the rat?* (See No. 268.)

This combination of charges, between rage and fear, drove the Hindus of Poona frantic. The English Plague Commissioner, Mr. Rand, whom Tilak had especially attacked, and a British officer who was helping in the work of mercy, were forthwith set upon and murdered in the open street. Tilak then went to jail for a year, while the more immediate assassins went to the gallows. But his virus lived on and spread far afield.

Barindra Ghose, born in 1880, was the son of a Hindu doctor of medicine living and practising in England. When he was one year old the child was brought to India. There he came under the influence of an elder brother who filled his adolescent mind with hatred of the Government of the land. In his twenty-second year Barindra made that hatred his dedication; he would teach young India to reject the oppressor's yoke; to which end he started on a missionary tour of Bengal. But, to his pain, young Bengal received his gospel coldly. The

¹ Sir Surendranath Banerjea, *A Nation in the Making*, p. 396.

youths to whom he preached belonged to a non-martial race. They had long lived in peace and saw no reason now to believe they lay under the heel of a cruel despot that should be attacked with bullets and bombs. For Barindra the atmosphere was repellent.

But four years later, in 1905, that atmosphere suddenly changed:

Bengal, at that time, contained a population of 78,000,000 people, under one Lieutenant-Governor. For administrative efficiency the burden was unwieldy. Government therefore decided to split the province into two parts—East and West Bengal, each having its own Governor. Sane as the plan sounded, its fruit was instant madness. Taking the territory as a whole, Hindus out-numbered Muslims therein; but, divided as it was now, although the western half retained its Hindu complexion, eastern Bengal became a province with a Muslim majority. The sudden bitterness that this discovery aroused in the Bengali Hindu breast surpassed all imagining. Their Motherland, dismembered by the hand of the Alien! The outrage aroused frenzies of a patriotism whose existence had been little discernible during the previous seven centuries. Also came the Russo-Japanese War, with its outcome of victory for the farther Asiatic. These two elements together produced a tinder ready to blaze on high from Barindra Ghose's torch.

Back then he came and preached again to the youngsters. Had they no manhood, no religion? Did they not hear their Mother Kali calling—calling for the blood of the foreigner? Obedient to her voice, strong in her strength, striking stealthily here and there, let them kill as her Thugs had killed—as Mother Kali loves killing—let them spill before her altar the blood of the White Goat, (the British) her sweetest oblation. So at last were founded those Terrorist societies that today honeycomb the province.

The original grievance disappeared in 1911, when Hindu outcry was pacified by the re-union of Bengal's divided sections. Administration's burden was then lightened by cutting off, from her western side, the district of Bihar and Orissa, thereby making a second province in which the majority of the Hindu over the Muslim was as 8 to 1, and in whose severance from Bengal Hindu patriotism therefore saw no great harm. So was sacrificed the short-lived Islamic advantage—yet without achieving peace; for Barindra's work had crept ahead.

Barindra directed several newspapers, whose sole contents were clever falsehoods regarding the acts of the Government, and incitements to murder Government servants. Also Barindra kept in Calcutta a secret garden where he and his young disciples, all sworn before Kali's shrine, collected arms and explosives and manufactured infernal machines. One of their first efforts—frustrated—was an attempt to blow up the Lieutenant-Governor's special train; but other essays reaped their sheaves, including the killing of two English ladies as they sat in their carriage on an afternoon drive. The string of perpetrated crimes, long as it became, would have been much longer but for the skilful work of the police, both British and Indian. Then, in 1908, Barindra and thirty-seven of his gang were arrested and sent up for trial. That trial was utilized by the terrorist organization as an object-lesson to the public. In the course of it

one of the gang who turned King's evidence was murdered in prison; next a police officer identified with the investigation was shot dead in the streets of Calcutta; next, the Public Prosecutor, an Indian lawyer, was murdered in the court precincts; and last, during session in the High Court, an Indian Deputy Superintendent of Police in charge of the case was murdered just outside the Court of the Chief Justice of Bengal. By means such as these the organization has succeeded in making it impossible to handle Terrorist crime by ordinary procedure; scarcely a native witness can be found today who will face the risk of giving open testimony. After a protracted trial, Barindra and three others were sentenced to transportation for life—a sentence later remitted, leaving them free to resume their interrupted labours—having in the meantime enjoyed the comfortable assurance that their crop was being cultivated by their lieutenants at large.

Those who care to follow the blood-soaked trail may do so in various unimpeachable sources. Of these not the least impressive is the speech of a Bengali Hindu political, the Honourable Sir Nripendra Sircar, Law Member of the Government of India, delivered in the Legislative Assembly in Delhi on March 29, 1935. In defiance of marked uneasiness and resentment on the part of Hindu members present in the House, the speaker, with courage and faithfulness, outlines the history, giving names and dates, of fifty-six terrorist outrages.

He shows the merciless debauchery of immature girls—girls under their fifteenth year, as well as of boys, to procure by such hands the assassination of individuals or of numbers of persons at a time. He shows the system of gang robberies, train wrecks, and attacks upon banks or upon innocent Indian villages, all usually involving murder, by which the Terrorists get their funds. He impresses upon his fellow legislators, as he proceeds from horror to horror, that he is by no means exhausting the list, but merely calling to their attention certain specimen cases whose judicial records are easily available to them all. He points to the degenerate state of public morality, in which such deadly growth has not only gone uncondemned, but has actually been cheered ahead by the praise of the press, of political parties, and of public men. He proves that the Congress itself, the great Swarajist political organization, in more than thirty of its committees has been actually officered by the planners and perpetrators of Terrorist murders. And he points out that although the movement goes through periodic phases of surface quiescence, its strength is steadily increasing today. He deplores Government's past leniency—its "mistaken relaxation of pressure" such as in 1930 gave the revolutionaries an opportunity of which they made "full use." And, tracing history from earlier days, he shows how Gandhi, whom he absolves from wilful intent or instigation, actually bestowed upon Terrorism its great initial aid. Gandhi, it will be remembered, in his Non-Coöperation campaign, called boys, en masse, out of schools, colleges, and universities, set a spirit of defiance in their hearts, and threw them idle upon the streets. His avowed purpose, in this and other campaigns, was simply to inculcate disrespect for the law of the land. "Sedition is my religion," he later proclaimed. But the force he invoked would not, as even he

knew (cf. No. 335) remain obedient to his control. Says Sir Nripendra Sircar: "When the spirit of defiance of constituted authority and the spirit of lawlessness were engendered in these hundreds of boys from schools and colleges, as also other persons, this led to a change in mentality which . . . in Bengal resulted in a deliberate departure from the path of non-violence".

The work of Barindra Ghose had prepared labourers for the harvest. The work of Gandhi threw the harvest wide open to their scythes. The Hindu youth of Bengal fell like ripe wheat before those sinister hands.

Terrorism's purpose in India, boldly announced at first as the overthrow of existing British Government, is now the overthrow of any non-Communist government of India, by multiplication of single murders, by mass killings, or by whatever means may suit conditions as they arise. Europeans are no longer necessarily its victims, but rather, any persons attempting to operate governmental functions. And this fact, long foreseen by some few Indian observers, is today rousing startled recognition on the threshold of the new Constitution and its wide transference of governmental functions into Indian hands. At the moment of this writing—September, 1935, a period of quiescence exists. But its transitory nature is understood and openly proclaimed. Of this fact we may here be content with one curious evidence. It comes between the covers of a little reprint of Sir Nripendra Sircar's speech, just quoted. The pamphlet, published in Calcutta, June 4, 1935, carries a foreword by none other than Barindra Ghose himself, father of the whole Bengali Terrorist movement. Because of Ghose's record it is impossible, now, to accept at sight his unsupported word as to his present motive. But here, tragic enough as they stand, are his words themselves:

" . . . I had been instrumental in plunging my country in this morass of blood and intrigue and now I would give every drop of blood in me to make young India retrace her steps. . . . No Swaraj or civilised government of any description will be possible if the cult of the bomb and revolver gets the upper hand. . . . In a world tortured with hatred and passion it is for India to ring true to the Divine in man. . . . If England conquered India she gave her a new outlook, a rebirth, so to say, out of six centuries of creeping apathy and death. She was the chosen instrument of God for a new awakening. Terrorism will only lead us into a blind alley, confusing the issue before us and set back the clock of India's progress."

But it is too late, now, by any repentance, however sincere, to undo the life-work of Barindra Ghose. Trained Terrorists are today a standard Bengal product, thence distributed over the land. In all that province, writes a Police Intelligence authority of the first rank, "there is scarcely an educational institution of any standing in which there is not a Terrorist group under the control of the main leaders, with the result that murders are now committed by youths unknown to the police." Attempting to explain the peculiar susceptibility of Bengali boys to the doctrine of murderous hatred poured into their minds, this authority points to their physique and stamina, notably inferior to those of up-country Indians; to the enervating climate of Bengal; to the financial struggle that most of them must face to get through their

scholastic years; to their strain in passing examinations and getting degrees; to their conviction that a professional or clerkly career alone is worth having, and the fact that such employment, because of overcrowding, is hard to find; to their intense sensitiveness and emotionalism; to their mental disarray that sets them for ever on the watch to imagine and resent slights and insults where none exist; and—continually found, to their vow to the goddess Kali, by which they are profoundly gripped.

And then, from the same high source, this: "The first point I would like to impress on you is that terrorism, like, indeed, civil disobedience, is *essentially a Hindu movement*."¹

Those last few words pull their reader up standing, face to face with historic fact: Since Muhammad Khilji's day, through the day of Clive, down to the Great War of 1914-18, the Bengali Hindu has persistently shown himself of the stuff that can never confront an enemy in open warfare. And yet the quality of courage exists in him—as the ghastly Terrorist record shows. If only he need not face his enemy—if only he may creep up behind and take his enemy in the back, he can risk almost certain capture and forfeiture of life. In other words, having in him the makings of a man, his manhood has been twisted out of shape.

Against the judgement of the world, and still more against his own gnawing and crazing sense of inferiority, the Bengali Hindu needs defence. That defence he possesses in powerful form, if ever he can bring himself to use it. It lies in the fact that he is the child of uncounted generations of child-born parents, who have gradually evolved a peculiar and falling level on which the race survives. Hindu Bengal is the stronghold and breeding-ground of child-motherhood, today undiminished by recent civil law; its victims cannot justly be held accountable for their condition, their thoughts, or their deeds as those are held accountable to whom equipment for life, nervous and physical, has been dealt out fairly and normally at the start of the game. The evidence is overwhelming.²

From this point, and finally, we turn to the theme on which this review began—the position of the Muslim in India. Long there the master, his mastery, it appears, is now gone beyond recall. For those qualities that once insured his dominance count as nothing in the voting-booth. Up in the North-country, over in Sind, he still displays the strong transmontane blood of the old invaders. Elsewhere, as in Bengal, he is the son of converts from Hinduism, stiffened with little if any infusion of the conquerors' blood. But that conversion occurred many generations back, and Islam, wherever implanted upon native races, acts as a definite formative and differentiator. Of itself, it holds its own, absorbing nothing from any other religion that may surround it. Nowhere in the Islamic mind has there been room for that subconscious idea of inferiority that destroys the Hindu balance. Searching for the cause of this self-protective strength, we find, aside from the long history of material dominance, a definite and simple creed, easily grasped, without mysteries, and resting for its authority on one Book avail-

¹ Italics are mine, K. M.

² See *Volume Two*, digest of the Age of Consent Committee's Report, Katherine Mayo, New York, 1931.

able to all—a creed that inspires intense devotion, rising in crises to heights of fire. Hinduism offends it today as it offended nine hundred years ago, not only in its ultra-idolatry, but in social practices such as those that have just been reviewed. The cult of the goddess Kali, in itself a blasphemy, produces the cult of Terrorism. The worship of the god Siva has fruitage in other forms that outrage Muslim thought.

Yet as long as the British hand, and it alone, grasped the helm of Government, the Muslim in his self-imposed retirement (*cf. ante* p. 29), could keep a quiet mind. For he knew that impartial justice would be dealt to him under the laws of the land, and that the State would guard his interests equally with those of other men. But, apace with the growth of the Reforms, Muslim peace has fled. The new parliamentary bodies, both Central and Provincial, were made mainly elective. Over most of India, therefore, the majority vote must always be Hindu. As the Reforms develop, the powers of these bodies increase and the control of great Government departments, with all their patronage, passes more and more into Hindu hands. Witnessing this process, the Muslim of late years has exerted himself to overcome his educational handicap and gain access to the political arena in order to fight for his rights. Yet, in a future to be determined by majority votes, he feels his position desperate. When he thinks how much Hindu majorities would weigh in a purely Indian India, he smiles as Mahmoud of Ghazni, as Babur, as Muhammad Khilji would smile. The sword is a weapon that he has always understood. But to be held down by Britain's still-sovereign hand while the Hindu, by count of heads alone, decides his fate is no smiling matter.

"If it comes to that," as one Muslim writer recently put it, "we have but two choices—to abandon our all and leave the country for ever; or to submit to lose our culture and to see our children, body and soul, pass under the Hindu yoke."

The Muslim in general has no desire for Britain's withdrawal from India. On the contrary, standing staunch behind the suzerain power, he has kept apart from revolutionary agitations, steadily denouncing the various types of disorder inspired by the Hindu political.

At the first Round Table Conference, in London, in 1931, Gandhi, with the Hindu political world behind him, tested Islamic resistance to his leadership, and found it adamant. He could neither buy nor persuade the Muslim members of that Conference to give him control of Islam in India, whether for war upon the Government or for submergence of itself. Neither could he induce them, though the price he offered was high, to desert the cause of the Untouchables for Islamic gain; and thereby hangs a gallant tale, buried in the records of the Round Table Conference.¹

Bitterly resentful of his failure, Gandhi returned to India just in time for the annual meeting of his own political party's Congress. There, at Karachi, he permitted himself an explosion.

Up to that moment the session, dominated as always by the Hindus, had concerned itself almost entirely with Hindu problems, "reference to the Muslim claims being either

¹ See also Professor John Coatman's penetrating *Years of Destiny*, Jonathan Cape, London, 1932, pp. 354-355.

patronizing or contemptuous." But now Gandhi, in one sudden outburst, laid bare his spirit of the day. India, he said, must prepare for civil war, *even though it end in the disappearance of one people*, if such extermination be necessary in order to rid the country of Britain's order-imposing hand.¹

The threat was not lost upon Muslim India, but it evoked no new fear. Riots, in augmenting numbers, had already shown Islam's widespread sense of danger afoot. Now they were still further to increase. Of these later disturbances may be cited, as an example, that which occurred in Karachi in March, 1935.

A Hindu *agent provocateur* had published a scurrilous pamphlet attacking the Prophet of Islam. For the act, which roused intense wrath in the Muslim population, the offender was sentenced to a term of imprisonment by a Court of Law. Appealing the sentence, he was brought back into court, where by word of mouth he repeated his language. A Muslim in the court-room, frenzied by what, to him, was an unbearable blasphemy, drew a revolver, shot the blasphemer dead, surrendered for punishment, and himself received sentence of death.

Muslim sentiment recognized the justice of that sentence; nevertheless, it saw in the condemned a defender of the Faith, however misguided, and anti-Hindu feeling blazed high. Abdul Qayum, the convicted man, was duly executed, and his body given to his family for interment. The family, villagers living some four miles from Karachi, tried to bury their dead quietly. But their work was interrupted by gathering crowds, and presently 20,000 Muslims, excited to a dangerous pitch, had taken up the body and started to carry it in procession back through the city.

Now it happened that Karachi at that moment was overcrowded with Hindu devotees assembling to celebrate a certain noisy religious festival called Holi. If the Muslim procession, carrying its dead, should enter the city under these conditions, it would mean a hideous clash and much loss of life. But at that argument for caution, Muslim excitement, instead of sobering, leaped up beyond all restraint. Police commands fell upon deaf ears. British troops were called out, and two platoons of the Royal Sussex advanced at the double up the road, bayonets fixed. But bayonets meant nothing. Only bullets could check the onrush now. The troops fired. Forty-seven men were killed, 134 wounded, before that unarmed mob so much as wavered.

The incident was painfully felt throughout Islam in India; but Muslim and Hindu alike believed that the worst outbreak in India's modern history was narrowly escaped that day. As for the author of the scurrilous pamphlet and the organization whose member he was, their end was probably attained when they had spilled Muslim blood by British guns. Enough work like that, and the Hindu-Muslim question might be solved to their liking. The obstinate Muslim might be swept from their path without resort, on their part, to the awkward neces-

¹ *New York Times*, April 11, 1931. "Community," the word he employed rather than "people," is used in India to signify religious divisions—as "the Muslim Community."

sity of facing his ire. From this fate may Islam escape! May it never, through religious susceptibilities gradually baited beyond endurance, in one fierce madness so challenge the King-Emperor's peace as to become a virtual suicide on the bayonets of infinitely reluctant British soldiery.

Alternately, however, is there hope of escape from slow effacement by the ballot-box?

"If they cannot find help in Delhi, they will turn to Kabul," a recent writer has said. But the vista, that way, is thick with shadows lurking in the dark.

It would be a thousand pities if the foregoing sketch were to convey the impression of an over-simplified picture in black and white, of sheep and goats. Let it be emphasized, therefore, on the one hand, that the new Muslim political tide has cast up into leaders' place not only honest men, but also cheap adventurers to whom Islam's perplexity means nothing but adventurers' luck; and, on the other hand, that with many of the most prominent and able Hindu political leaders, orthodox Brahminic Hinduism means, as a creed, little or nothing at all. Let it be recognized, too, that amongst the political lights on both sides are those who privately, not publicly, say: "A curse on the opposite camp! We hate and loathe them, but we must live beside them. Therefore let us not push things to extremes."

But in recognizing these two facts, it is still more important to remember that the great body of Islam and the great body of Hinduism are alike in ardent orthodoxy; and that both are now complaining, with rising insistence, that no unorthodox legislator can possibly represent them in any parliament, nor make for them laws affecting their religious position that they can consent to obey. It remains, therefore, to be seen how far, as crises increase, non-orthodox counsellors of the middle way will be able to control the acts of their respective peoples and avert head-on collisions so often repeated that they end in attempted secession or in civil war.

Whether the problem be India's, or England's, or that of both in concert, it is a problem fraught with sadness for the onlooking Christian world. For it seems to involve the unhappy loss of the greatest potential bulwark against communistic anarchy today possessed by the Indian Empire. It seems to threaten the overwhelming or, worse, the spiritual debasement of a simple, devout, and brave people, a helpless and fiercely loyal people, today as ready as Mahmoud of Ghazni was ready, as Joshua, Gideon, and David were ready, to throw away life itself for the honour of the One God, the Lord God of Israel, acknowledged alike and alone by them all.



In the story just told, we have followed Mahmud of Ghazni, young soldier-king of Islam, out of his Afghan capital up and over the Himalayan passes, down to the plains of northern India—the Punjab—in his vowed crusade against the Hindu, the idolater, hitherto undisturbed worshipper of multi-million gods. We have seen him, after many victories, stake his all on one supreme challenge of faith, attacking the fortress of Somnath; because, within those impregnable walls lay the proudest shrine of the Lord of the Moon, the Hindu's great god Siva. We have seen Mahmud's thousand-mile march, much of it over bone-dead, bone-bare desert, carrying on elephants and camels all food, water, and munitions of war for his army of 30,000 horsemen. And, under his sword and that of other Islamic kings and generals who followed him and ruled in India for seven hundred years, we have seen the Hindus' idol-houses crash. From their fragments, we know, the conquering Muslims reared their own mosques—houses of prayer, of extreme outer dignity and of puritanic austerity within, dedicated to the worship of the One God, Who was acclaimed alike by Moses, by Christ, and by Muhammad, His Prophets all. We have observed the decadence of Muslim rule, after many centuries, and the consequent inflow of anarchy, chaos and barbarism, and we have witnessed, out of that welter of woe, the rise of the British East India Company from a small private trading venture, through the hands of some of the greatest and most constructive administrators that the world has ever known, to a political power of such magnitude that it needs must merge in the power of the British Crown. And now, before dropping this historic thread, let us look at certain pictures that most intimately concern it.



1. Mountains of India's North-West Frontier, over which year after year Mahmud led his crusaders, "up like mountain goats, down like waterfalls," into the idol-ruled Punjab. (See p. 6, *et seq.*)

2. Elephants carried Mahmoud's heavy munitions—elephants that, loving the comfort of water, as these do, would have suffered torment in the trackless sands on the road to Somnath.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé

Photo by Captain Ralph Burton

3. Camels, two to each trooper, and 20,000 others, bearing water and supplies, followed that train. (See p. 5.)





4. Siva, Lord of the Moon, as worshipped in Mahmoud's day and now, unchanging; in Somnath, however, Siva was represented only by his lingam. (See pp. 4-6.)

12th Century Sculpture. Copyright, British Museum

5. Part of the cloisters surrounding the courtyard of the Kutb Mosque. (See p. 8.) These pillars were assembled from fragments of demolished Hindu temples. The courtyard measures 942 by 108 feet. Notice the capital of the first pillar to the right. The Muslim always demolished the faces of gods or men on any carven stone that he used—according to the Second Commandment given to Moses. An Arabic inscription over the east gate of the mosque states that the wreckage of twenty-seven idol-houses furnished stone for the raising of this House of Prayer to the One God.

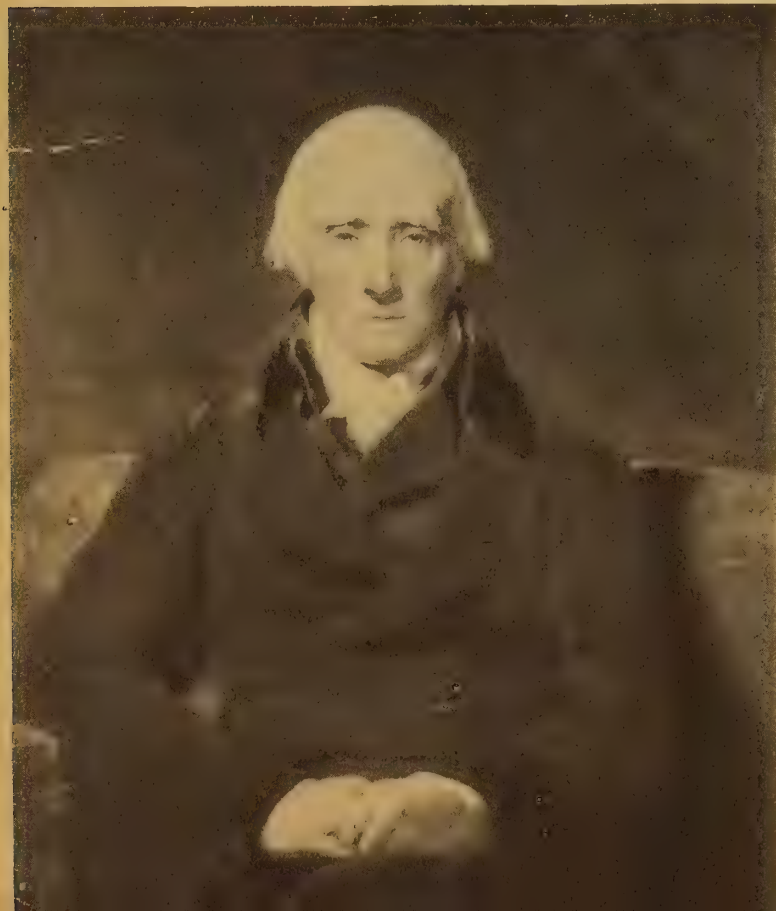
Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships





Courtesy of His Excellency Lord Ershine, Governor of Madras

6. ELIHU YALE, Governor of Madras under the East India Company from 1687 to 1691, a native of Boston, Massachusetts, and a son of one of the original British settlers of New Haven. Yale University bears his name because of his gift of funds, earned as an officer in the East India Company's service, making possible the completion of the University's first building. This picture is photographed from the portrait now hanging in Government House, Madras. (See p. 19.)

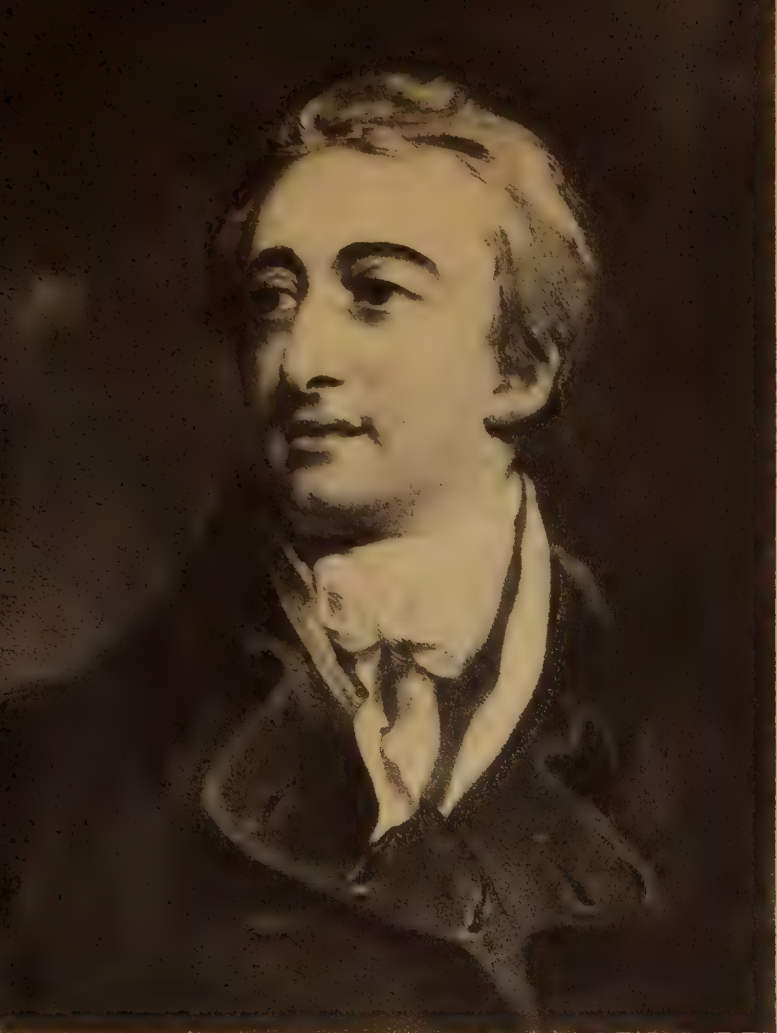


7. Statue of JOSEPH FRANÇOIS DUPLEIX, Governor General of the French establishment in India from 1741 to 1754. It is to be remarked that some centuries after Kutbu-din built his cloister pillars of fragments of destroyed Hindu temples, the French used the same material to make this pedestal. The statue stands in Pondicherry, still a French possession on the east coast of Madras. (See p. 19.)



Copyright, E. O. Hoppé

8. WARREN HASTINGS, Governor-General under the East India Company, 1774-85, and one of the greatest of mankind. To him India owes, amongst much else, the foundation of its modern legal code on its own ancient jurisprudence, both Muslim and Hindu; the principle of direct relations between the Princes and the Crown; the great Muslim College of Calcutta; and that stimulation of enquiry into Indian languages and literatures which first made generally possible to the Hindu himself a knowledge of his native classics.



9. LORD WILLIAM CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, Governor-General under the East India Company, 1828-35. To this one man, personally, belongs the credit of abolishing suttee—the burning alive of Hindu widows—in British India. To his militant energy and support of his officers is also due the suppression of the Thuggee system of secret religious murder.

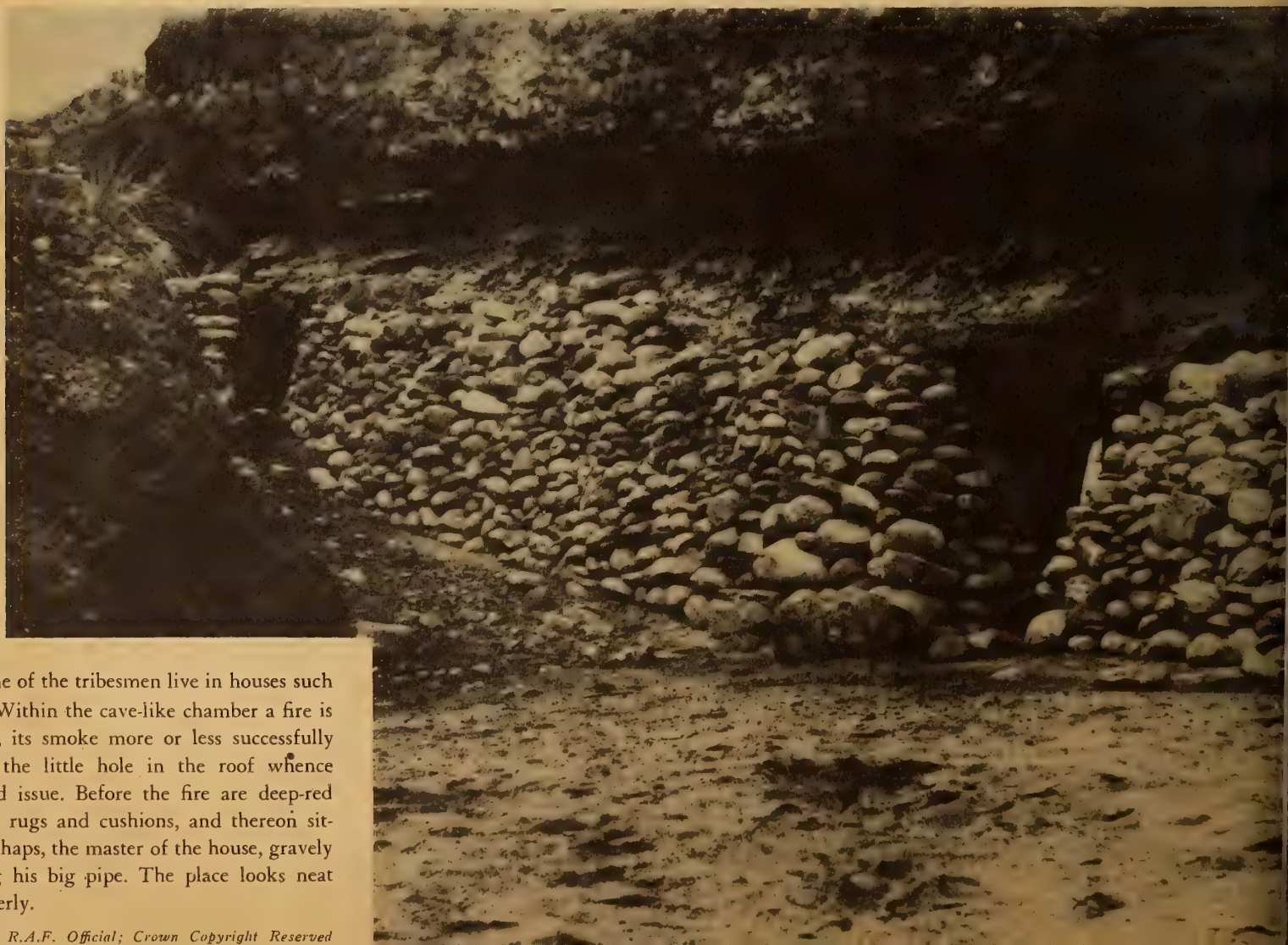


10. His Excellency the MARQUESS CURZON of Kedleston, Viceroy of India, 1898-1905. Seeker, guardian and preserver of India's ancient monuments, to whose reverent and liberal care that country largely owes its own knowledge of its by-gone glories.

We now return to the scene through which, in the year 1000 A.D., Mahmood of Ghazni first entered India. Here it is as it looks today. And from this point we may follow the trail of current life, south, east and west, through an infinitely chequered country.



11. Mahmoud's Passes as they are today. These mountains are inhabited by independent tribes, Muslims all, who live as they have lived since history began, as professional fighters and raiders. They owe allegiance to no government, and their habitat is recognized by the British as Free Tribal Territory.



12. Some of the tribesmen live in houses such as this. Within the cave-like chamber a fire is burning, its smoke more or less successfully finding the little hole in the roof whence it should issue. Before the fire are deep-red Bokhara rugs and cushions, and thereon sitting, perhaps, the master of the house, gravely smoking his big pipe. The place looks neat and orderly.

13. A constant problem of the British defence of India's northern border is the handling of the independent tribesmen, who sometimes give serious trouble. One device is the formation of police forces within the tribe itself. The British agree with certain men, chosen from the tribe, to pay them a regular sum for keeping order amongst their fellows. The men provide their own weapons and are under no discipline.



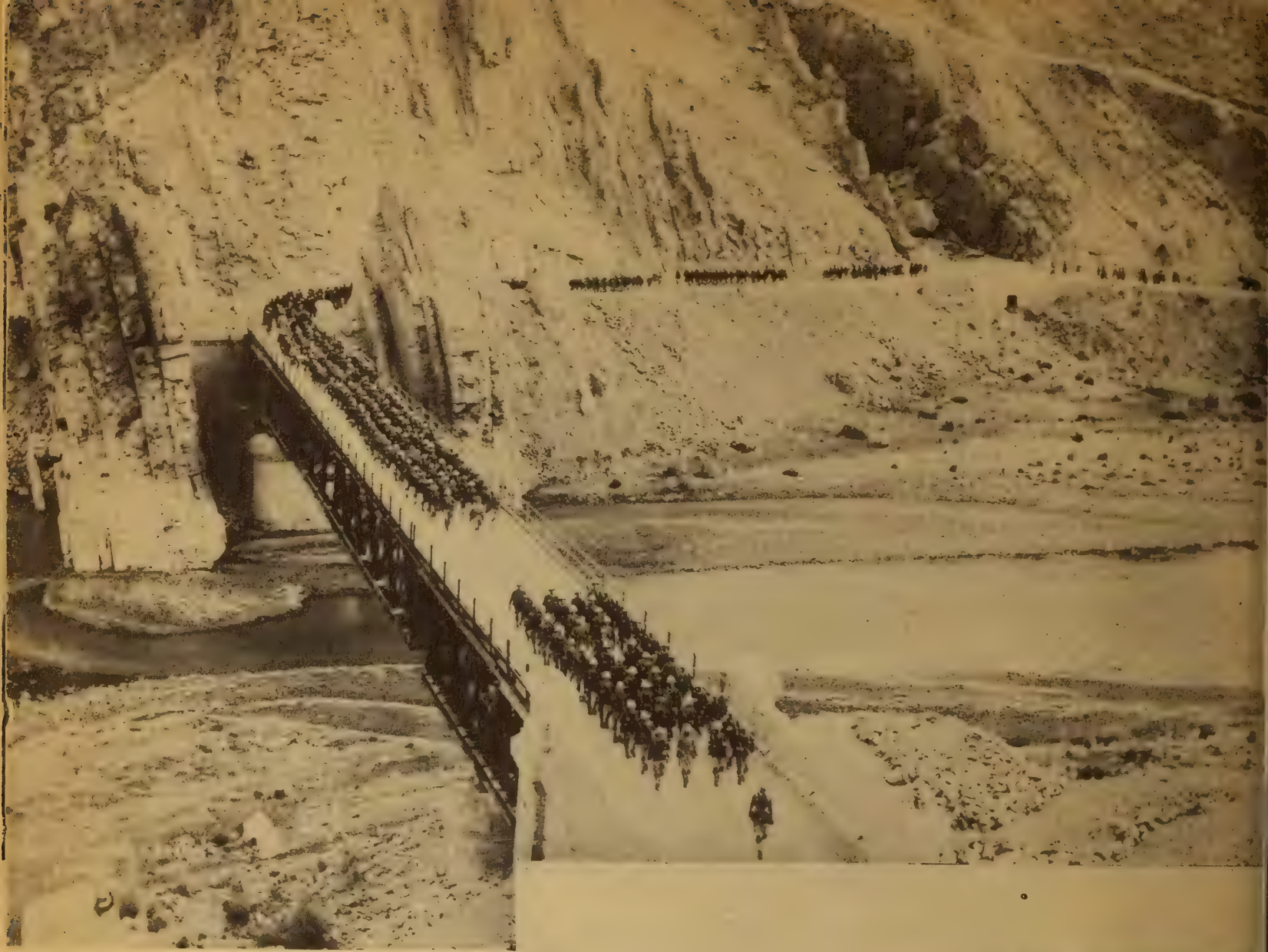
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14. ON THE RAZMAK ROAD, WAZIRISTAN. Another highly useful device for keeping the tribesmen's minds off mischief has been to employ them for building roads through the mountains. Some of them earn so much money in that business that by the second season of work they arrive on the job in Ford cars. These roads have proved great civilizers.



15. —and much road has been built, as the eye of the airplane reveals.

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MOUNTAIN ROADS IN USE

16. British Tommies crossing the Shingi Bridge, over the Tochi River, Waziristan.



17. Indian Army Regulars. Indian troops with British officers in upper ranks, on the march in Waziristan.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

8. —has proved its power to supply such columns on the march, or outlying posts, with food, water, ammunition or whatever is needed in this wild country. This picture shows how a column 1000 strong, going through the Malakand Pass, in tribal territory north of Peshawar, was completely rationed for two days. Even eggs and bottles landed safe and sound. About eighty-pounds weight is carried in each container—a sort of stream-lined bomb provided with a shock-absorbing head and a parachute. Malakand Pass was Alexander the Great's road into India, 300 B.C.



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THE NORTH END OF THE KHYBER
9. British Tommies for this work.

Copyright, Fox Photos.



M.E.S.

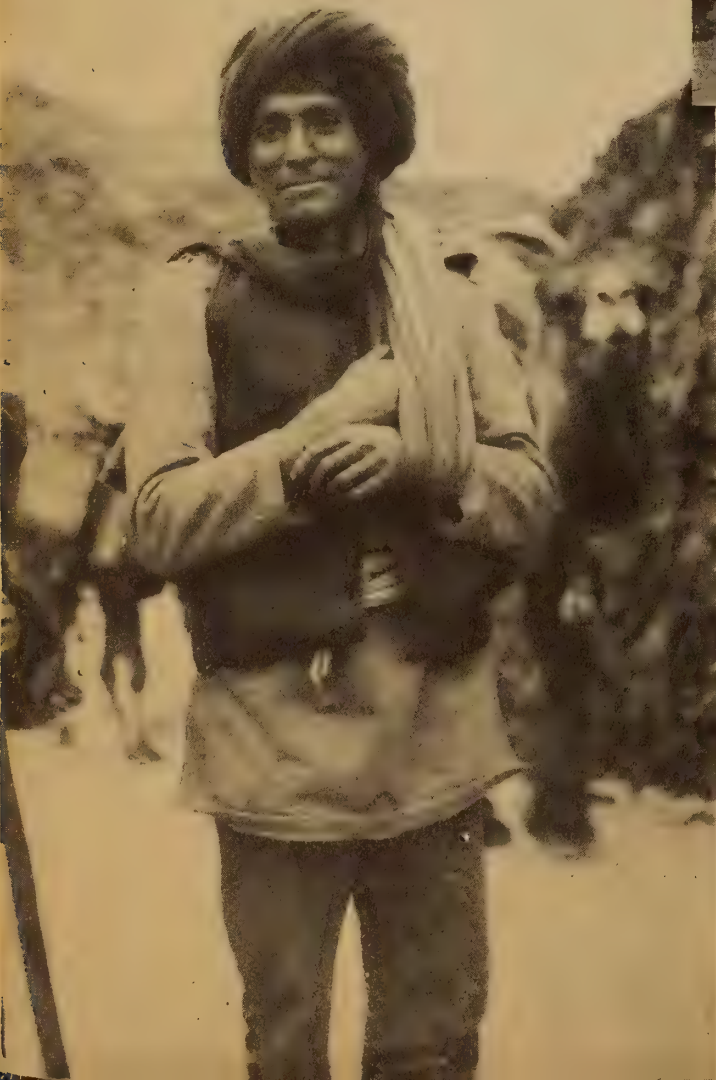


20. Here are three Zakka Khels of the Khyber Guards, beyond whom are seen a camel and some men of the caravan under escort.

21. A squad of the Guard, whose native Muslim officer is wearing his ribbon of Overseas service in the Great War.



22. A close-up of one of the caravaners—a friend, had time, sufficed—going home to somewhere in Central Asia.



23. IN THE KHYBER PASS, looking north toward Afghanistan, and close to the Afghan frontier. Landi Khana, British Army Cantonment, in the valley. Here a garrison of British troops is always maintained.



The Khyber Pass from end to end run through the territory of the great Afric tribe called the Zakka Khel, some 25,000 strong in fighting-men, keen Muslims all. Before the British came, the Zakka Khel amused themselves by seeing to it that no Hindu made that transit alive, unless for their diversion, he dressed as a woman or that he rode a donkey, the woman mount, if he rode at all.

Now the Zakka Khel still police the Pass, but as subsidized officials of His Majesty's Government, acting as armed escorts for the caravans.

A typical Zakka Khel dwelling in the
hyber, surrounded by massive walls, and
entered by a door stout enough to resist
attack. Each house has its loopholed fight-
ing-tower, whence watch is kept for enemy
invasions. When a feud springs up with a
neighbour whose tower commands your
own, you give up agriculture until you
and yours have dealt with him and his,
and then a finish.

M. M. Newell



25. The fighting-man in his tower.

M. M. Newell

26. Shooting from this tower.

M. M. Newell



27. Three roads run through the Khyber—a military railroad with tunnels, a road for camels and horses, and a road for motor-vehicles. All three may be seen here.

M. M. Newell

28. But as travellers by the Khyber speak more languages than the biggest signboard could carry, and as a rule speak but one language apiece, means have been found to convey what is needed with no words at all.

Copyright, Graphic Photo Union



29. In the end they all come to rest, camels, horse donkeys, motor-buses, men, women and children, in the big caravanserai, Government-provided, for peaceful night's repose.

M. M. Newell



30. Khyber. Jamrud Fort, at the British Indian end of the Khyber Pass, eleven miles west of Peshawar. Here a garrison of British Tommies is maintained.

M. M. Newell



31. A good rifle is more needful, to the tribesman, than any other earthly possession. Sometimes they are supplied to him by England's European enemies. Sometimes he takes them from the enemy he kills. Sometimes he loots them, in a midnight raid upon a British frontier post, such as Kohat or Bannu. And often he buys them from a famous little factory in the tribal territory of the Adam Khel, lying close by the road from Peshawar to Kohat, in the Kohat Pass. Here the Adam Khel (clan of Adam) make rifles, from start to finish by hand, in imitation of the British service weapon, and sell them to all comers, at prices dependent on the accuracy of the weapon. A good average specimen will carry accurately up to three to four hundred yards for not to exceed one hundred rounds. These lately sold at from 60 to 70 rupees—roughly from \$20 to \$25.

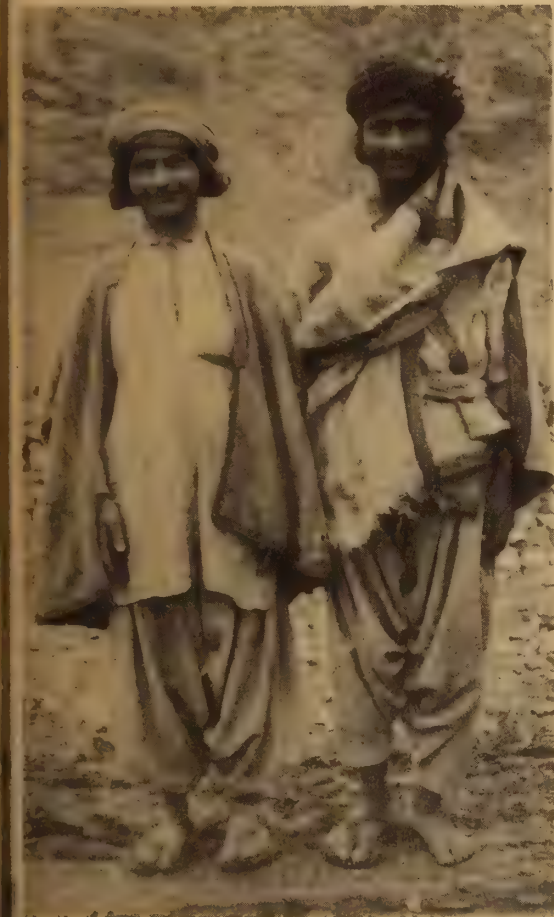
Here is the interior of the Adam Khel gun factory and the hills beyond.

M. M. Newell



32. This picture shows the gunsmith at his anvil, with customers waiting to buy. It is estimated that well upon 60,000 rifles have been made and sold in this little place.

M. M. Newell



33. Two Waziri boys come to get rifles.

M. M. Newell



34. Afghans outside the Adam Khel factory waiting for guns.

M. M. Newell



35. Outside the gun factory a baker fries cakes, for the comfort of those who wait.

M. M. Newell

36. Frontier Constabulary having a dance.

M. M. Newell



37. In Kohat. House of the British Political Agent, the official who represents the British Government in its dealings with the tribes. This house and all the cantonment, or military district of the city, are surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements, lighted at night by powerful electric glares. The entanglements have been charged with deadly electric currents, but the raiders met this by bridging the wire with cot beds. No European women—of whom there are very few in this place—are permitted to remain outside the wire after dusk. The place is never safe from raiders. But this house, because it is an Englishman's home, sits in a charming garden full of English flowers mingled with poinsettias and palms.

M. M. Newell



38. VILLAGE OF MAKIN, in tribal territory, hundreds of miles south of the Khyber Pass. The houses cluster together for mutual protection. But each household is a little garrisoned fortress by itself. Its cultivated fields lie beyond.

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THE FEEL OF THE FRONTIER

Along the line of defence can be neither exaggerated nor described. From the first sense of it you breathe electricity and your veins run full of sparks. Each man of that Frontier guard, be he regular soldier, tribal levy or constabulary; be he of Britain or of Islam, survives from moment to moment by the stuff that is in himself—his own wit and wire, his own courage and manhood. While he lives, he lives at top voltage. When he dies it is in a split second.

The defence of the North-West Frontier constitutes nine-tenths of the defence of India. Through its passes—of which the Khyber is greatest, have entered all India's conquering invaders since recorded time. Through those passes their like would pour today were Britain to withdraw her sleepless watch and ward. For the watch on the other side is as sleepless as Britain's own. And the work becomes steadily more tense as modern weapons multiply in tribal hands; as political agents of disorder are sent stealing amongst the tribes; and as Soviet Russia, whose boundary lines like a rising tide creep closer and closer, now here, now there, makes herself felt in various subtle forms.

The Frontier Tanks have work to do, and the Royal Air Force is of immense value, not least in discovering the movements of hostile bodies and discouraging their progress before they get too far.



39. Section of the 2nd Light Tank Company on duty in the Khyber area.

Copyright, Fox Photos



The Royal Air Force and Nanga Parbat, in Kash-
highest mountain in the British Empire.

R.A.F. Official; Crown Copyright Reserved



41. Indian troops with four British officers watch a bombardment from the parapet of Matra Fort.

Copyright, The (London) Times

42. British officer of Frontier Constabulary at an outpost whose walls are built up with sandbags. This Frontier Constabulary service, recruited from tribesmen, is probably the most keenly and constantly dangerous service in the world. It is commanded by British officers in the ratio of, at the utmost, three to a battalion.

Copyright, The (London) Times





43. Constabulary on the move. "Up like mountain goats."

Copyright, Fox Photos



44. Constabulary of the Yusufzai tribe, picketing a mountain top in the wild country north of Peshawar. Note the stones raised for concealment of heads.

Copyright, Fox Photos

LONE PICKET

HE NEVER FAILS HIS OFFICER

45. When bodies of troops are moving in the Frontier country, the heights along the route are picketed by details of Constabulary or from the troops themselves. The picket's duty is to see that no enemy attains vantage-point above the line of march, thence to fall into a column exposed on lower ground. If enemy scouts close in on the picket, the picket is supposed to die if necessary—which it usually is; but at all costs he must, by his own fire and resistance, give warning and time to the approaching troops, who must then keep to high ground.



Fox Photos

PESHAWAR

46. Peshawar, capital of the North-West Frontier Province, is a city of a little over 100,000 inhabitants, almost all Muslims. It is built on the site of Mahmud of Ghazni's first defeat of the Hindu princes allied under Anandpol. An exceedingly picturesque town, hot in summer but delightful in winter, it lies less than eleven miles distant from the Khyber's mouth, and through its gates, weekly, stream the caravans laden with red rugs of Bokhara, white skins of foxes, silks and porcelains and gauzes, sweetmeats and lacquers, little slippers with curly toes, and fine printed cottons, beautiful to behold.

Copyright, Mela Ram & Sons





Copyright, E. O. Hoppé

47. Camels waiting at the City Gate.

IN PESHAWAR

48. Every sort of picturesque visitor comes with the caravans. These two are typical fighting-men of the free tribes of the trans-Frontier. He on the left has dyed his beard red, though others choose purple. His bushy eyebrows he leaves black. His embroidered yellow coat is trimmed with black fur. His comrade is one of the Orakzai clan.

M. M. Newell





M. M. Newell

49. Another typical fighting-man—this one carries two guns.



M. M. Newell

50. Muslim family servants carrying their masters' children for a stroll.



M. M. Newell

51. A shop in the Bazaar.



52. The Letter-writer. The Frontiersman agrees with the Emperor Akbar—"reading and writing are clerks' business."

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé

54. ISLAM, with its great doctrines of the Oneness of God and the equality of man in His Presence, is the true democracy of the Orient. But Islam, now, must fit its Eastern democracy, as best it may, into the frame of the Western World. Here voters' credentials are being checked at a Peshawar polling-booth.

Courtesy of Lt.-Col. M. E. Johnson



Courtesy of Captain Ralph Burton

53. A street in the City. Muslim women cover their faces in public.



55. Peshawar Ballot Box. The shrewd old Muslim here obediently casting his vote would without doubt agree with his co-religionist who recently wrote, as to this newfangled road to wisdom: "On the like principle the landholder, when reckoning up his stock, would place his chickens and rabbits on the same level as his thoroughbred horses or his elephants." He is not impressed.

Courtesy of Lt.-Col. M. E. Johnson



THE ARMY IN INDIA consists of 60,000 British and 150,000 Indian troops. Its duty is to protect India from foreign invasion and to preserve peace between warring factions within her borders. And few who have seen the work there is to do will think the numbers could safely be less. The Indian troops are recruited almost wholly from the martial races of the North-West, over half of them coming from the Province of the Punjab alone, whose proud Great War record we already know. (See pp. 30-31.) The Punjab — battlefield of all past invaders—lies close under the lee of the North-West Frontier defences. Through it runs the famous Grand Trunk Road. And here comes the

56. 15th Indian Army Division of Transport.
"There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk Road."

M. M. Newell

FAMOUS SOLDIERS ARE THE SIKHS

57. THE SIKHS, whose home is in the Punjab, are an intensely religious people, whose spiritual ancestors revolted from Hinduism in the sixteenth century, declaring against polytheism, idolatry, caste distinction, suttee and the domination or priesthood of the Brahmin. In so doing they discarded all the Hindu sacred books, in favour of one book or Bible of their own, compiled in 1604, which they call the Granth Sahib. Farther in distinction from the Hindu, they do not practise child marriage, denouncing it as the root of weak manhood; and they live on a good diet, of meat, curds, greens and coarse grains.

At first a quietist, purely religious sect, within a century the Sikhs had become aggressively martial, so to remain. But they are not a nation in the sense of race; for, although a Sikh's son will usually become a Sikh, he must be so confirmed or initiated by religious ceremony before he is a Sikh in fact. And out of a given household, one man may make himself a Sikh while the rest remain Orthodox Hindus. But the Sikhs, if not a nation, are a close brotherhood; and beyond their religion they have as a rule a second bond in their abiding ill-will toward Muslims based on the fact that the Mughal Emperor 'Aurangzeb, in 1675, executed the Sikh's religious head because he refused to embrace Islam. That ancient grudge is still strong enough to wreck the peace whenever Sikh and Muslim interests meet. By the Census of 1931 there are only 4,366,000 Sikhs in India, almost all being found in the Punjab.

Here is one of their finest types, Hon. Captain Jiwand Singh, M.V.O., Sirdar Bahadur, who as orderly officer to the King-Emperor, came to England for a tour of duty. The overseas record of the Sikh Regiments in the Great War is epic.

Courtesy of Colonel H. St. G. M. McRae, D.S.O., O.B.E.



58. THREE OFFICERS OF THE 45TH RATTRAY'S SIKHS in khaki uniform, as photographed by their colonel while on duty in Razmak, Waziristan. In the distance a soldier is doing "the grand circle" on a horizontal bar. The Sikhs are keen and able all-round athletes.

By courtesy of, and copyright by, Colonel H. St. G. M. McRae, D.S.O., O.B.E.



Rajindra Lancers Polo team, Sikhs all. Winners of the final in the Viceroy's Staff Cup Tournament, mla, 1930.



Copyright and courtesy of Colonel H. St. G. M. McRae, D.S.O., O.B.E.

59. THE BUGLES AND DRUMS of the 45th Rattray's Sikhs, on the Parade Grounds at Razmak. Note the war medals on the first man's breast.

The religious creed of the Sikhs commands them always to wear short drawers, an iron bangle or discus, a small steel dagger, and a comb, and never cut their hair. They twist their hair in a knot on top of the head, there fastening it with the comb. This may be seen in the man on the parallel bar. Their beards, never cut, they roll with extreme neatness, carrying the ends to the top of the head. The discus, when in uniform, is represented by the steel miniature on the pugri; and the dagger is thrust through the discus, its haft showing above. See the picture of Captain Jiwand Singh.





Copyright, Keystone

61. Sikh Squadron of the 19th Lancers. These regiments are sometimes called "Bengal Lancers." But Bengal Lancers no longer exist as such, in the Indian Army. The name belongs to East India Company troops when the seat of the Company's Government was in Bengal. But no Bengalis were enlisted.

The religious shrines of the Sikhs are managed each by its resident abbot, or *mahant*. This man, usually a Hindu, sometimes paid by the people, is sometimes himself the owner of the shrine. The character of the mahants and of the shrines having become in many cases notorious, a movement started amongst the Sikhs to drive out the mahants and purge the shrines. This, the Akali movement, chanced at its beginning to synchronize with Gandhi's early anti-Government agitation; delegates from which soon seized upon the Akali idea, organized it, and jockeyed it more or less unawares into political revolutionary channels. The Akalis, gullible village folk, were easily persuaded that a Government that prevented them from unlawful violence was indeed "Satanic," as Gandhi said. To bring matters to a head the *agent provocateurs* had only to incite the Akalis to attack the mahants. So columns of volunteers, called *Jathas*, were formed to march upon and seize the chief shrines. And since these marches entailed prolonged absence from home, hard upon poor farmers, the organizers soon set up accompanying attractions of a sort fatal to the movement's credit as an exponent of rude righteousness demanding social purity. Unspeakable consequences ensued. At Naukana shrine, the Hindu abbot, by his servants' hands, massacred with appalling savagery some one hundred and thirty Akalis. For four years the thing went on from bad to worse, cleverly whipped on by the Gandhi press, until at last the sane majority of the Sikhs themselves combined with Government to settle the matter. But mahants of the old type still exist with shrines complete.

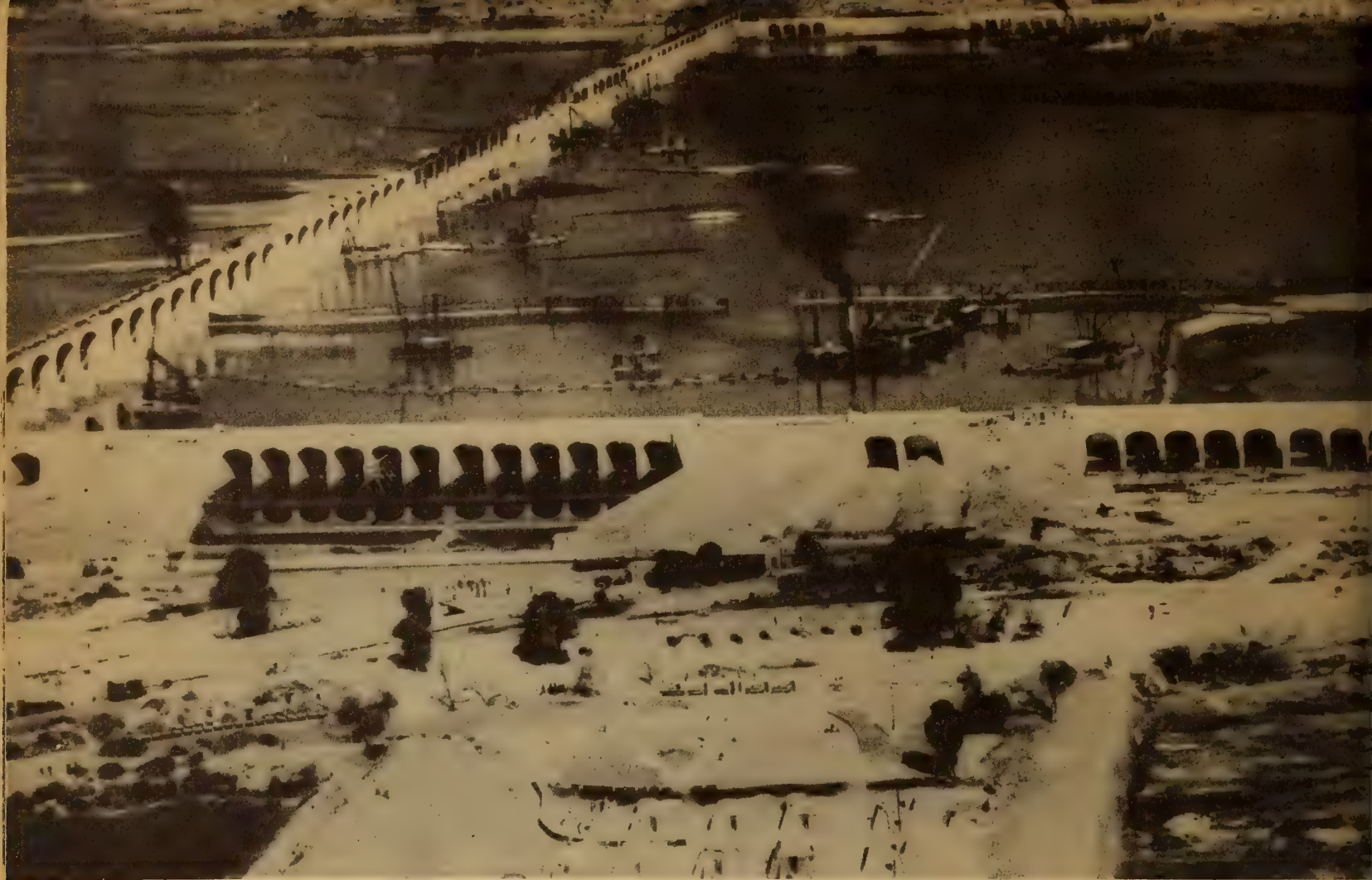


2. *AKALI SIKH JATHA* under arrest for attack on a shrine. Indian Mounted Police guarding them.



3. But lest it be thought that all Sikhs are peasants, private soldiers, or army officers below field rank, here is Major-General His Highness the Maharajah of Patiala, G.C.S.I., C.I.E., G.C.V.O., etc., etc., Premier Prince of the Punjab, nineteen-gun salute.

His Highness served in France with the Indian Expeditionary Force, to which he contributed over 20,000 men. and in the Afghan War of 1919 he rendered vital and distinguished service.



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THE SUKKUR BARRAGE

64. Irrigation there was in India before England came, but only of the seasonal type. It remained for British engineers to harness the great Punjab rivers and cover old bare desert with food crops the whole year through. The giant Indus, rising in Tibet, flows south-west through the North-West Frontier Province and the Punjab down across Sind to the Sea. The Sukkur Barrage, largest of its kind in the world, is one mile long, raises the level of the Indus sixteen feet, and irrigates five and a half million acres of otherwise useless and barren land.

The Punjab's total irrigated and cultivated area now reaches 15,000,000 acres, and further great desert-redemption schemes are in progress. Over 5,000,000 acres of ancient bad lands are already in wheat, over 2,000,000 in cotton, 520,000 in maize, 362,000 in sugar. The estimated yearly value of the food-crops raised on Government-irrigated land exceeds the total capital outlay on the works themselves.



65. THREE OLD BELUCHI CHIEFS, Muslims all, and of the ancient Arab stock, came down out of Beluchistan, when the Sukkur Barrage was opened, to witness the marvel of which they had been told. That was in 1931. Put back the day a thousand years, and their fathers in stately simplicity of look, bearing and philosophy must then have been as these are now.

Copyright. Sport & General

66. Each Indian Province is plotted into Divisions, each Division into Districts. The Division is administered by a Commissioner; the District by a Deputy Commissioner—the hardest-worked man in India. The Englishman here photographed, an Oxford man, has been of the Indian Civil Service for over thirty years. As Deputy Commissioner of this Punjabi District, he is responsible for the general welfare of a rural population of 1,200,000 scattered through 700 villages and speaking thirty dialects, most of them mutually unintelligible. The number of tongues here current is above the average because this district contains “canal colonies”—Government-irrigated and reclaimed desert lands—whose inhabitants have been brought in from various other parts of India. But all members of the Civil Service are required to be learned in Indian tongues.

The Deputy Commissioner's duties are limited only by the wants and emergencies of his people. He is their Magistrate, their Tax Assessor and Collector, their Registrar, their Settlement Officer, and, in general, their very present help in times of need. There are today 787 Europeans in the Civil Service, or 60.8 per cent of the total, the remainder being Indians. By 1939 the percentages will have become 50-50. When this particular picture was taken, the Deputy Commissioner was tramping across canal-colony fields with a party of farmers, reviewing the rate of their tax assessments, which is based on the productivity of the soil. The three farmers were claiming that their land had grown over-salty, and was therefore assessed too high. “I believe you are right,” said the Englishman—and acted accordingly.

Next morning he began the day by holding audience in his camp, hearing private troubles. Thence he went on to Court, where he sat as Magistrate. “He takes interest in us. He receives our visits and he visits us. He gives us justice and peace. We are content and happy. As to anything beyond our villages, we neither know nor care. I came here as overseer of a canal-digging gang, when all was jungle and desert. I got a square (28 acres) of land as a gift from Government, when the water came in. Then it was worth 4,000 rupees. Now it is worth ten times as much and I have bought another square. If trouble threatens anywhere, we have our Sahib to advise and help us. What more should we want?” So said an old, white-headed Sikh, waiting for his audience.

M. M. Newell

67. A TYPICAL PUNJAB IRRIGATION-COLONY VILLAGE, seen from the roof of one of its houses. Each house sits in a corner of its own double or single compound. Each compound is surrounded by a wall twelve and a half feet high, closed by a high, stout gate. All building is clay and the colour of clay. Beyond flow floods of brilliant green—the crops and the fruit trees—a beautiful combination. Here, before the canal came for hundreds of miles lay only barren earth scummed over, here and there, with scrawny grey-green shrub, which the camels of the few nomads browsed down to its bare wood.

M. M. Newell



THE RICH MAN

68. He is yet in his twenties, and inherited his property from his father. He owns a satisfactory house, 100 acres of fine irrigated land, ten strong draught-buffaloes worth 150 rupees apiece, several head of other cattle, a pony, chickens, and a donkey, all of which he, like his neighbours, keeps in his own courtyard—a spacious enclosure surrounded by a twelve-foot wall. There also is his grand American fodder-chopper, of which he is proud. But he turns the wheel by its rim. “Where is the handle?” asks the Deputy Commissioner. “Sahib, it came off”—and indeed there it lies in a corner, on part of a heap of rubbish, on the ground. The Deputy Commissioner picks it up, looks it over. “Have you a wrench?” he asks. A wrench is produced. In a moment, while the owner and his whole retinue look on like children, pleased and respectful, the Sahib has done the job. The handle is firm in place. But next time it comes off they will quite happily turn the wheel by the rim—until it gets too rusty to turn at all.

M. M. Newell

69. The rich man's granny and his baby girl, whose manners are very winning.

M. M. Newell



M. M. Newell

LET BABY MAKE THE WHEEL GO 'ROUND

70. Houses are built of either oven-baked or sun-dried brick—pukka or kutcha. Kutcha washes away in the heavy rains and needs repair each year. Pukka bricks mean pride, prosperity or both. This is a pukka brick house, the best in the village. Its women spin, as Indian women have always spun whenever hand spinning is practical economy. They have set up their wheels in the courtyard amongst the cattle, the children, the idlers and the dust. Within, the house, like most Punjabi village houses, whether Muslim or Sikh, is clean and orderly. They have little furniture save their great jars, their built-in cupboards, their cooking-vessels and their cot-beds, which they pull about the place, indoors and out, to serve as seats, wherever





71. PHIPPS LABORATORY. Central Agricultural Research Institute, in Pusa, Bihar. When Lord Curzon was Viceroy of India, his American friend, Mr. Henry Phipps of Chicago, placed in his hands the sum of £30,000, to apply at discretion to some object, preferably scientific, for India's benefit. Lord Curzon saw before him an enormous and rapidly increasing population, 90 per cent agricultural, dependent on its crops for life itself, yet practicing agriculture in prehistoric fashion. Nothing, he knew, could exceed the importance, to India, of intelligent agricultural development. So he applied his American friend's gift towards the creation of a Central Agricultural Research Institute. This was early in the century. Since that time the Institute's research work, under such leaders as Sir James MacKenna, the Howards and others, has placed vast help within the reach of the Indian agriculturalist. But whoever knows the farmer in any land knows his conservatism. "You may lead a horse to water, but . . ." The country's great need is for a small army of keen, intelligent, open-air young Indians who will avail themselves of the Government's training and then go out into the villages and patiently *show* the peasant farmer.

72. Punjab Agricultural College.



73. Entomological Laboratory.



PUNJAB AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AND ENTOMOLOGICAL LABORATORY. Aside from the Central Research Institute, British India has six Provincial Colleges of Agriculture. That of the Punjab is at Lyallpur. Here, in its laboratories and class-rooms, and its scattered test, seed and demonstration farms, great and small, valuable work is constantly going forward. The Punjab crops are rich, but with skill, good will and hard work they could be tripled or quadrupled. It is to be hoped that the youth of this great Province, realizing the strategic meaning involved, are going to develop a keenness equal to their opportunity.



Copyright, Miss Annie Martin



Copyright, Major H. N. Obbard, R.F.

74. THIS PLOUGH the Indian cultivator used a thousand years ago and this plough he uses today. A tusk-shaped junk of hard wood, with a handle and a shaft attached, it merely worries the surface of the soil. The Government Agricultural Farms, as at Lyallpur, keep on hand large stocks of simple iron ploughs designed for bullock draught and local needs. But to make the farmer try a novelty is no easy matter. At the Demonstration Farm he is shown a fine crop growing. "Ah, but this is Government ground," says he. "A poor man like me couldn't grow a crop like that." "You have ground of your own," answers the demonstrator, "will you let us plant half a strip of it and you plant the other half yourself? If our half grows a better crop than yours, we'll pay you the difference. If ours is better than yours, you can have it." One such demonstration generally succeeds. After that the man comes back for a plough and seed such as was used in the demonstration, bringing often some of his neighbors whom the performance has converted. A slow method of educating some sixty-five million working landowners and tenant farmers, but seemingly the only method, since they are at least 94 per cent illiterate and so unreachable by print.

THE DEPUTY COM-
MISSIONER of another
Punjab area—a Sahib with
madness that few carters
understand: He will not
rate, nor does he ever fail
to observe, the pain of a bul-
lock under whose yoke a
raw gall is grinding
the flesh. Here he is, on
the Grand Trunk Road.

M. M. Newell



76. "A gaily ornamented *ruth*, or family bullock-cart, with a brodered canopy of two domes, like a double-humped camel." In such did the Old Lady ride—(*Kim*, p. 107), and does today, on the Grand Trunk Road.

Copyright W. G. L. G. L.





COTTON, COTTON, COTTON

77. All along the Grand Trunk Road, in its course through the Punjab, wind the bullock-carts carrying the great cotton crop to its markets.

M. M. Newell

78. COTTON MARKET IN LYALL-PUR, centre of a Punjab irrigation-canal territory. India's cotton needs only more care, industry and intelligence on the part of the actual growers, to compete in quality with the cotton of America and the Sudan, in world markets. At present that need, though abating, is too evident.

M. M. Newell



THE MONEY-LENDER

79. Throughout the great north country the most generally and genuinely hated man is the money-lender, or, to give him his Hindu caste name, the *bania*. He is always a Hindu, because, according to the Islamic law, to take interest on loaned money is a deadly sin; no Muslim can lend money for gain. Being a Hindu, the money-lender follows the trade of his caste; bania father, bania son. The interest he charges is always usurious, and his presence in any community is a curse. In Muslim communities, his extortions exasperate the Hindu-Muslim antagonisms, making his position physically dangerous; and yet, his instinct dominating his fears, there is scarcely a Muslim town of any size into which he has not crept. He corners the foodstuffs, or the crop seeds in advance of shortage, and when the pinch comes demands multiple prices for his hoard. He lends to men in real or fancied need small sums or



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great, at compound rates so monstrous that they can never pay him off and so remain his slaves for life. He is the worst enemy of industry, thrift and hope and his own bitterest hatred is directed against the Co-operative Credit movement, initiated under Lord Curzon's government to deliver the peasant from the usurer's clutch. In the Punjab, above all other Provinces, this co-operative movement is a stimulating moral influence and a great and growing practical success. It should be read about in the three increasingly delightful books of Mr. Malcolm L. Darling.

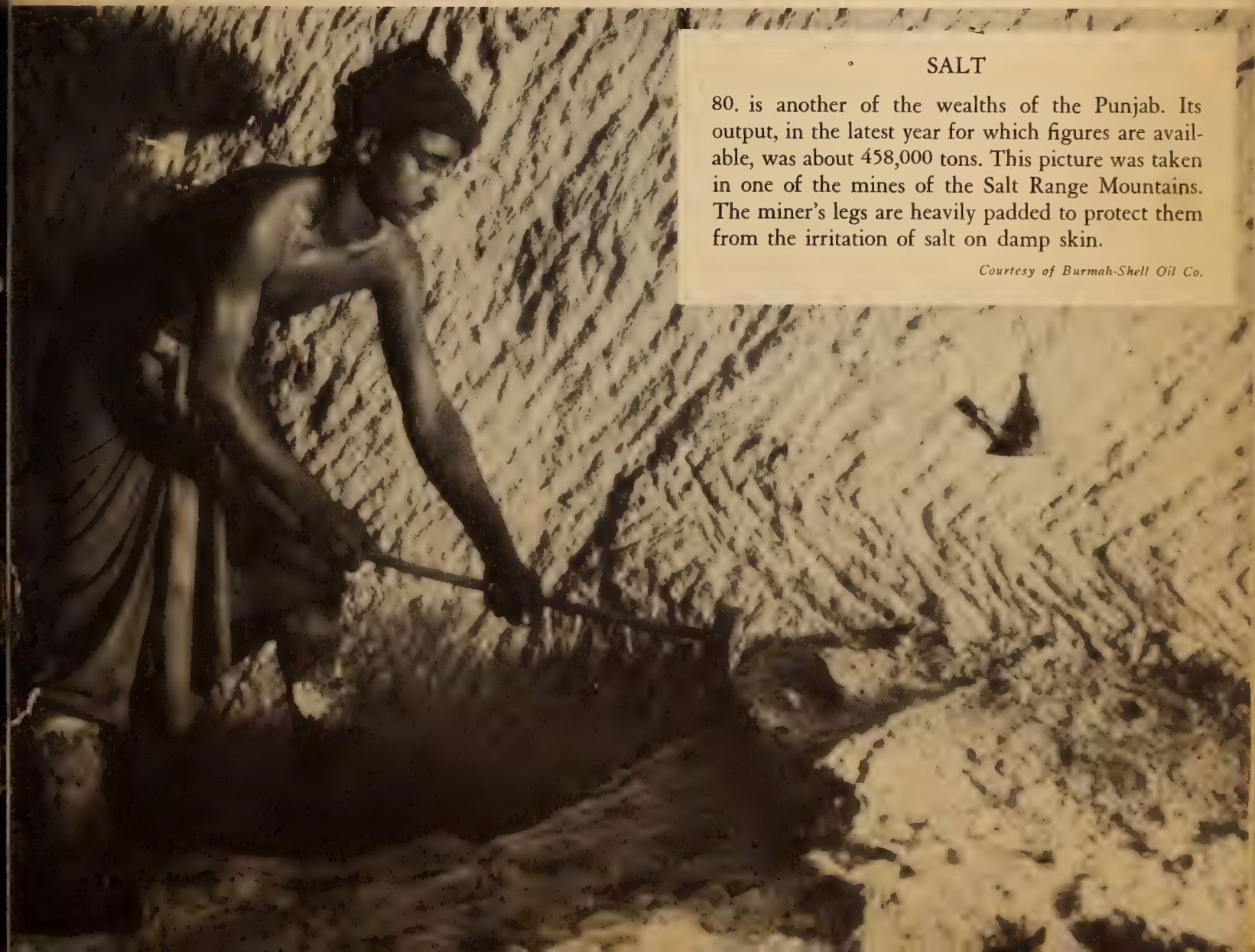
Will you come into my parlour
Said the spider to the fly.

The bania's setting is a little shop, where he barter and sells as a side issue of his usury, until, if he likes, he sheds his chrysalis and emerges as a city Shylock.

SALT

80. is another of the wealths of the Punjab. Its output, in the latest year for which figures are available, was about 458,000 tons. This picture was taken in one of the mines of the Salt Range Mountains. The miner's legs are heavily padded to protect them from the irritation of salt on damp skin.

Courtesy of Burmah-Shell Oil Co.



PUNJAB means Country of Five Rivers. The Rivers vary in size and temper and there are more ways than one of crossing them. A thousand years ago ferryboats were made of inflated bullock-hides, and that same type is in use today.



81. Here are ferryboats, ferrymen, and their paddles, all complete.



82. Pushing off with a woman passenger aboard. This is not a bit of play, but a serious and steady business. His Majesty's mail is so transported.



83. Here is another ferryman. He sits in a cane ring that runs on a single rope made of twisted strands of bamboo, and holds between his knees Captain Kingdon-Ward's dog—an old and philosophic traveler.

84. Another type of rope bridge. In the tribal territory of the Utman Khel, over the Swat River, just before it plunges into the North-West Frontier Province north of Peshawar, is this bridge. It consists of two ropes.

Royal Air Force Official. Crown Copyright Reserved

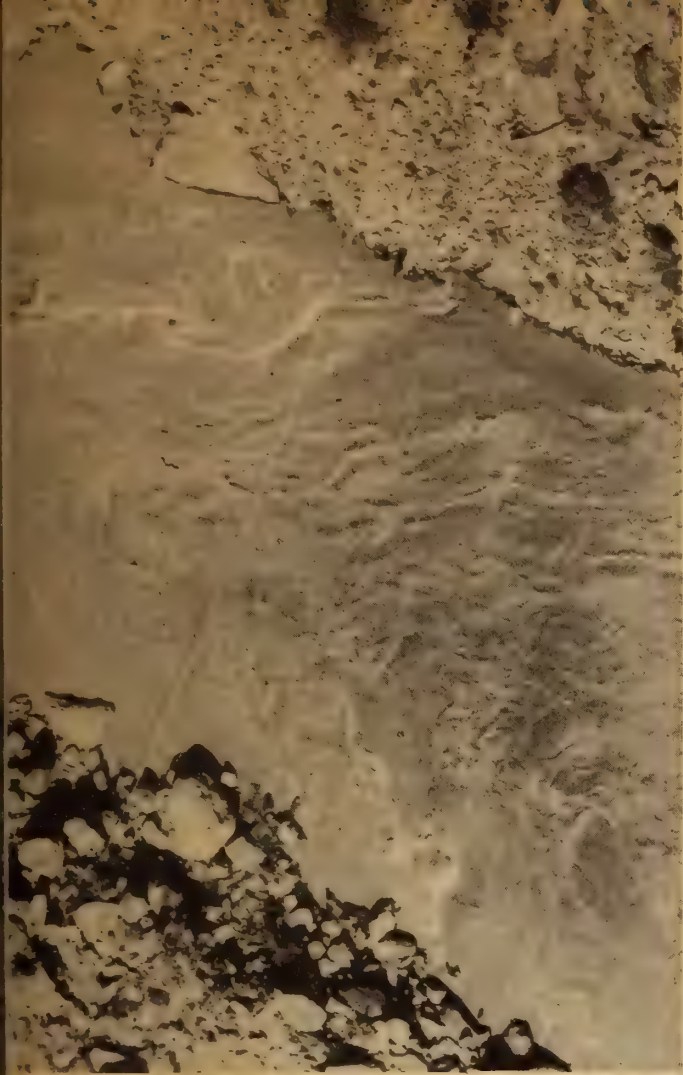


85. This is a suspension bridge, by the like of which the natives, these untold centuries, have crossed the Dihang River, in the hills of Assam. It is made of canes of rattan and is over 800 feet long. The tube is from three to four feet in diameter. It is anchored to trees on either bank. The river is 200 yards wide and the bridge hangs about 50 feet above the water.

Copyright, F. Kingdon-Ward

86. Looking through the bridge tunnel and up the bank behind.

Copyright, F. Kingdon-Ward





Courtesy, Braithwaite & Co., Engineers, Ltd.

87. Then came the British, who built bridges of another sort. This picture shows the Kangra Valley railway bridge—first of its type in India—under construction and being cantilevered out from each side. It spans a gorge 260 feet wide at top and 200 feet deep. The little bridge beyond was a temporary rope suspension for access. Below the safety net.



88. Nerbudda Bridge, built by the British, was carried away in a sudden wild rush of water that, in 1926, rose above the level of the railway on these lofty masonry piers, and carried all away—even the steel spans themselves.

Courtesy, Braithwaite & Co., Engineers, Ltd.

IN THE RAINS rivers of India may turn in a few hours from weary trickles almost lost in sand to broad and devastating floods. Kipling told the story in *The Bridge-Builders*. And occasionally a flood, in its breadth and force, exceeds all previous memory. British Engineers have learned the lesson from experience such as this.

89. Nerbudda Bridge, its other half, as wrecked by the flood.

Courtesy, Braithwaite & Co., Engineers, Ltd.



90. So now the British Engineers in India, dealing with rivers liable to run riot, build bridges like this of Jandola, in Waziristan, 1,400 feet long, 12 feet wide. Its construction is light open trestles offering minimum lodgement to debris rushing down the river, so minimizing the destructive pressure of water. Trestles are supported on solid steel piles screwed into the river bed.

Courtesy, Braithwaite & Co., Engineers, Ltd.



Courtesy, Braithwaite & Co., Engineers, Ltd.

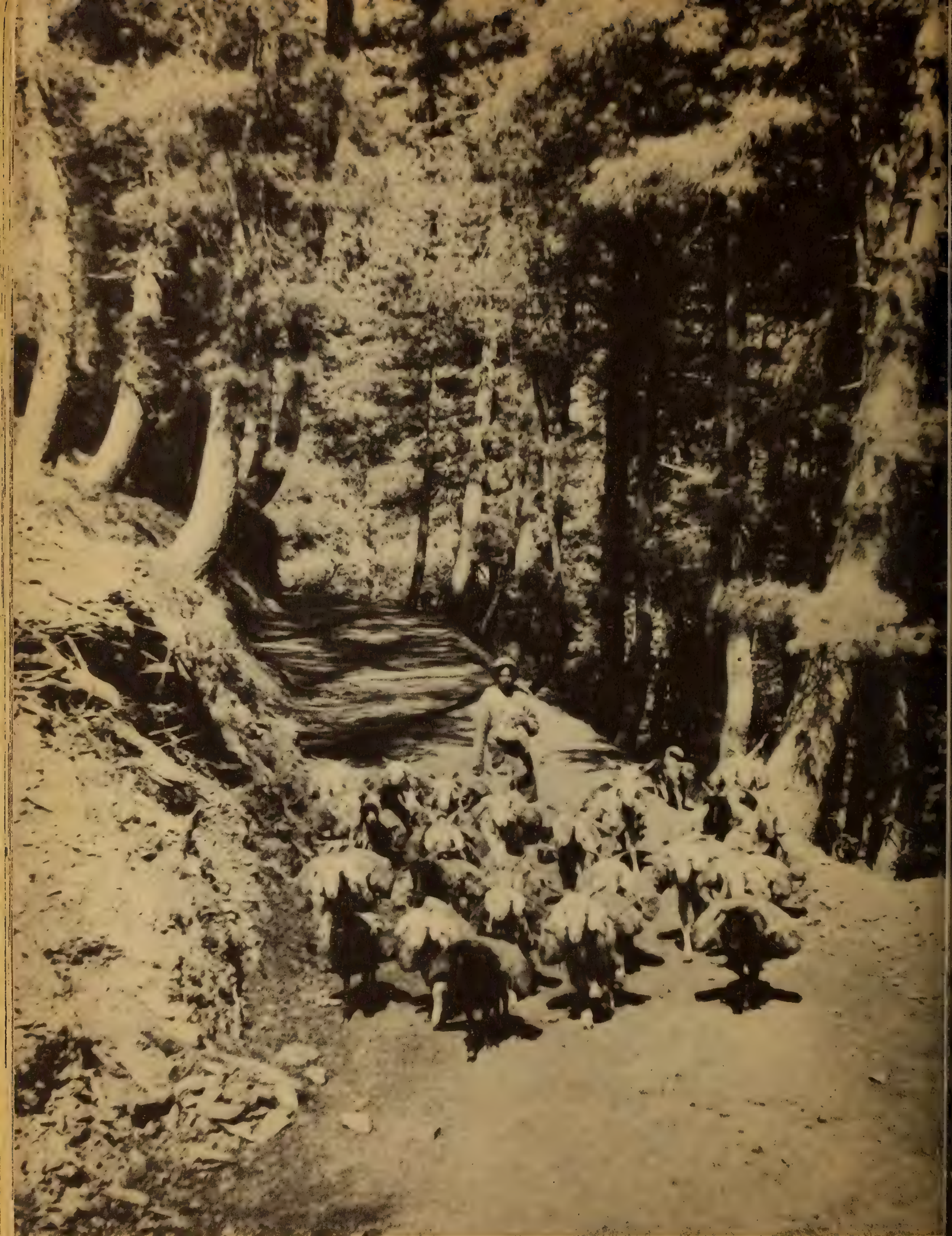
91. Ahmed Khan Bridge, in the North-West Frontier, again illustrates the type. This picture suggests how easily the terrain can pinch its swelling rivers into terrible engines of wrath.



Courtesy, Braithwaite & Co., Engineers, Ltd.

MURREE RESERVOIR

92. Murree, an army post and sanatorium, is in the Punjab close to the border of Kashmir. About 7,500 feet above sea-level, its climate ranges between 21° and 96° . Its views, over forest and valley to the far snow peaks, are superb. This mirror-like reservoir has a capacity of three and a quarter million gallons. It is 204 feet long, 160 feet broad and 16 feet deep. It is made of steel plates, each four feet square, all pressed from the same die, making the largest pressed-steel tank in the world. The site is so difficult of access that aerial ropeways and bullocks alone could be used for transporting material. The second half was built while the first half was in use.



93. But aerial ropeways and bullocks are not the only means of transport in Punjabi-Kashmiri fastnesses. Here is a pack-train of goats. Each goat is carrying from eight to fifteen pounds of potatoes or borax.

In the matter of railway bridges versus the demon of flood, the British Engineer has learned his lesson. But visitations by earthquake are another matter. The earthquake of January, 1934, in the Province of Bihar, did things like this, terribly complicating relief work.



94. Kink in railway line.

95. Lakhandar Bridge near Sitamarhi.

96. Dhanauti Bridge.

All through Courtesy of Braithwaite & Co., Engineers, Ltd.



97. Fifteen months later, just west of the Punjab line in British Beluchistan, at Quetta, headquarters of the Western Army Command, came another such devastation. Here, on June 2, 1935, in one instant of horror, 30,000 persons, Indian and European, lost their lives. And this is what befell the Residency of the Viceroy's Agent for Beluchistan.



98. Things salvaged from ruined houses. Glass toilet-bottles escape, when walls and roof cave in! A reminder to those who, in the Great War, saw the freaks of wreckage in bombarded France.

Copyright, Keystone

99. Quetta's shopping district. In the bazaar alone over 20,000 persons are believed to have perished.

Copyright, Keystone



100. The young soldier-king of the North who first carried the flag of Islam down into India in Holy Wars against the idolater (see pp. 3-7), never lingered in the land, but after each idol-smashing campaign, returned to his mountain capital in what is now called Afghanistan. He, Mahmoud of Ghazni, died in 1030 A.D. But his hand and that of his successors remained over the Punjab; and by 1175 new Muslim conquerors were increasing the field of Islamic control, at times opposed by Hindu forces huge in numbers, yet with few exceptions incapable of offering effective resistance to the martial skill, vigour and unity now brought against them. In 1193 the Muslim general Kutbu-d din, a Turk by birth, began a series of campaigns resulting in much extension of territory. Delhi and Benares, Bengal and Bihar, now added to the Punjab and Sind as Islamic ground, were cleared of their offending temples in obedience to the commandment of God as given to the Prophets Moses and Muhammad. And Kutbu-d din, as sovereign of the new conquest, was styled Sultan of Delhi. Kutbu-d din died in 1211, from hurts sustained on the polo-field; but he left behind him two splendid memorials. One of these, his Tower of Victory, the Kutb Minar, survives practically intact to this day. Of the other, the Kutb Mosque, enough yet remains, in its noble screen of arches, to place this old conquistador amongst the world's great dreamers in stone.

101. THE KUTB MINAR, near Delhi, is 238 feet high, rising in five stories, of which the upper two are faced with white marble, the lower with red sandstone. The unworthy little balustrade seen on the balconies is a "restoration" of 1829. The honeycomb work beneath the buttresses of the balconies is exceedingly fine, as are the bands of text, used as ornament. The date is about 1200 A.D.



M. M. Newell





Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships

KUTB MOSQUE

102. Arches in the great stone screen erected by Kutbu-d din to the west of the courtyard of his Mosque. The central arch is 55 feet high by 22 feet wide. Within the courtyard, before the central arch of the screen, stands the famous Iron Pillar, a solid shaft of wrought iron, over 16 inches in diameter and 23 feet 8 inches high, estimated to weigh over six tons, and perfectly welded. It is Hindu work, dating, probably, from the fourth century A.D.



103. From the summit of the Kutb Minar, looking down into the Mosque. The square building outside is the Tomb of Altamsh.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships



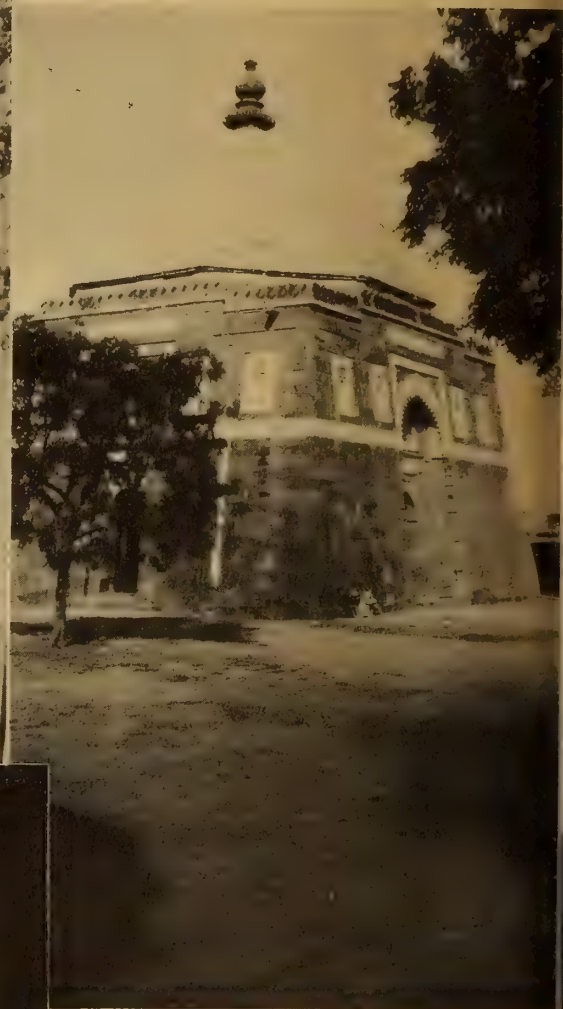
The tomb of Sultan Altamsh in Delhi, Kutbu-d din's son-in-law and successor, lies close to the Kutb Mosque. The oldest tomb known to exist in India, it is exceedingly beautiful with its almost solid incrustation of light-relief Saracenic designs, in which texts play a conspicuous part. Altamsh died in 1236.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships



105. Imperial ruins as seen from the first balcony of the Kutb Minar. This picture shows something of the excellent reserve with which conservation has been done by the later British authorities. The progress of ruin has been arrested, debris and encumbrances cleared away. But otherwise the past is left to tell its own story.

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106. TOMB OF TUGHLAK SHAH, Muslim Sultan of Delhi, who died in 1325. This warrior-ruler, like most Muslim sovereigns, built his own tomb during his lifetime. Almost Egyptian in its severity, its ornament lies chiefly in the contrast between the white marble insets and the red sandstone of the construction. The tomb lies just outside Tughlakabad, the fortress-citadel built by this Sultan, some five miles east of the Kutb Minar.

M. M. Newell

107. View across the Jumna River, from a door in the fortress wall.

M. M. Newell



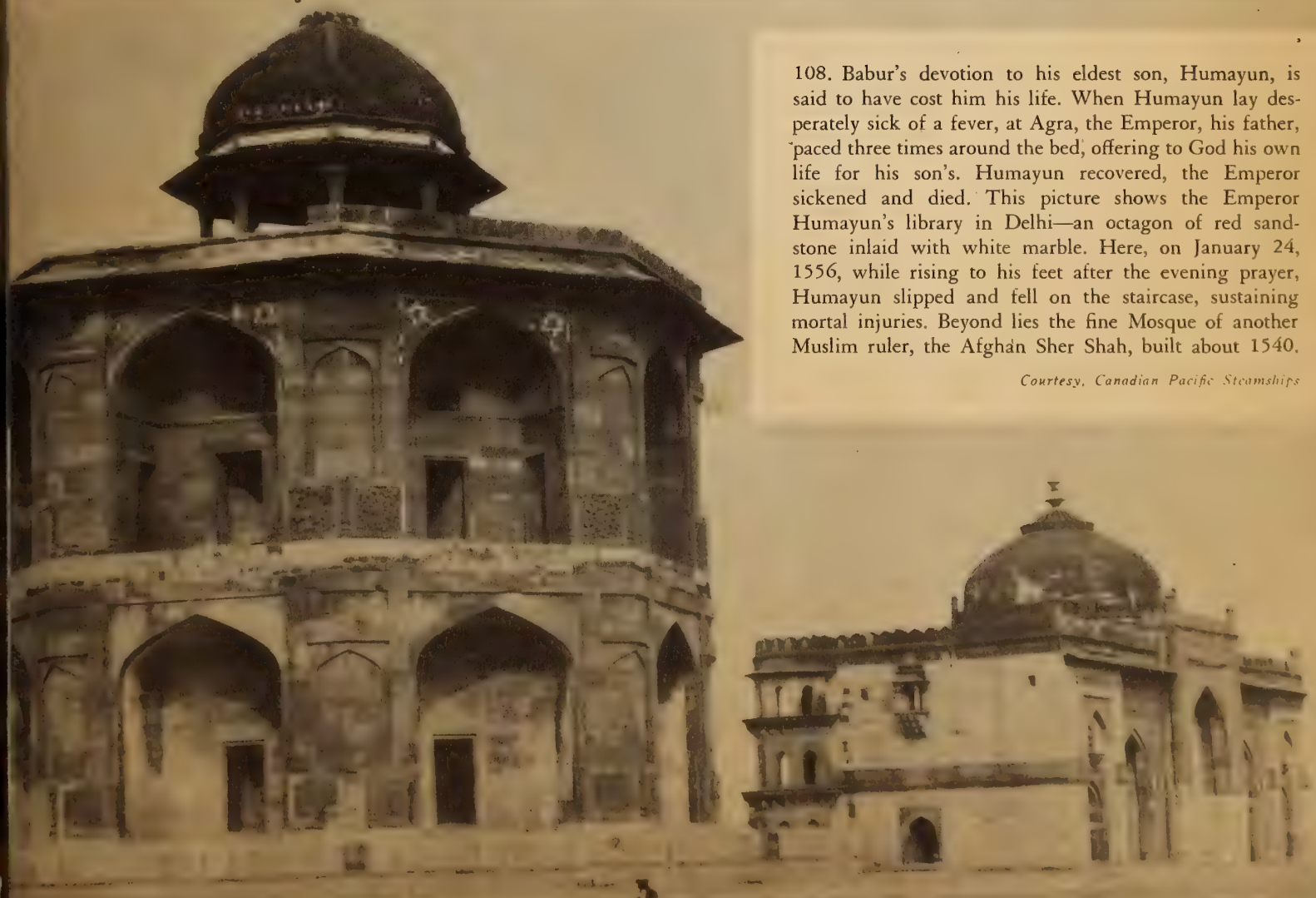
Two centuries had passed, during which the Islamic domination continued unbroken. Five Muslim princes now held the better part of India amongst themselves; only two Hindu rulers of importance remained anywhere in the land, one far south, beyond the Deccan, another in the Rajput hills; although a host of small Hindu rajahs survived, "some obedient to Islam, some because of their remoteness or because their places are fastnesses, not subject to Muslim rule." The words are those of Babur, the young Muslim King of Kabul, who himself had a mind to rule Hindustan. Babur was another Mahmoud of Ghazni—brilliantly and variously gifted, ambitious, a great general and leader of men. But where Mahmoud made war only upon idolatry and idolaters, Babur made war for possession of Hindustan, and therefore not upon Hindus only, but also upon the Islamic possessors of the land. In two decisive battles, one against the Muslim Sultan of Delhi, fought in 1526, the other against the Rajput in 1527, Babur destroyed both opponents and founded the Mughal Empire of India.

Now gardens, to all the Mughals, were a necessity of life. Scarcely had Babur fought his first major conquest-battle than the hunger for gardens beset him. But the dull, parched, unbeautiful and unbeautified country around Delhi and Agra, the two cities of his first taking, so repelled him that for a moment he almost abandoned his idea. He himself tells the story in his journal: "It kept coming to my mind that waters should be made to flow . . . wherever I might settle down, also that grounds should be laid out in an orderly and symmetrical way. With this object in view we crossed (the Jumna river) to look at garden-grounds a few days after entering Agra. Those grounds were so bad and unattractive that we traversed them with a hundred disgusts and repulsions. So ugly and displeasing were they that the idea of making a (garden) in them passed from my mind; but needs must! As there was no other land near Agra, that same ground was taken in hand a few days later. . . . Thus in that charmless and disorderly Hind (Hindustan), plots of garden were soon laid out with order and symmetry, with suitable borders and parterres in every corner, and in every border rose and narcissus in perfect arrangement." (*Babur-Nama*, Beveridge, Vol. 11, pp. 531-532.)

Such graces were so strange to the Hindu onlookers that they called this new Agra "Kabul," after the Afghan city, in token of its utter foreignness. To Babur, therefore, may be laid the birth of the orderly garden in India, as this chronicler of a later emperor implies: "After the footprints of (Babur) had added to the glory of Hindustan, embellishment by avenues and landscape gardening were seen, while heart-expanding buildings and the sound of falling waters widened the eyes of beholders." Little of Babur's own building, unhappily, now remains, but the influence of his blood brought gifts of surpassing beauty to India.

108. Babur's devotion to his eldest son, Humayun, is said to have cost him his life. When Humayun lay desperately sick of a fever, at Agra, the Emperor, his father, paced three times around the bed, offering to God his own life for his son's. Humayun recovered, the Emperor sickened and died. This picture shows the Emperor Humayun's library in Delhi—an octagon of red sandstone inlaid with white marble. Here, on January 24, 1556, while rising to his feet after the evening prayer, Humayun slipped and fell on the staircase, sustaining mortal injuries. Beyond lies the fine Mosque of another Muslim ruler, the Afghan Sher Shah, built about 1540.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships



109. MAUSOLEUM OF HUMAYUN, as seen from its garden; for the Mughals' passion for gardens went with them beyond this life. Every mausoleum or tomb must have its garden setting, its streams of flowing water, its turf and trees and flowers. By Babur's command, his own body was carried all the way through the mountain passes back to Kabul, to be laid in the garden he most dearly loved. The Koran depicts Paradise as a place of green trees, green meadows and crystal streams.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships



110. Mausoleum of the Mughal Emperor Jahangir, son of Humayun, near Lahore. Jahangir died in 1627; this mausoleum was built by Nurmahal, his Empress, in her favourite garden.



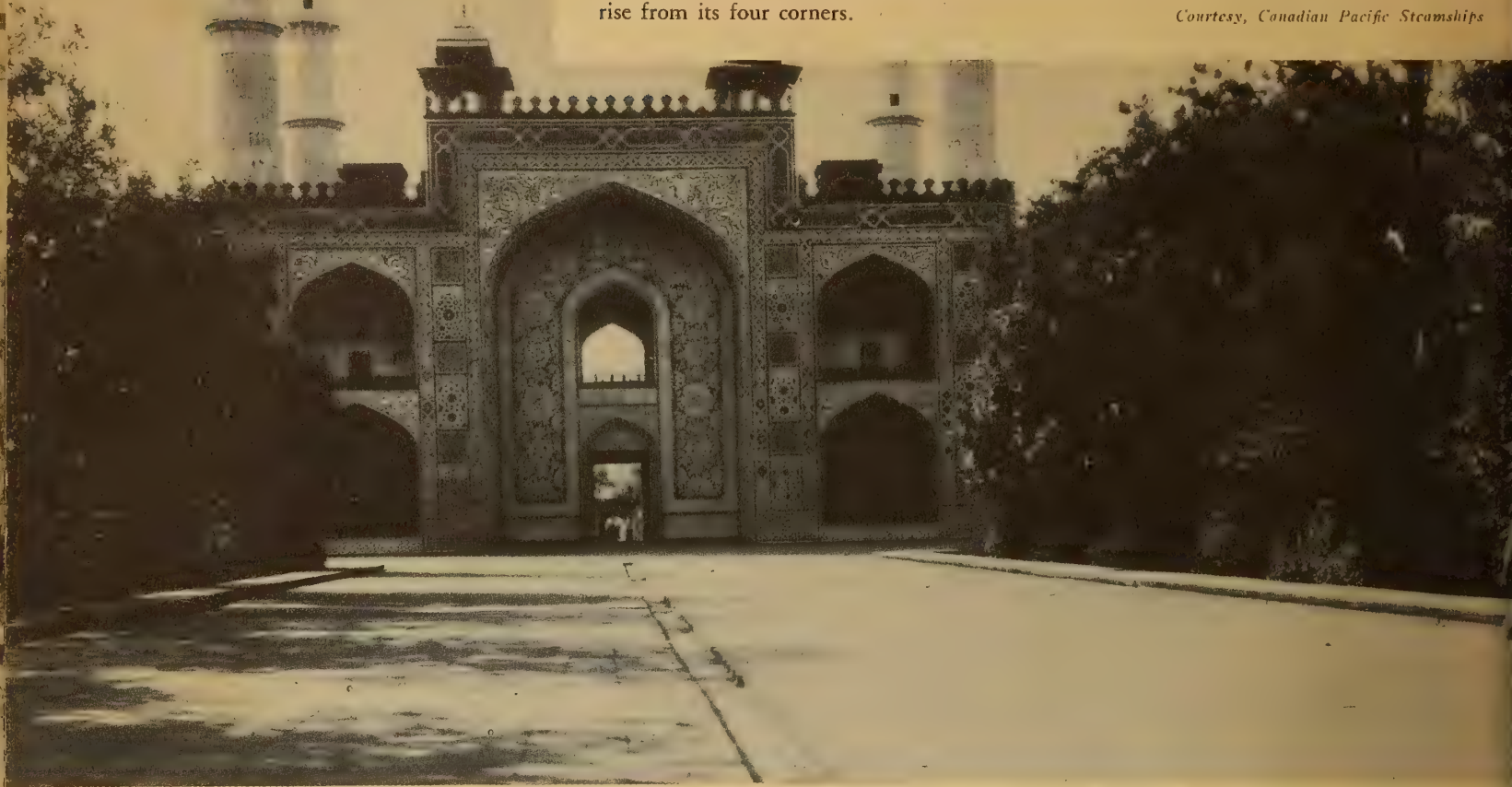


LAHORE

111. The modern Punjab's capital, a town of 430,000 inhabitants, glows with varied interest. The Mughal emperors dowered it with amazing beauty, in their gardens, palaces, forts, mosques, tombs, each one the crystallization of human drama and romance. Its ancient labyrinth of narrow ditchlike lanes crowded with bazaar stalls above which lean and press and drip and peer in secret the walls of many-storyed dwellings; its modern schools and schools less modern, its museums, its hospitals, its clubs, its Government buildings, all bring contrasting colour, while its newer residential section curiously recalls a well-ordered and prosperous Western American town. And yet, to the average Occidental visitor nothing brings a surer thrill than the sight of Zam-Zammah—"the fire-breathing dragon"—Zam-Zammah herself, of which you shall read in "KIM" on page 3. Here she sits, the very gun that was cast for Ahmad Shah Durani, to be used in the battle of Panipat in 1761, when he, with his Afghans behind him, scattered the Mahratta hosts like dust before the wind. Here she sits today with two little idle gossiping boys at her feet, as Kim sat with Lala Dinanath's boy before the coming of his Lama.

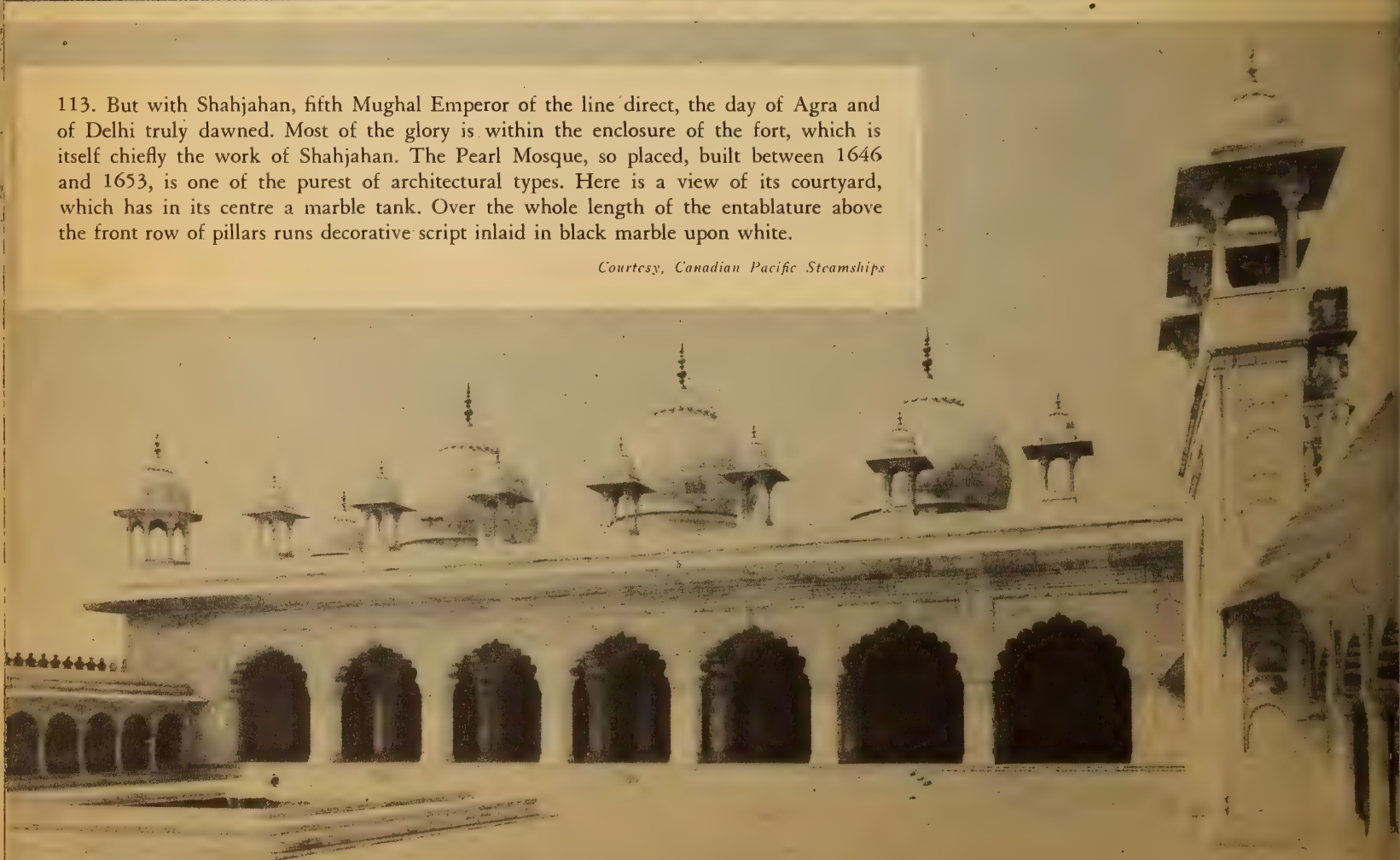
112. Babur's dislike for the sites of Delhi and Agra seems to have descended with his blood to the second and third generation, for Akbar, third of the line Imperial, built an entire new city, Fatehpur Sikri, 23 miles away (*see pp. 11-12*), and the Emperor Jahangir, Akbar's heir, spent most of his birthright passion for construction upon his chosen city of Lahore, although he placed his father's tomb near Agra. This is the gateway of Akbar's Tomb, which was built in 1605. It is of red sandstone, beautifully inlaid with ornaments and ornamental texts executed in white marble. White marble minarets rise from its four corners.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships



113. But with Shahjahan, fifth Mughal Emperor of the line direct, the day of Agra and of Delhi truly dawned. Most of the glory is within the enclosure of the fort, which is itself chiefly the work of Shahjahan. The Pearl Mosque, so placed, built between 1646 and 1653, is one of the purest of architectural types. Here is a view of its courtyard, which has in its centre a marble tank. Over the whole length of the entablature above the front row of pillars runs decorative script inlaid in black marble upon white.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships



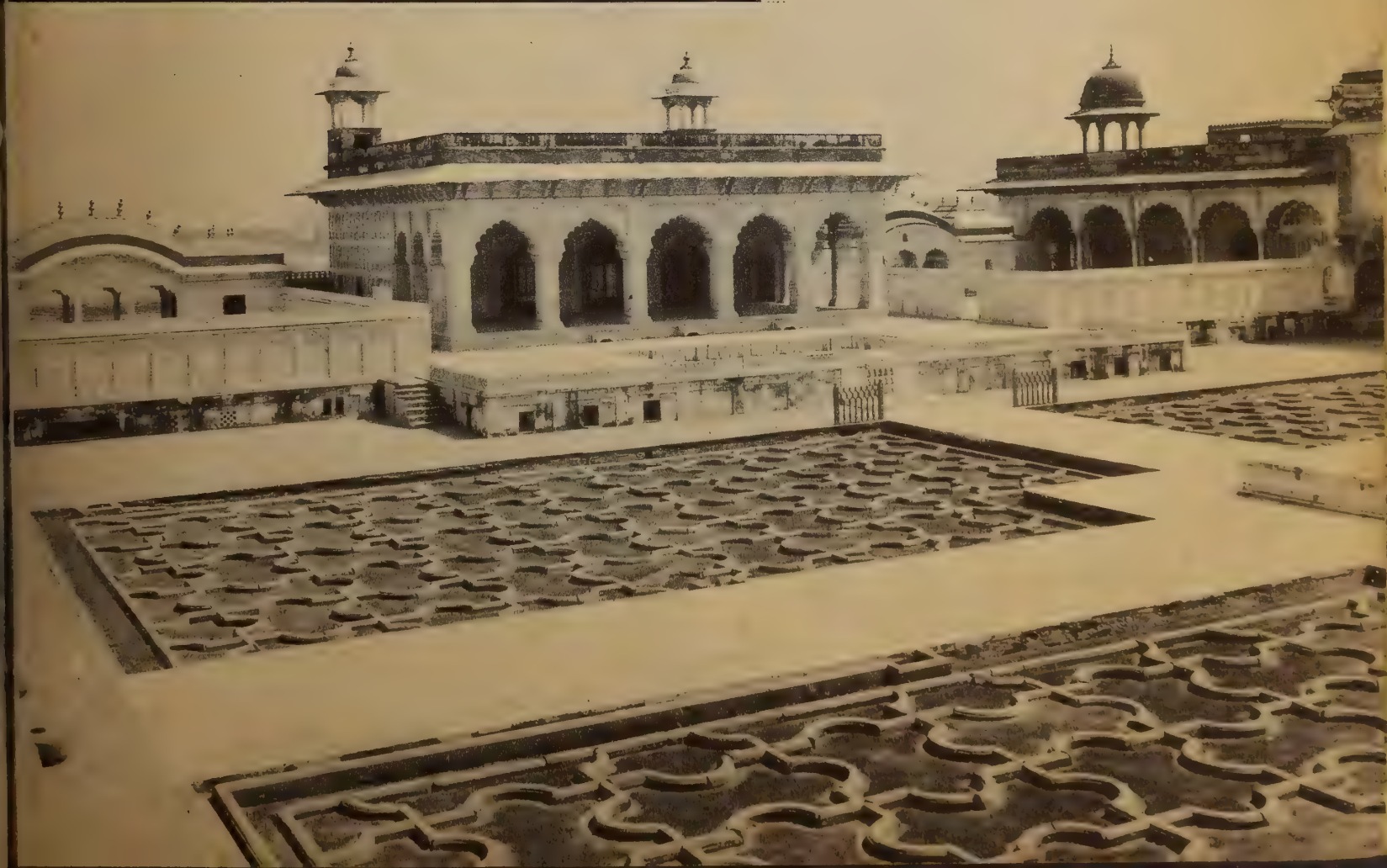


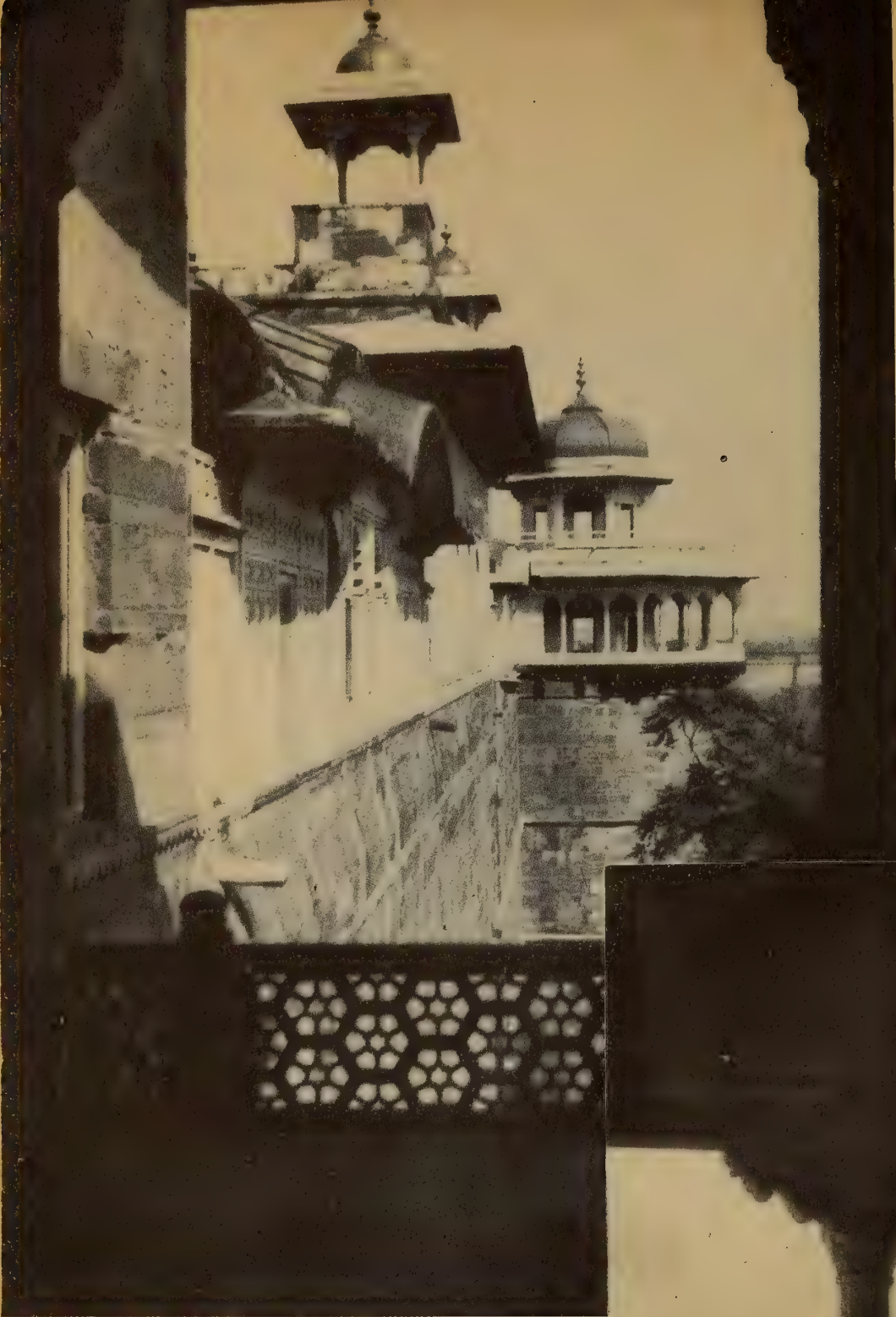
114. In the cloisters of the Pearl Mosque.

Photograph by Captain Ralph Burton

115. The Grape Garden in Agra Fort. The spaces of its stone tracery are now filled in with turf. Behind lies a charming little pleasure-hall, the Khas-Mahal, flanked by the two "Golden Pavilions," so called because of their shining roofs—plates of copper covered with gold leaf. The Pavilions contained bedchambers for the Emperor's ladies. In the marble terrace before the Khas-Mahal is a pool with fountains; beneath these are subterranean chambers for comfort in summer's intense heat.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships





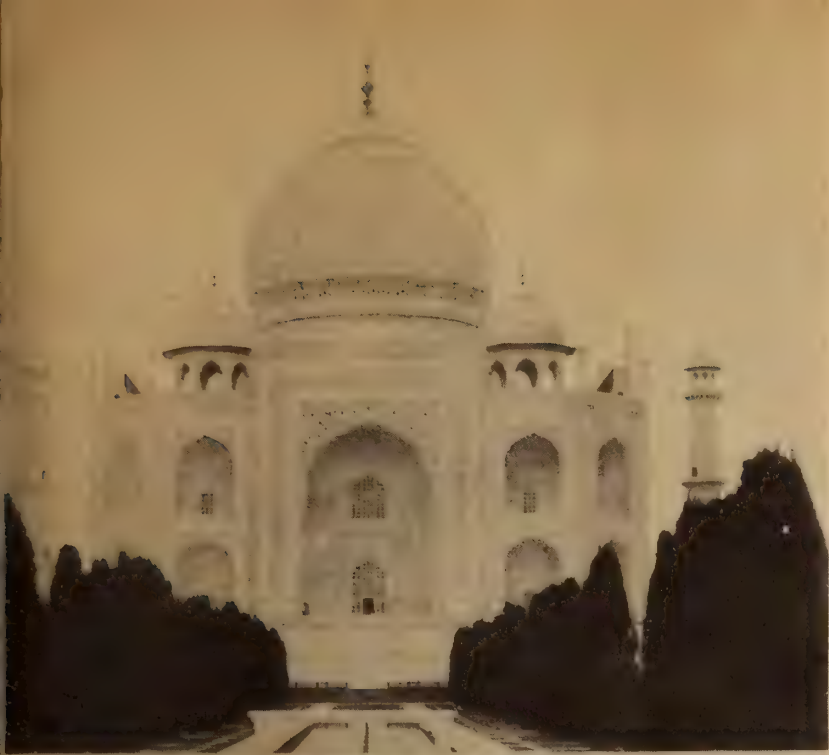
116. At the south-east corner of the Gropius Garden are three rooms that were the Emperor's private retreat, one of which, the balcony pavilion shown in this picture, overlooks the Jumna River. There the Emperor lay through his last hours, his eyes fixed upon that ethereal vision across the grey waters wherein the beloved of his lifetime lay awaiting him—his prayer and love-song in breathing marble—the Taj Mahal.

Photograph by Captain Ralph Burton



117. The Taj Mahal, tomb of the Empress Mumtaz Mahal, as seen by the dying Emperor, through the pillars of Agra Fort.

Photograph by Captain Ralph Burton



118. The Taj Mahal, begun by the Emperor in 1632, within the year after the Empress's death. The Empress Mumtaz Mahal, a Persian lady, was thirty-nine years old when she went. She had borne her husband fourteen children, and in childbirth died. Husband and wife were devoted lovers to the end.

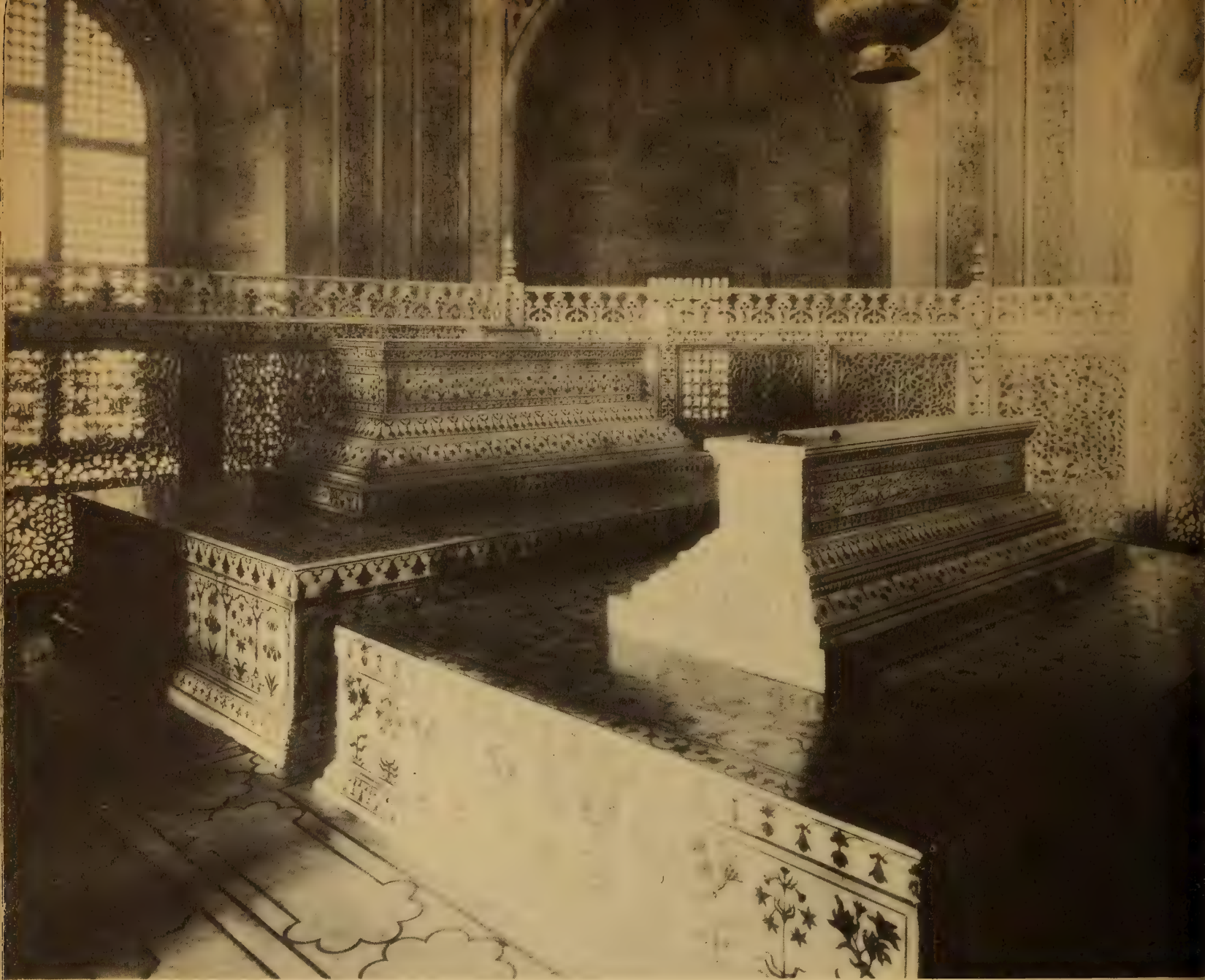
M. M. Newell



119. The Gateway of the Taj Mahal as seen therefrom. Shining water flows in straight channels through all the vistas, its mirror expanding in a midway pool. In this garden the body of the Empress lay buried until the completion of its final resting-place.

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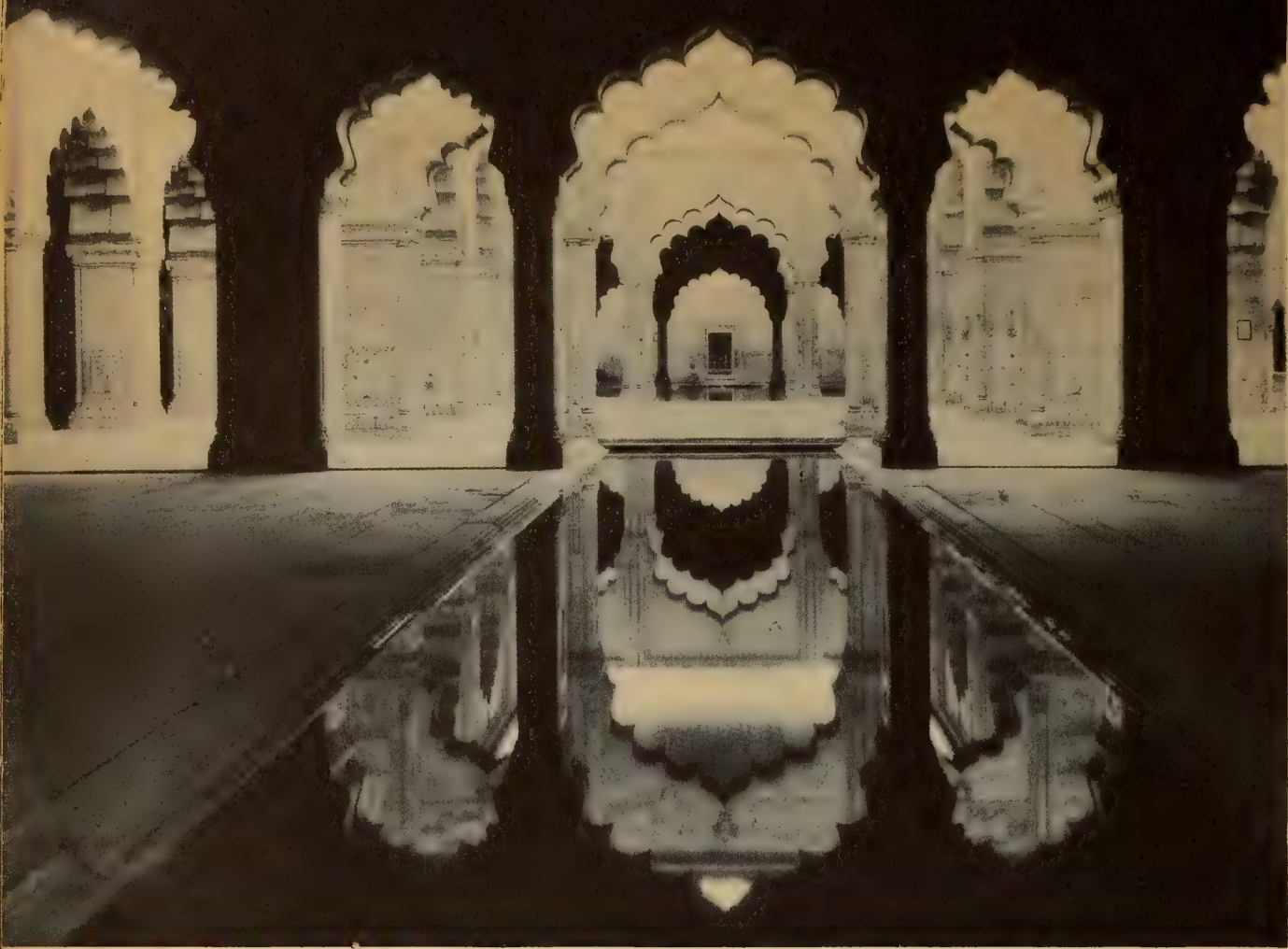


Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships

120. The Inner Chamber of the Mausoleum. The bodies of Shahjahan and his Empress lie in a vault covered with plainer stones, level with the earth and exactly below these two cenotaphs on which the world may look. The Emperor's, after the Muslim fashion sometimes seen, carries the likeness of a pencil-box, sculptured in natural size, upon its top. The top of the Empress's cenotaph is flat, representing a slate. "The true wife's mind is a smooth slate, upon which her lord writes his will." Both cenotaphs are of pure white marble, exquisitely inlaid with precious and semi-precious stones. Around that of the Empress, making a beautiful pattern, are inlaid the Ninety-nine Names of God, and Koranic texts and poems alternate with other forms of ornament everywhere.

121. THE FORT OF DELHI was also Shahjahan's work. Built between 1639 and 1648, its massive and forbidding walls surround what remains of the once omnipresent beauty. The palace buildings, grouped in their gardens, suffered harsh treatment, not only at the hands of post-Mughal invaders, but also at those of the British in that latter half of the nineteenth century when the whole Western World's respect for the glories of the past suffered so deep an eclipse. But again Lord Curzon led the rescue. Courtyards stripped of their marble floors are now represented by turf; vanished arcades and masses of masonry by massed shrubs and trees; unsettled walls are almost invisibly stayed, and Shahjahan's private Audience Hall is among the survivals that speak for original perfection. This picture shows the Lotus Pool, in Shahjahan's private Audience Hall. The hall measures 90 by 67 feet, and is built wholly of white marble, carved in very light relief and inlaid with flowers and arabesques in semi-precious stones. Here stood the famous Peacock Throne, made of gold ablaze with rubies and diamonds, emeralds and sapphires, and hung with tassels of pearls. The original ceiling of the chamber, all silver, was stolen by Hindu raiders in the later days of rapine, and is now represented by a ceiling of wood. Fountains such as this, in the ladies' apartments, used to play rose-water. In the central channel ran clear fresh water called the Stream of Paradise; in it swam myraids of brilliant little fishes. Closing the end of the vista is a screen dividing the Audience Hall from the royal private apartments.





122. This flood-light picture of the private Audience Chamber taken from the opposite end, and with its water-channel filled shows more clearly the lavish yet always air and delicate decoration of inlaid semi-precious stones.



123. Another flood-light picture looking from the private Audience Chamber across an inner garden to the domes of the Pearl Mosque, made in Delhi Fort by the Emperor Aurungzeb. The Mosque is built of white and grey-veined marble.

BRITISH DELHI

24. For many successive centuries before and up to the assumption by Britain, most of India, as we have seen, was governed through the north-west corner, by Muslim overlords. When Britain picked up India's sceptre where it lay in the smouldering dust as fallen from the Muslim grip, she first established her capital

at Calcutta, the trading-post that she, a sea-power, had herself created on the Bengali shore from nothingness and mud. Then, after half a century had passed, as if compelled by the spirit of the past she moved her centre of government far inland, back to the northwest corner, where the Great Mughals had placed their thrones.



This transfer from Bengal to the Punjab, from Calcutta to Delhi, was made in 1912. But the machinery of government was housed in temporary quarters, until a grandiose architectural scheme could be realized. In 1930 the new Legislative Chamber, shown in this picture, was opened. It is in this building that the Indian central parliament, the Legislative Assembly, meets.

125. New Secretariat Chambers, shown in their relation to the Legislative Buildings. Living quarters for officials and other necessary dwellings seen beyond.



126. Opening ceremony of the Legislative Buildings. His Excellency the Viceroy and Lady Irwin arrive. In the background is the platform, with its gold-and-crimson velvet canopy, from which the speeches were made. British troops to the left, Indian troops to the right, of the approach to the dais. A footman in the carriage holds over the Viceroy's head an umbrella, Indian emblem of rank.

127. Each of the British Dominions presented a column of stone for the adornment of the New Delhi. This picture was taken during the ceremony of their unveiling.





128. All-India Great War Memorial Arch. New Delhi.



130. Their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Irwin, Indian and British guests, and troopers of the Viceroy's Body Guard.



131. Garden Party at the Viceroy's House during the inauguration ceremonies.

132. The Viceroy's Body Guard, raised in 1773 by Warren Hastings, is the senior corps in the Indian Army. It has two British officers, four Indian officers, and 116 men, all Indians. To be a member of the Guard is an honour keenly sought in Indian cavalry regiments. This picture shows the Guard dismounted and paraded for inspection, at the Viceroy's House.



Copyright, Fox Photos



133. His Highness the Maharajah of Kashmir, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., K.C.V.O., approaches (left), with the ruling Prince of Limbdi.



134. His Highness the Maharajah of Bharatpur talks with Sir Basil Blackett, Director of the Bank of England and former Finance Member of the Executive Council of the Governor-General of India.

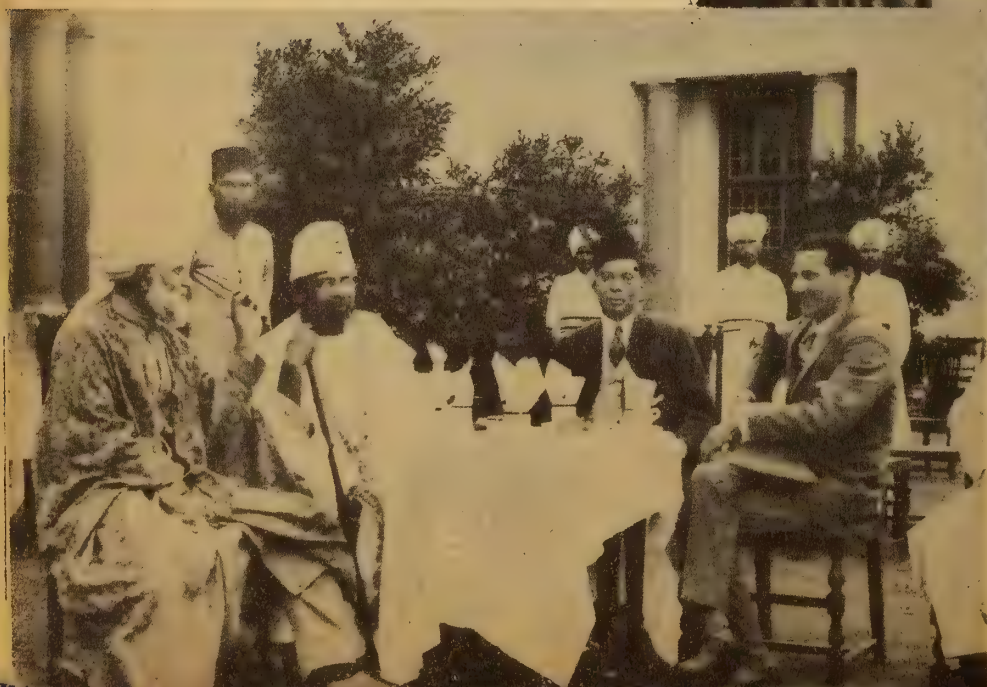
135. Their Highnesses the Maharajahs of Dholpur and Bharatpur.



136. And these always honoured guests, also, representing changeless tradition.



137. Then there were private functions. These pictures were taken at a garden party given by a distinguished Muslim, Maulvi Muhammad Yakub, Deputy-President of the Legislative Assembly. The host is here seen with His Excellency the Viceroy seated at his right.



138. At another table were (left to right) 1. Shamsh-ul-Ulma Maulvi Said Ahmad, the Imam or leader of devotions in the Great Mosque of Delhi. 2. Maulana Muhammad Ali, a conspicuous political figure. 3. Dr. Abdullah Suhrawardy.

39. Other guests of Maulvi Muhammad Yakub were these: (left to right): 1. Mr. W. R. Barker, Chairman of the Public Service Commission. 2. Sir Muhammad Iqbal, eminent Islamic leader and the greatest living writer of Persian and Urdu verse. 3. Khan Bahadur Jawabzada Sayid Ashrafuddin Ahmad, C.I.E., scholar, author, and Member of the Legislative Assembly. 4. Professor John Coatman, C.I.E. 5. Khawaji Masam Nizami. 6. Khan Bahadur Sarfaraz Hosain Khan, Member of the Legislative Assembly. Three Muslims, two Englishmen.



40. Type of bungalow built as official's quarters in the new Delhi. Rooms must be very high-studded, in this climate, and the light subdued, for protection against the intense heat. One of the many points in common, between the Mughal or Persian and the Anglo-Saxon, is the passion for gardens. Wherever you find a Briton, however arid and remote the spot, you find carefully-tended flowers.

41. The Cecil Hotel, Delhi. The name of its maker, Mr. Hotz, will live long in the grateful memory of the multitudes to whom this house has been as the shadow of a rock in a thirsty land. If possible, get a seat on the roof, walk out there at night under the stars—and listen.



142. The Chelmsford Club, Delhi. A club for Indian and British gentlemen.



143. And until lately, if at all, profoundly unaware, unaffected and unconcerned as to what laws are made, what policies adopted, or what party is in power in the grand new Legislative Halls, the Delhi of the people follows its own way. Here, to be sure, is a street with a tram-line, electric-light and telephone wires, a rubbish-barrel, a Victorian clock-tower, and a statue of Queen Victoria herself over to the left, together with certain formal buildings. But look at the humanity! The street is called Chandni Chauk and it is the business centre of Delhi.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships





Copyright, Col. H. N. Obbard, R.E.

44. Chandni Chauk has special shops, like these three—first the porcelain and pottery dealers; the junkman's beyond; and the basket-maker's between. Of this last the owner and his brother, squatting on the pavement, are weaving the familiar beaded window curtain while they wait for trade.



45. Or again, you have the office of the dentist and optician to His Highness the Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir. Its signs deserve close study.

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146. But the real Chandni Chauk is here. Cows on the sidewalk, blocking passage and the shop doors; men asleep on their beds in the middle of the street; women cooking food for boys who want to eat it; blanket-sellers with their blankets; the pamphlet-vender with his pamphlets horribly printed on villainous paper; gossipers; quarrellers; buyers; sellers of what not and nobody knows, all jammed together in the hot composite dust. The clock-tower and the telegraph poles loom above. But they matter less than naught, for time, here, means nothing at all.



147. Delhi has other markets, such as the Cloth Bazaar, which spreads its wares below and upon the all-welcoming steps of Shahjahan's Jama Mashid—his great "Friday Mosque" built for the assemblage in congregational worship of all true believers.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships



Copyright, E. O. Hoppé

148. But the Delhi that never changes is the Delhi that Babur found, that Babur will find again if, in the Day of Judgment, he comes to look. Here under the city's skirts, essence of its being, sit Hindu villages. Here are the huts, the fireplace, the water-pot, the beds which are dragged out under the tree to sit or to doze upon while the sun is up. Basket-weavers these people are; such were their fathers; such will their children be, after them, so long as the blood endures. For, as Hindus, they follow the trade of their caste, as the gods have ordained—and they and folk like them make 90 per cent of all of Hindu India. They are glad if neither famine nor pestilence nor robbers come—and if boy babies enough are born—and the wives are glad if they may die before they are widowed. For the rest, nothing matters—nothing touches them.



149. There are pavement lodgments in plenty, such as the sugar-cane vender's, whom a kindly friend, happening along, may offer a whiff from his pipe, while customers wait.

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150. BRITISH INDIA is divided into provinces. Each province, like each state in the United States of America, possesses its separate government. The Governor, who is appointed by the Crown, in choosing his Council of Ministers follows the Cabinet system of Great Britain and the Dominions. Cabinet ministers head departments and are selected with a view to their power to command a stable majority in the Provincial Legislature, of which they must be or become elected members.

The Province of Bengal is almost exactly the size of the state of Nebraska, or three times the size of Holland and Belgium combined, and its population numbers about fifty million, the largest of any of the provinces. Calcutta, Bengal's chief city, is possessed of an appalling hot-weather climate. Sitting ninety miles upriver from the mouth of the Ganges, and only a few feet above sea-level, from the end of March until October it steams and stews and sinks with malaria, in a mean high temperature of 102° Fahrenheit. During this impossible period the seat of Government is on the north border of this province, at Darjeeling, close to Tibet, with an altitude of 7,000 feet. One glance at the photograph will tell the tale.



From Darjeeling are visible not only the unconquered Mount Everest, 29,000 feet high, and the beautiful Kinchingunga, with her altitude of 28,178, but ten other peaks above the height of 20,000 feet. The summer snow-line lies at about 16,000. These photographs and those on the following page were taken from Government House Gardens, by His Excellency the Earl of Lytton, Governor of Bengal, while in residence.

Photographs by the Earl of Lytton, K.G., G.C.S.I.





151. Every British Governor, like every Mughal, has left behind him his sign-manual in the form of added beauty. These terraces were contributed to the gardens of Government House at Darjeeling by H. E., the Earl of Lytton. The Countess of Lytton, Lord Knebworth and the Lady Hermione Lytton are those in the picture.

Photographs by the Earl of Lytton, K.G., G.C.S.I.



152. Up here, too, is where
your tea grows on the high
slopes under the snows.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé



153. And here they are pick-
ing it.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé



154. CALCUTTA; with her population of one and a half millions, is, by count of heads, the second city of the British Empire. She stands on ground bought in 1698 as a site for a trading-post, by the British East India Company from Prince Azim, son of the Emperor Aurungzeb. She is just sixty-six years younger than the city of New York, and her Government House is just twenty-four years older than the Capitol at Washington. This picture shows Government House, Calcutta, the seat of the Viceroy of India from the time of the creation of that office until the removal of the capital to Delhi, in a policy, familiar to Americans, of dissociating the seat of government from the centre of commerce. This gracious and dignified pile, well suited to the heavy service required of it, is now the chief residence of the Governors of Bengal.

Photographs by the Earl of Lytton, K.G., G.C.S.I.

155. Belvedere, Calcutta residence of the Governors of Bengal during the period in which the Viceroy also lived in that city. It is now reserved for the Viceroy on the occasions of his visits to Calcutta.

Photograph by Captain Ralph Burton



156. Barrackpore House, a peaceful spot, up the Ganges River, fourteen miles away from the noise and din and confusion of Calcutta. Here a Governor of Bengal, if he is so lucky as to have so much leisure, may spend a restful week-end with his family.

Photograph by the Earl of Lytton, K.G., G.C.S.I.





157. Government House in Dacca. When the Governor visits Eastern Bengal, his headquarters are in Dacca, the town that the Emperor Jahangir's provincial ruler elevated to the rank of capital; but which when Bengal passed from Mughal to British hands, Calcutta superseded.

158. The Calcutta of today is almost wholly the creation of British commercial enterprise. Premier city of India, she sits on the Hooghly River, by the mouths of two great river systems—the Ganges and the Brahmaputra. These ramified waterways, reaching far east and far west, through highly various regions, afford the cheapest of conveyance for multifarious goods. On the Hooghly's opposite bank, in the port of Howrah, three railway systems have their terminals, several industries maintain factories, and on both sides of the river docks stretch for miles. This picture gives Calcutta, Howrah, and the Howrah Bridge over the Hooghly, as seen from the air.



159. Docks, from the air.



160. Barges at Howrah Bridge.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé





Courtesy, Braithwaite & Co., Engineer.

161. Willingdon Bridge under construction. This bridge spans the Hooghly at Bally, with seven spans of 350 feet. Steel weight, 17,000 tons. It carries two railway tracks between its main girders, and a roadway on cantilevers on either side. The photograph shows one span, built on pontoons, being floated into position on piers. Anything more fantastic than the contrast of ideas between this bridge and the Hindu temple that sits on the bank, the human mind can scarcely devise.



162. JUTE grows in the delta region around Calcutta as it will grow nowhere else. Therefore it is practically a local monopoly. The greater part of the crop is manufactured in Calcutta mills into gunny bags, sacking, and coarse cloth. Raw or manufactured, most of the crop is exported. The heaviest buyers of the raw product, gunny bags and gunny cloth, have been, respectively, Germany, Australia, and the United States, with the United Kingdom, Java, and the Argentine, respectively, second. The annual value of the whole crop, by latest figures, was 448,000,000 rupees—about \$149,000,000.

The photograph shows jute, in steam-pressed bales, being shipped from the Birla Mills on the Hooghly.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppe



163. Here is Calcutta's Jute Exchange, with business in progress.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppe

164. Calcutta Stock Exchange.
Brokers and the unemployed,
on the porch.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé



165. Money-changers.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé





166. The Secretariat, Government of Bengal Office Building.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships

167. The Victoria Memorial, conceived by Lord Curzon and built with funds volunteered by the princes and peoples of India. A storehouse of Indian history, with special regard to that of the Victorian era.

Courtesy of the Red Star Steamship Co.





168. Calcutta Racecourse. Arrival of His Excellency the Governor. The Christmas races, for the cup of the King-Emperor and of the Viceroy, are a great social event of the season.

Copyright, The Statesman, Calcutta



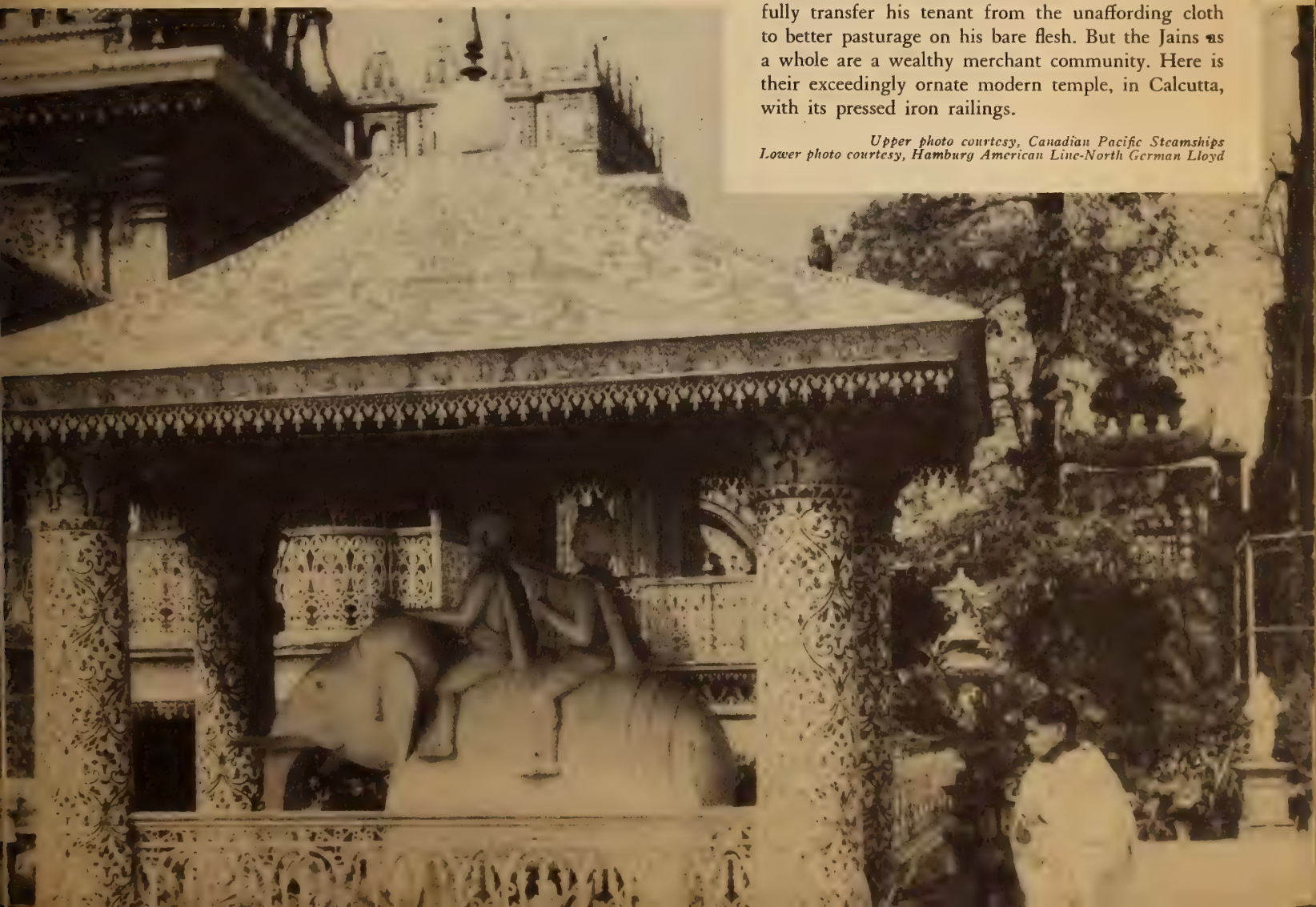
169. The famous Banyan Tree in Calcutta's Botanical Gardens, 88 feet high and over 1,000 feet in circumference. It is constantly swinging down from its branches new roots that catch in the soil and so extend the system.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships



170. The Jains are a religious sect numbering, in all India, about one and a quarter million. The sect had its origin, like its contemporary, Buddhism, in the fifth century B.C., and like Buddhism, was a protest against the Hindu cult. Their great distinction from the Hindu of today seems to lie in their regard for animals. A poor Jain with infested clothes will carefully transfer his tenant from the unaffording cloth to better pasturage on his bare flesh. But the Jains as a whole are a wealthy merchant community. Here is their exceedingly ornate modern temple, in Calcutta, with its pressed iron railings.

*Upper photo courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships
Lower photo courtesy, Hamburg American Line-North German Lloyd*





171. The Tata Iron and Steel Works, at Jamshedpur, near Calcutta, which turns out half a million tons of steel a year, and houses its workers, to the number of some 70,000, in a new model town. The Tatas, a great merchant family, are Parsis.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé

172. In the Tata Works at Jamshedpur. Coolie women waiting for their baskets to be filled with broken ore. Cushions on their heads, to ease the weight of the filled baskets.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé



173. In the Tata Works. Women getting under a steel rail, which they will carry away on their heads.

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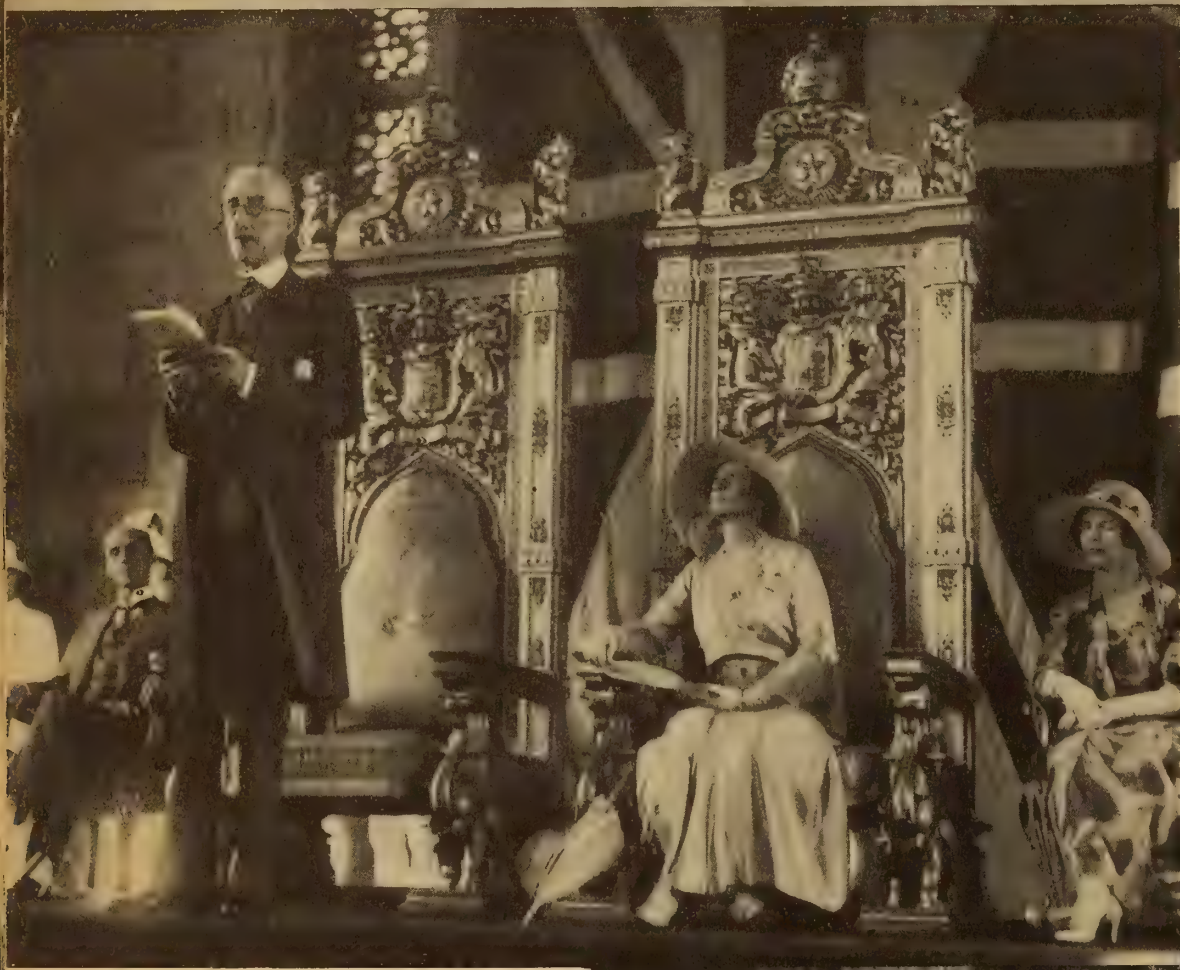
174. GOLD INGOTS at Calcutta Railway Station, being unloaded from a bullock-cart under armed guard.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé



BOMBAY

175. Bombay, India's second city, has a population of 1,161,000. As the main port facing toward the Suez Canal, it speeds and welcomes the great through that Arch of Ceremony called the Gate of India. Here is Lord Irwin leaving India, at the close of his term as Viceroy. The Gate of India is on the right. The Guard of Honour parades. The harbor is filled with pleasure craft.



176. His Excellency the Earl of Willingdon, incoming Viceroy of India, having just passed through the Gateway of India, replies to the address of welcome presented by the Bombay Municipal Corporation. Lady Willingdon is on his left. Sir Frederick Sykes, Governor of Bombay, at his right. Lady Sykes.



177. The new Viceroy proceeds in state to Government House, Bombay, where he will pause before going on to Delhi. Honouring the ancient fashion of India when personages of rank move in public, a footman holds a grand umbrella over the Viceroy's head.

178. Victoria Terminus, Rail-
way Station, Bombay.

Copyright, W. Stokes



179. High Court Building,
Bombay.

Copyright, W. Stokes



180. What heavy rains can do
in Bombay.

Copyright, W. Stokes



181. Typical flats, European residences, Bombay.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé

182. House of a Parsi merchant on Malabar Hill, Bombay's best residential section. The Parsis, who number only about 110,000, live chiefly in Bombay. Descendants of Persian emigrants of the eighth century, A.D., they are a wealthy, public-spirited, liberal, and highly educated people, whose women have enjoyed and profited by a degree of cultivation and opportunity not accorded to the women of any other Indian element. Zoroastrians by religion, they keep their marriages, as a rule, within their own circle.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamship





183. Here is baled raw cotton, loading for export, at the Bombay docks. Bombay is the chief centre of Indian-owned commerce and of the cotton trade; and cotton is India's greatest money crop, having to its credit twenty-five million planted acres. The ancient art of hand-spinning as a main source of clothing supply has suffered in India the inevitable fate that it has suffered in Europe and America, at the hand of the cloth-making machines. But the invention of that machinery brought about a new demand for India's raw materials, both at home and abroad. About a third of her cotton crop is made into yarn and piece goods in Indian-owned mills.

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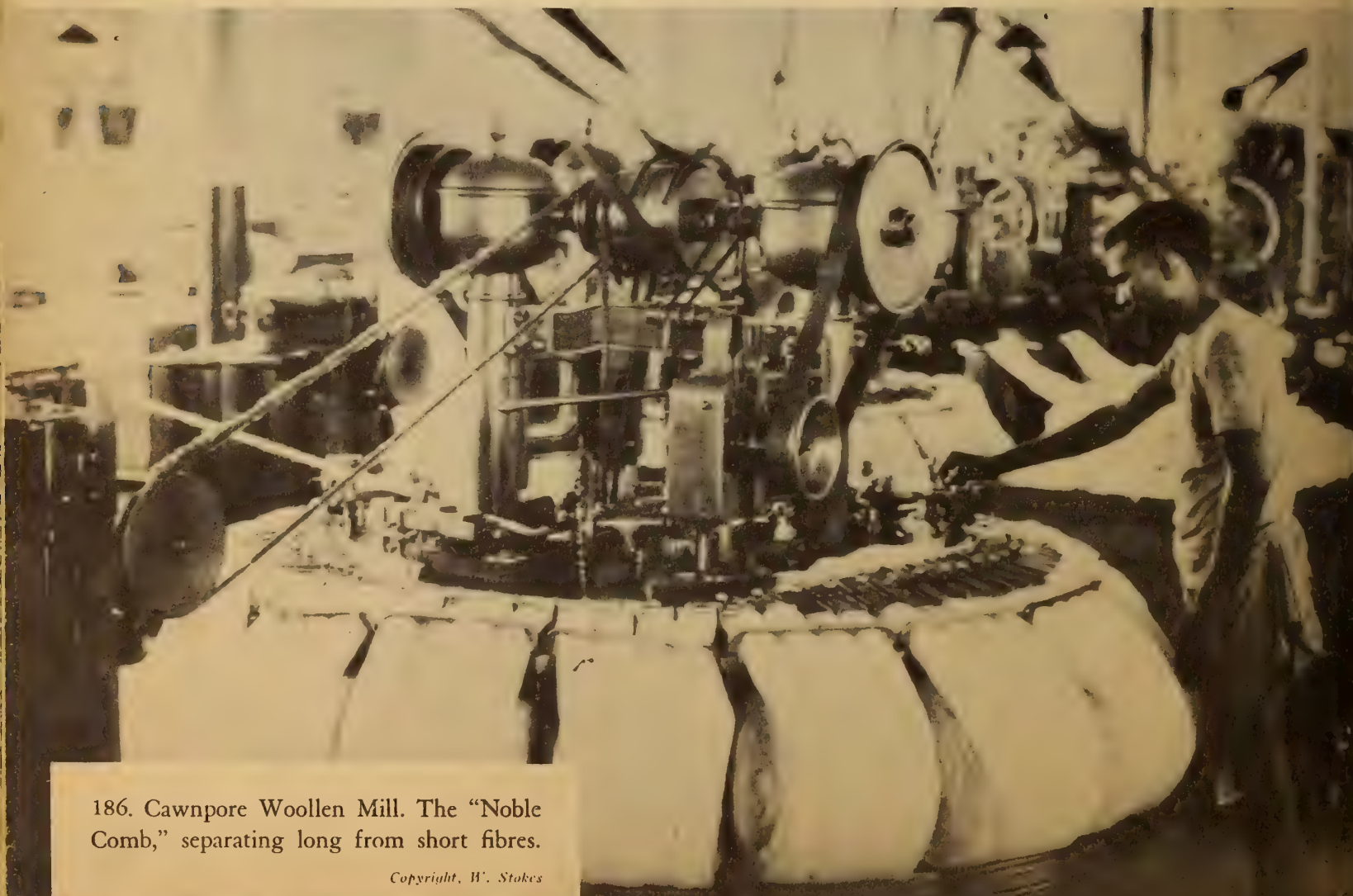
184. Within the Ginning Factory.

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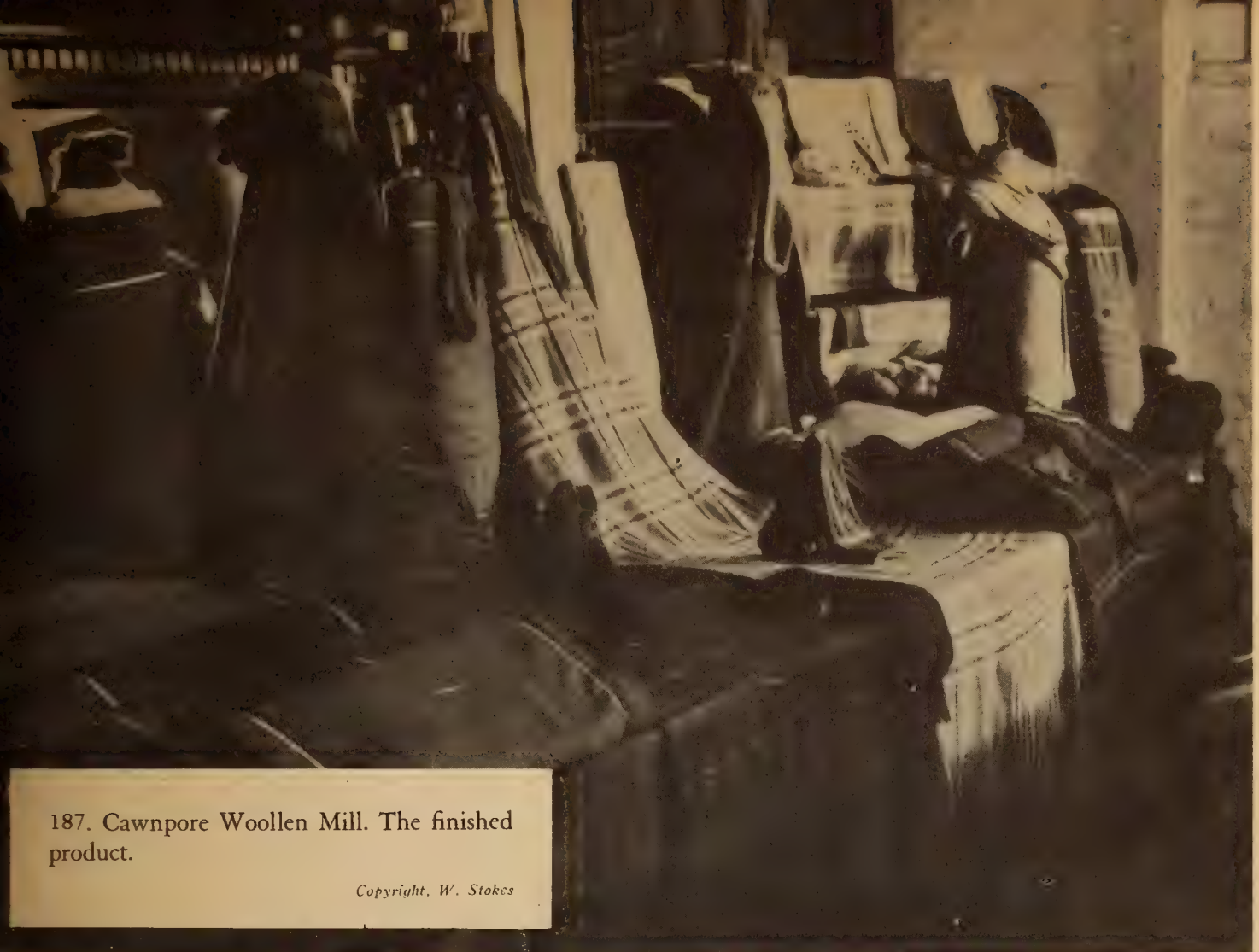
185. Cawnpore has woollen mills, too. Indian women sort the wool.

Copyright, W. Stokes



186. Cawnpore Woollen Mill. The "Noble Comb," separating long from short fibres.

Copyright, W. Stokes



187. Cawnpore Woollen Mill. The finished product.

Copyright, W. Stokes



188. Cawnpore Jute Mill. Oiling and softening the jute by running it through heavily fluted rollers revolving at high speed.

Copyright, W. Stokes

THE INDIA OF THE PRINCES

The native princes of India today hold two-fifths of India's territory. Over a fifth part of the entire Indian population are their subjects. In their foreign relations the princes are directed by the King-Emperor as Suzerain. But within his own state each prince possesses and exercises sovereign power, although under some conditions the suzerain may intervene on behalf of the general interest.

When the Government of British India was transferred from the East India Company to the Crown, Queen Victoria, in her Proclamation announcing the fact, gave this assurance:

"We hereby announce to the native princes of India that all treaties and engagements made with them by or under the authority of the East India Company are by us accepted and will be scrupulously maintained, and we look for the like observance on their part. . . . We shall respect the rights, dignity, and honour of native princes as our own."

That pledge has been kept. The unswerving and generous loyalty of the princes to the Imperial Crown under all stress and circumstances well deserves the recognition pledged to it.

Taken all together, the native states number 562, of whose territory more than half belongs to the twenty-four largest. Eighty-seven of the princes are styled His Highness and receive salutes of eleven or more guns. Five—their Highnesses of Hyderabad, Mysore, Kashmir, Gwalior and Baroda—receive twenty-one gun salutes; and from the number of guns relative importance may in some sense be measured.

Not only in size, but in history, character, and general way of being, the states widely differ amongst themselves. But in almost all of them the old unquestioning devotion of people to prince, and the old close link of prince to people, give the impression that this is the form of government most easily understood by the Indian masses.

The prince, in his daily audiences, is accessible to all, even the humblest of his people. He speaks with them directly, as



his father and his grandfathers before him have done. He knows their dislike of change and he takes pride in his knowledge of their customs and traditions. He remembers names, faces, and personal histories. And when cases are laid before him he renders quick, dramatic judgment, shrewdly conceived, usually just, and always tersely couched, such as the people love. As a prince and a gentleman, he is a man of courtesy and dignity. Some few princes have been weak, some have been vicious and cruel, but the average ruler has possessed his people's affection and respect.

Lord Minto, as Viceroy, in 1909, said in a speech at Udaipur: "I have always been opposed to anything like pressure on Durbars [State Governments] with a view to introducing British methods of administration. . . . The methods sanctioned by tradition in states are usually well adapted to the needs and relations of the ruler and his people." And this view has been held by many another seasoned administrator.

* * *

UDAIPUR, world-famous for its beauty, is the capital of the little Rajput State of Mewar; from it the ruler takes his title, being known as the Maharana of Udaipur. This Prince, in Hindu eyes, is the greatest amongst Indians, his dynasty descending straight from the Sun, through

2,500 years; in token whereof a great golden sun shines from the central tower of the palace. Any Udaipur princess married into any princely Rajput house takes precedence over all other wives, and her son, whenever born, is heir to the throne. 189. Of this Maharana, who died in 1930, after a long reign, Lady Minto, in her intensely interesting book, *India, Minto and Morley*, thus writes, on the occasion of her visit with her husband, the Viceroy, to Udaipur: "The Maharana is simple in his ideas and refuses to allow motor-cars and other modern inventions to impair the peaceful beauty of his state. He is held in the deepest reverence, and when any of his subjects speak to him a towel is held over the mouth in order that the Maharana should not be desecrated by their breath. . . . He dresses in a plain white satin coat over a coloured waistcoat, and wears hardly any jewels. . . . I was much struck by the absence of splendour in the palace."

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé



190. Within the palace, the Maharana's photograph being taken by Mr. E. O. Hoppé, while courtiers attend. "This Maharana likes all his people to wear white," writes Lady Minto; "their sashes and *pughrees* [turbans] are the only bright relief." Two deer, two peacocks, and a hen are also of the party.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé

191. Palace, Udaipur, and
the Tripolia Gateway.

*Courtesy of the Lady Wenlock
D.B.I.*



192. A Zenana Window in the Palace.
Through this fine grille of pierced stone
the ladies of the Maharana's Zenana may
look out from their lovely cage across to
the hills beyond.

Photograph by Captain Ralph Burton



193. Palace from the Lakeside.

Photograph by Captain Ralph Burton



194. The Maharana's apartment in the Palace. This doorway opens upon a balcony looking out over lake and hills. The walls are painted.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppe



195. Troubled Waters.

Photograph by Captain Ralph Burton



196. The Water Palace of Jagnawas in the Lake of Udaipur. Here, during the Mutiny of 1857, the Maharana of that time received, sheltered, and protected the British women and children whose husbands and fathers were defending the Fort

Nimach, a hundred
es away, against the
ian rebel forces. The
harana swore, and
de known his oath,
any man who dared
ate that island should
by the royal hand it-
These are things to
ember.



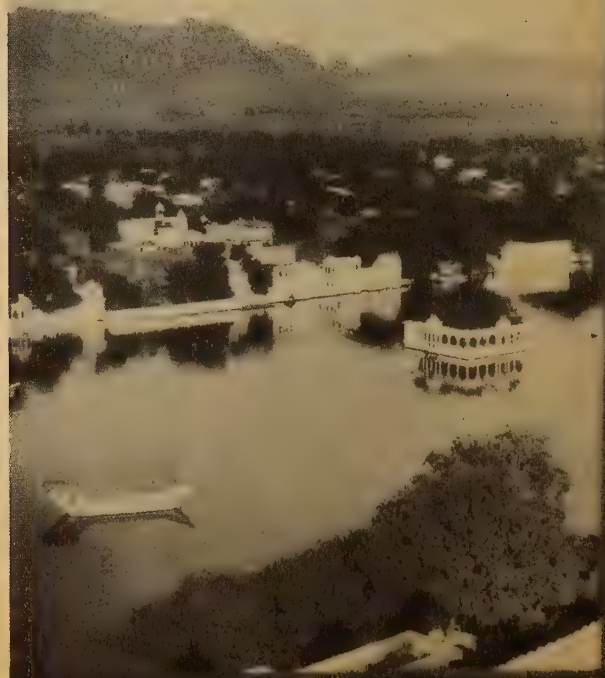
197. From the Island Pleasure-House, looking back to the Palace.

Photograph by Captain Ralph Burton



198. From a Palace Balcony.

Photograph by Captain Ralph Burton





199. Part of the Temple of Jaganath (Juggernaut),
Udaipur, built about 1640 A.D.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé



200. Lieutenant-General His Highness the Maharajah Sir Pertab Singh, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O., born 1845, died 1922. Gallant soldier, great horseman, astute ruler, stiff disciplinarian, soul of chivalry, deeply beloved of all Englishmen who knew him, Sir Pertab Singh was the fine flower of Rajput nobility. Read about him in Sir Walter Lawrence's *The India We Served*.

From the painting by H. Harris Brown, R.P.

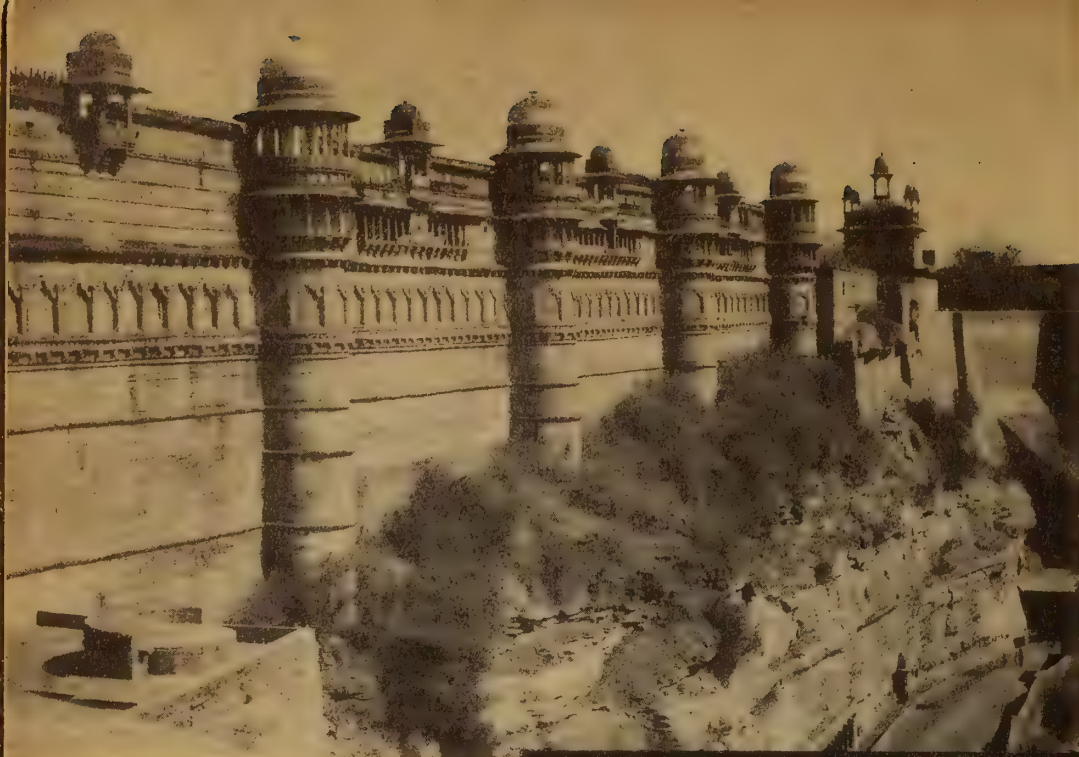
201. Captain His Highness the Maharajah of Jaipur, one of the most flourishing and forward of the Rajputana principalities. He is twenty-three years old, and his State embraces 16,000 square miles of Rajputana. This young man has a fixed habit of winning polo championships.

Copyright, Vandyk, London



202. Winners of the Indian Polo Championship in Calcutta, in 1934. Right to left: H. H. the Maharajah of Jaipur, Rao Raja Hanut Singh, Mr. Winston Guest, Raj Kumar Prithi Singh.

Copyright, Keystone, London



203. The old palace of the Maharajah of Gwalior. If perchance it were thought that the Viceroy's House in New Delhi is over-large, it might be compared with this and the new palace on the facing page. The Maharajah of Gwalior rules 3,500,000 subjects. The population of British India, aside from the Princes' States, numbers 257,000,000.



204. Major General His Highness the Maharajah of Patiala, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., etc.

Copyright, Vandyk, London

205. His Excellency the Viceroy has arrived —by airplane. The crimson carpet reaches from palace door to landing platform, and the smoke of the salute gun rises in the distance.

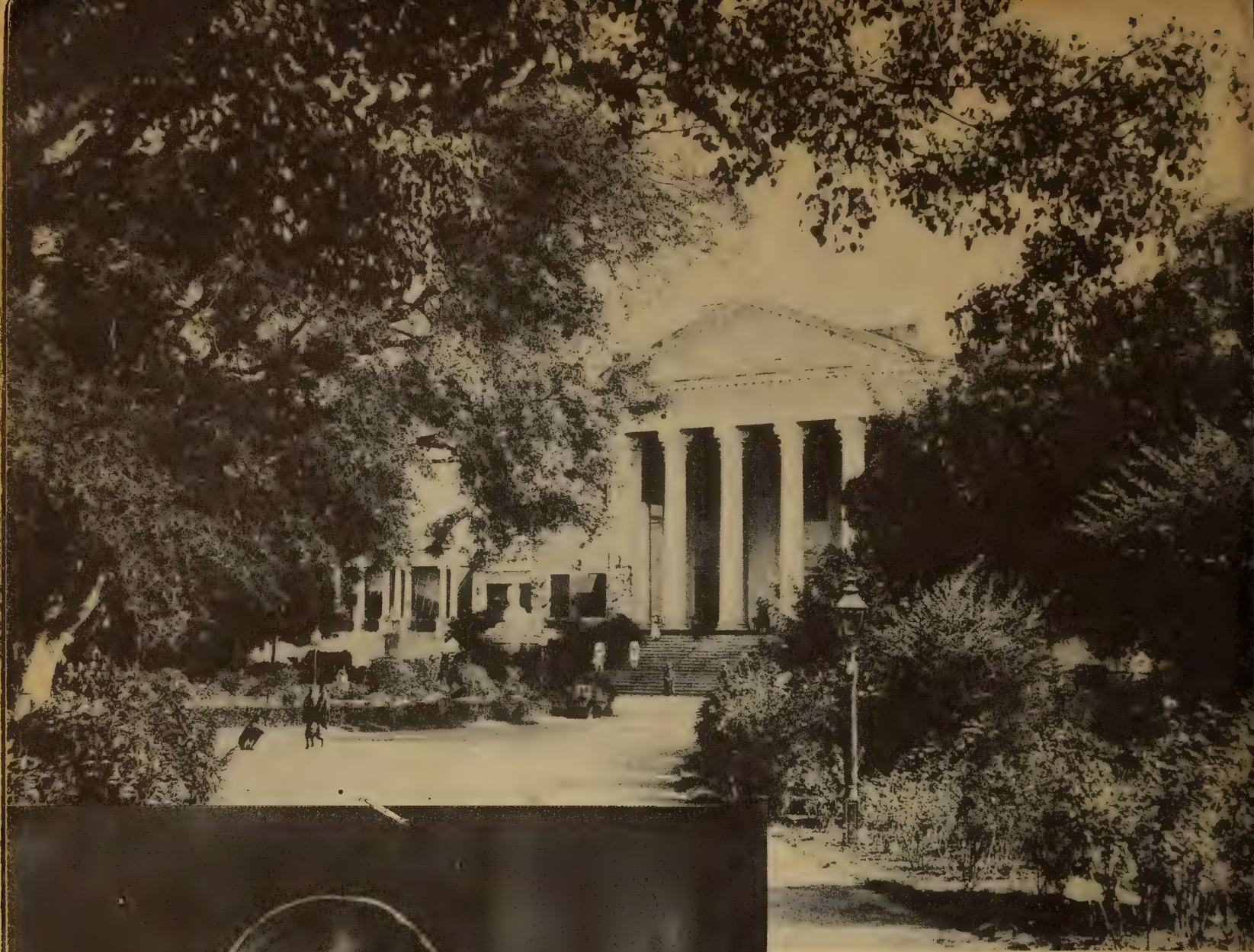
Copyright, K. L. Syed, Palanpur



206. His Highness the Maharajah of Bikaner, with members of his family and court and officers of his guard, await the visit of His Excellency the Viceroy. The Maharajah stands with his left hand on the hilt of his sword. He is a Rajput, a Hindu and an eminent statesman. His salute is 19 guns, and his State measures 23,000 square miles.

Copyright, K. L. Syed, Palanpur





207. THE RESIDENCY, HYDERABAD, DECCAN. The relations of the British Crown with the States are maintained through Political Officers. In the larger States the political officer is known as the Resident, and his official domicile as the Residency. Hyderabad, with its area of 83,000 square miles, is about the size of Idaho, or of England and Scotland combined, and is, officially, the premier State of India. Its Residency, which was built in 1803, is in accordance, a dignified structure.

Courtesy of the Lady Wenlock, D.B.E.

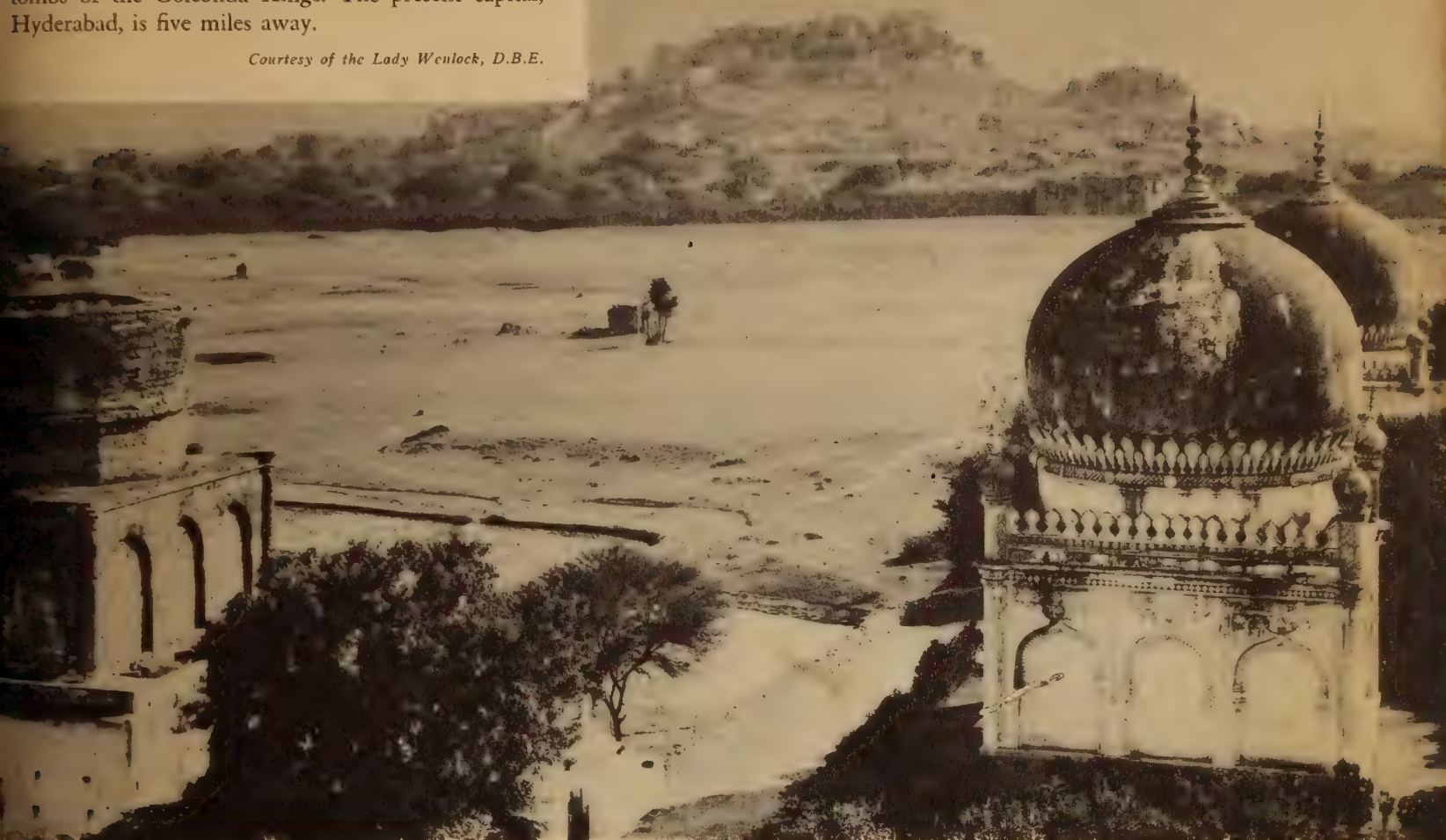


208. The Crown Princess of Hyderabad, daughter of the Ex-Sultan of Turkey.

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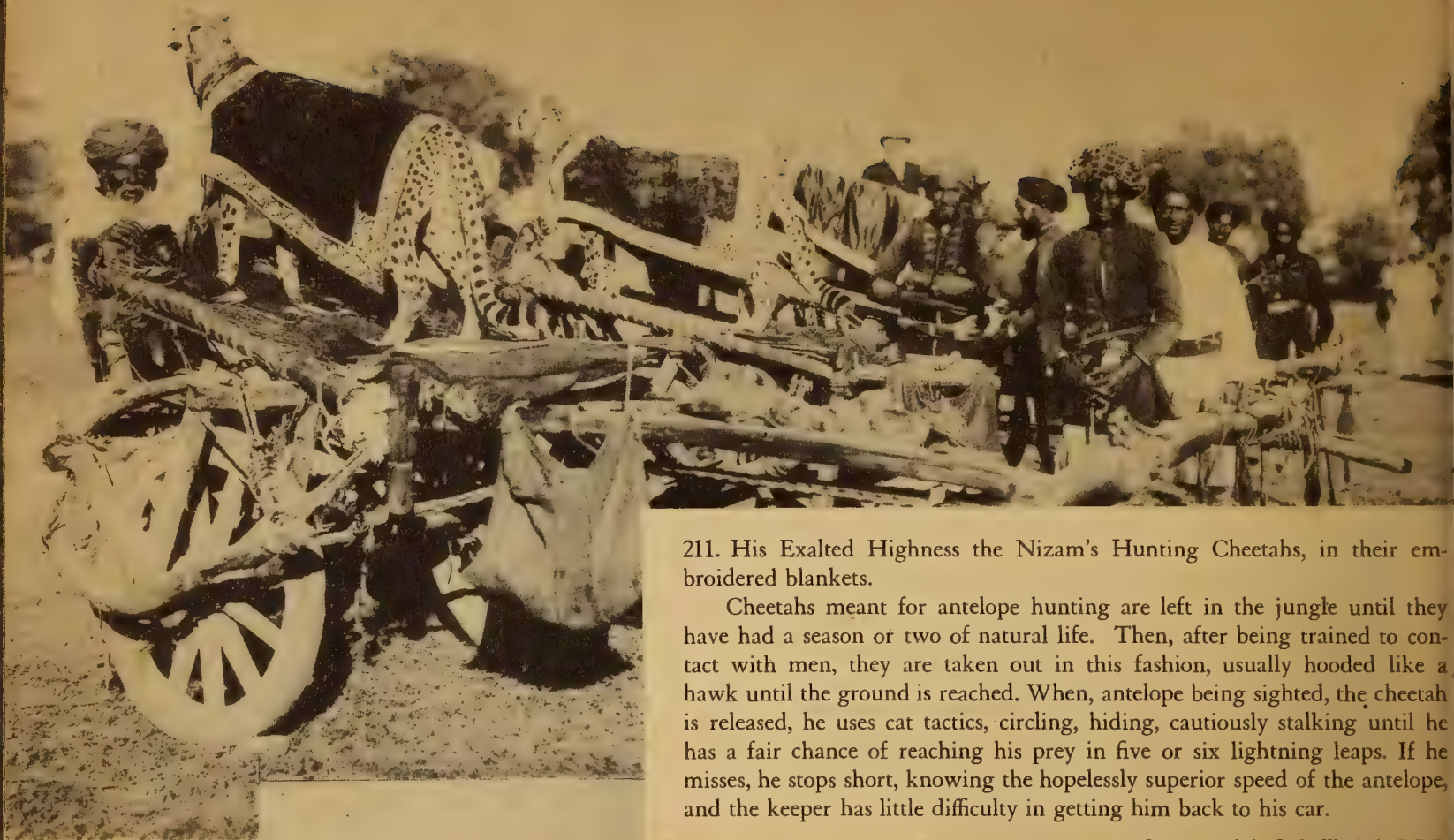
209. The control of the country now called Hyderabad has lain in Muslim hands practically without interruption since the end of the 13th century A.D. The capital of the 3rd Muslim dynasty was Golconda. Here is its old fortress-city, seen from amongst the tombs of the Golconda Kings. The present capital, Hyderabad, is five miles away.

Courtesy of the Lady Wenlock, D.B.E.



210. Drawing-room in Falaknama Palace, Hyderabad. In the state bedchambers reserved for guests of highest rank, the beds, chairs, tables and dressing-tables, are of massive silver, the curtains of heavy red silk velvet.

Courtesy of the Lady Wenlock, D.B.E.



211. His Exalted Highness the Nizam's Hunting Cheetahs, in their embroidered blankets.

Cheetahs meant for antelope hunting are left in the jungle until they have had a season or two of natural life. Then, after being trained to contact with men, they are taken out in this fashion, usually hooded like a hawk until the ground is reached. When, antelope being sighted, the cheetah is released, he uses cat tactics, circling, hiding, cautiously stalking until he has a fair chance of reaching his prey in five or six lightning leaps. If he misses, he stops short, knowing the hopelessly superior speed of the antelope, and the keeper has little difficulty in getting him back to his car.

Courtesy of the Lady Wenlock, D.B.E.

212. The Aide of H. E. Sir Arthur Lawley, scratches Pussy's ear. Her attendant holds the hood with which, at need, her eyes are covered.

Courtesy of the Lady Wenlock, D.B.E.



213. The Palace of H.H. the Maharajah, in the city of Bangalore, Mysore's administrative capital.

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore



214. MYSORE is a State particularly fortunate. Even her troubles have blessed her. In a period when she had Hindu rulers, that picturesque Muslim free-lance, Hyder Ali, and after him his son, the still more picturesque Tippoo Sultan, seized and held Mysore. Tippoo Sultan conspired with Napoleon to oust the British from India. For that he was punished in battle, first by Lord Cornwallis, erstwhile commander of the British Army at Yorktown, and again by the soldier who, as the Duke of Wellington, was later to conquer Napoleon himself.

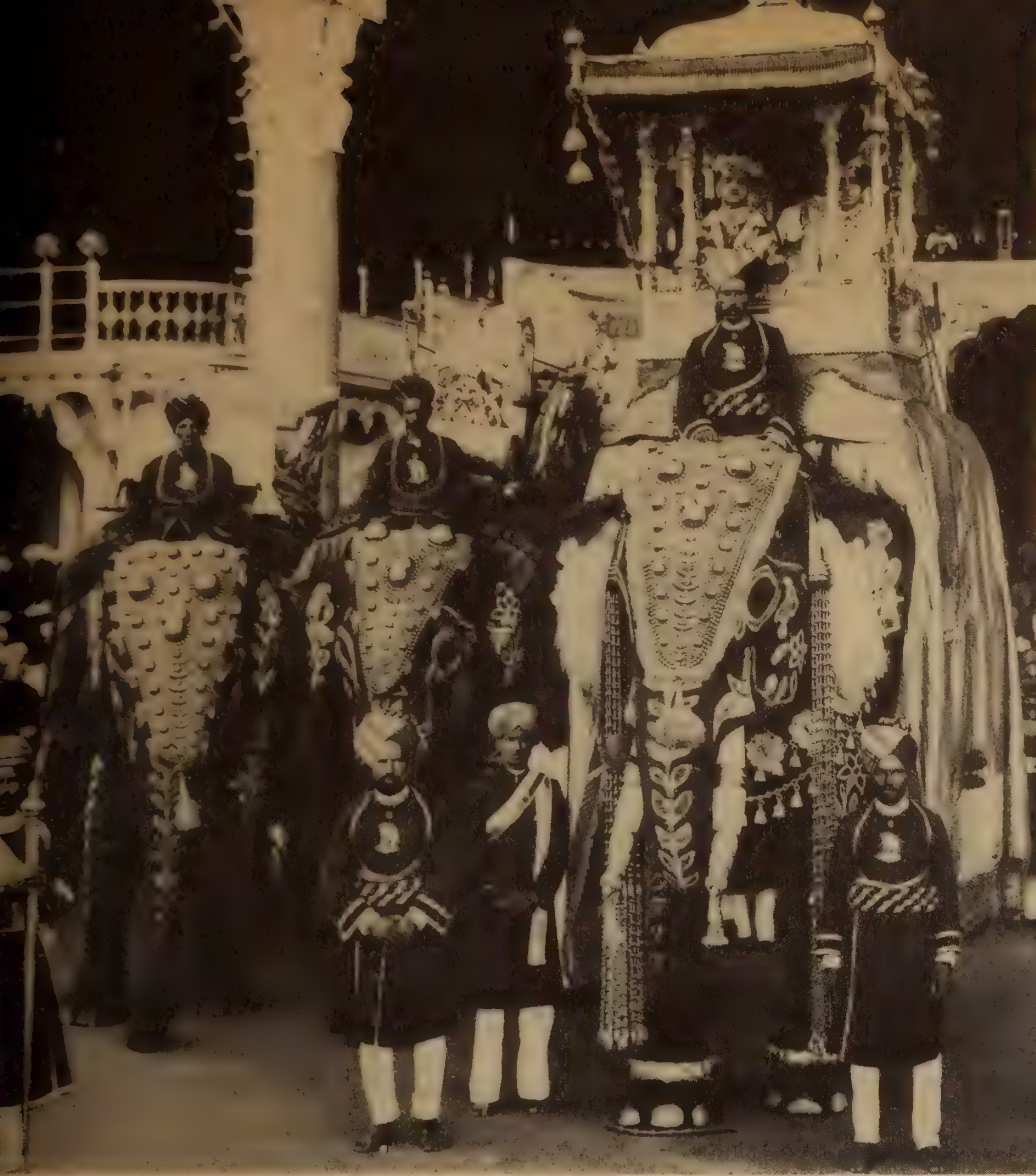
The British then placed on Tippoo's empty throne a baby prince of Mysore's old Hindu dynasty, nursing his State for him until, in 1811, he was thought old enough to rule. But alas! he ruled so badly that his people rose against him, and for many years following, Mysore was governed by her British Resident, acting through Indian ministers. This long period went to recovering and developing the State's wasted resources, to creating a well-taught official staff, and to training the heir to the throne. The present Maharajah of Mysore, who succeeded in 1902 to a State in flourishing condition, possesses the sincere respect and admiration of all who know him. He is a devout Hindu of the best type, but his Dewan or Premier, Sir Mirza Ismail, probably the ablest of modern Indian statesmen, is a Muslim of the old Persian stock. Thus, be he Indian or European, be he Hindu, Muslim or Christian, the effort has been to put the best available man at the head of each department. The result is, that Mysore, today, is the most progressive State in all India.

In size Mysore is practically the same as the State of Maine, or as Scotland. Although it lies far to the south, its altitude, averaging from 2000 to 3000 feet above sea level, offsets its southing. Its natural resources are good, and its guiding intelligence excels in handling handicaps. For example: Possessing a great river, the Cauvery, Mysore lately put that river into harness, producing abundant electric light, power and irrigation, all of major importance to the State. In the course of this new playing with water, however, serious malarial conditions developed. Whereupon, in true Mysorean fashion, the Dewan appealed straight to that fountain head of experience, the Rockefeller Foundation, received the best scientific advice, put the advice into execution—and the handicap fades away. The present Mysore Government display a snap, an energy, a sincerity, a courage and common sense, that delights the observer. As long as it lies in such hands as those of its present Prince and its present Premier, it cannot but move from strength to strength.



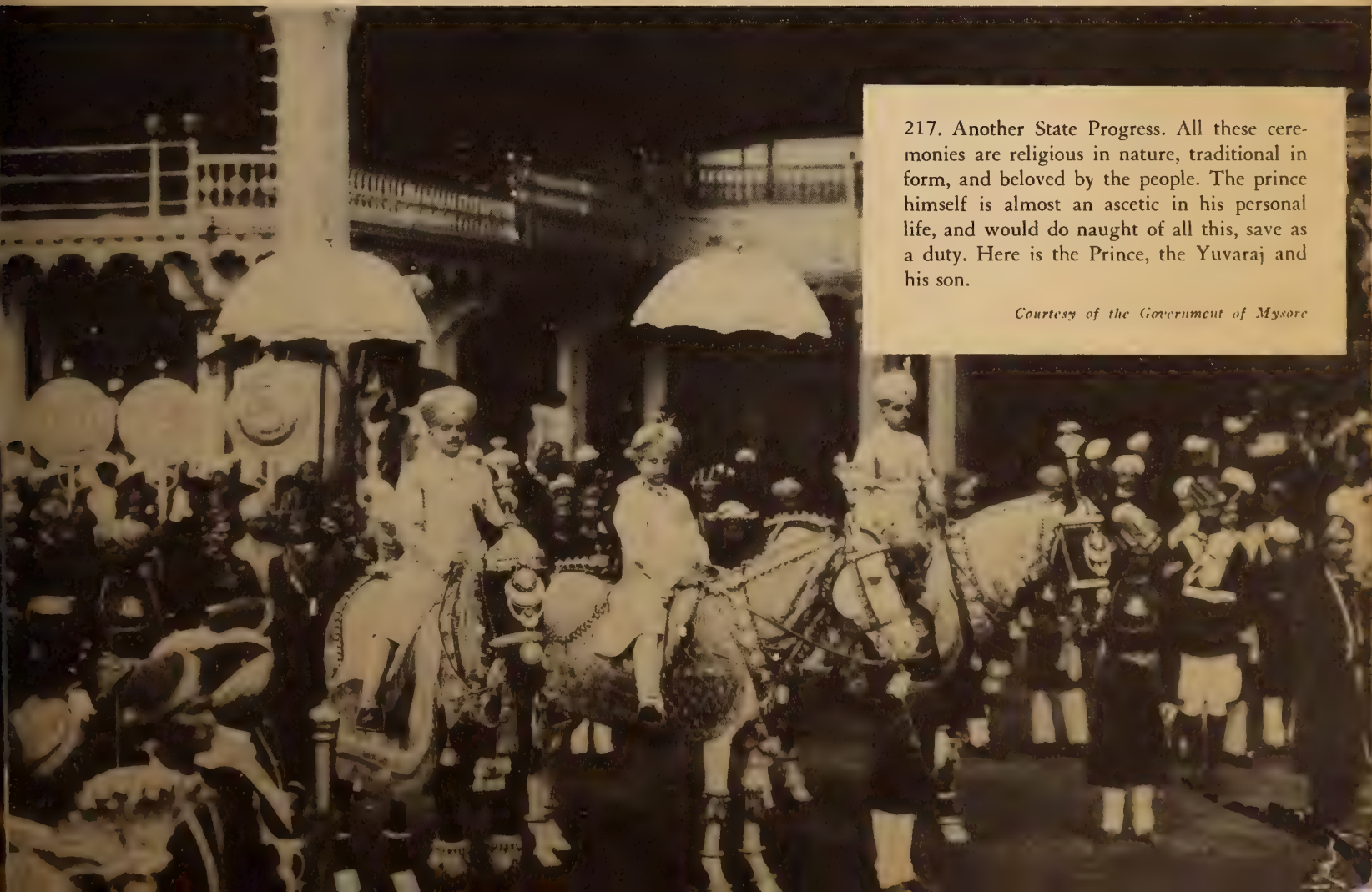
215. The Palace of the Maharajah in the city of Mysore, the older capital of the present ruling house. Another view.

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore



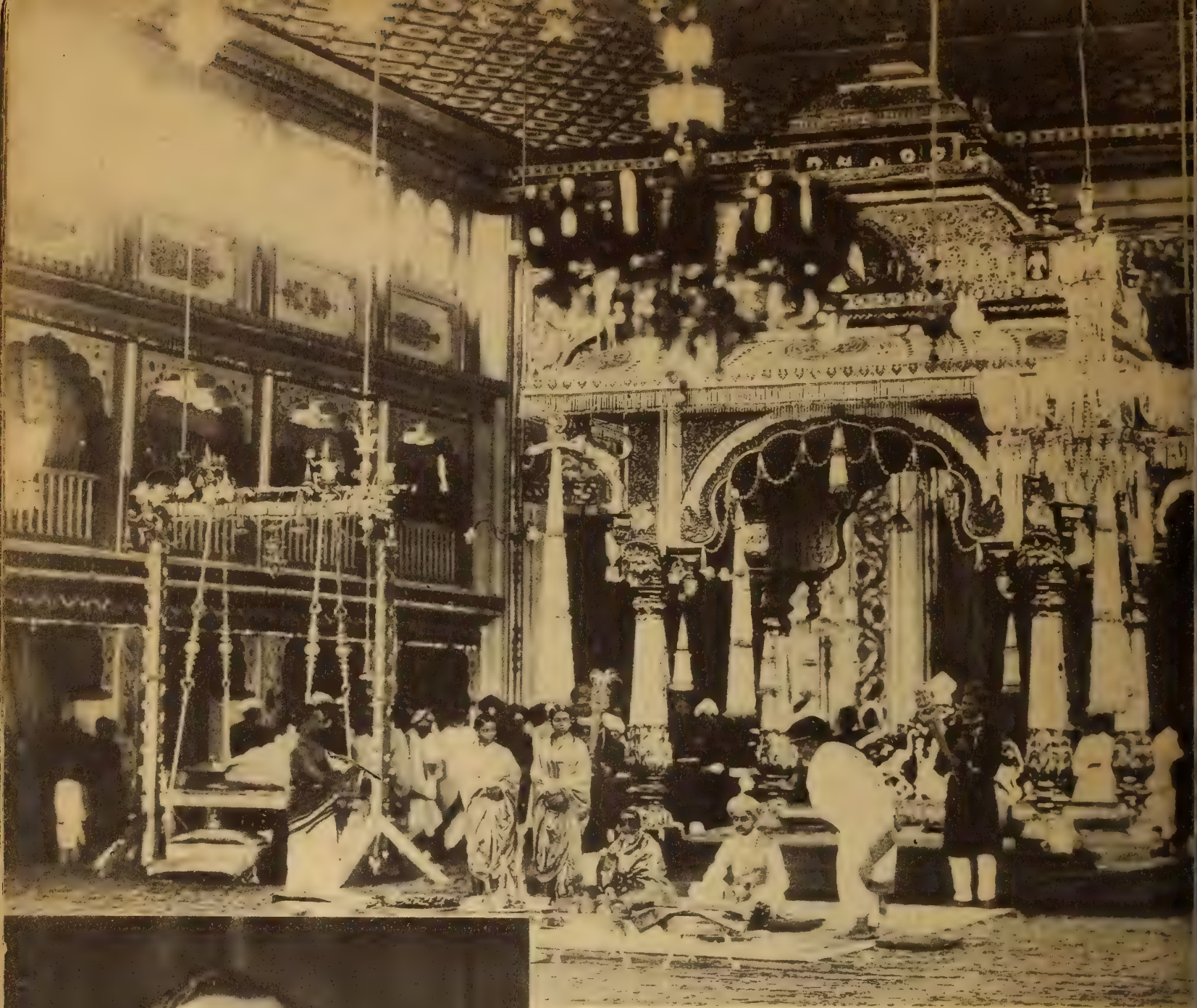
216. His Highness the Maharajah, accompanied by the Yuvaraj, or heir to the throne, rides forth in state progress, from the palace through the city, on the occasion of the annual ten-day religious festival of the Dasara. Note the State Elephants' gala costume—their painted trunks and faces; their golden head-plates, and, with His Highness's own mount, the silken draperies, the long jewelled ear-tassels, the jewelled and braceleted tusks, and the great anklets of precious metal. The audience throne is visible on the gallery behind.

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore



217. Another State Progress. All these ceremonies are religious in nature, traditional in form, and beloved by the people. The prince himself is almost an ascetic in his personal life, and would do naught of all this, save as a duty. Here is the Prince, the Yuvaraj and his son.

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore



218. Scene within the Palace, on the fifth and last day of the religious rites in connection with the marriage of His Highness the Yuvaraj (Heir Apparent), who is seated, with his bride, on the ceremonial carpet. The long white tassels hanging from the four corners of the canopy behind them are made of strands of pearls.

Courtesy of the Lady Wenlock, D.B.E.



219. Sir Mirza M. Ismail, C.I.E., O.B.E., Dewan of Mysore.



220. His Highness the Maharajah's chief Guest House, for visitors of the first rank.

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore

221. The charming lesser Guest House.

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore

222. Public Offices, Mysore.

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore





223. Market Square, Mysore. The city streets are wide, regular, and well-kept.

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore



224. One of Mysore's several good hospitals.

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore

5. Technical Institute. Mysore spends nearly one-seventh of her revenues on education. The Government's object is to raise the percentage of literacy as soon and as high as possible among the masses, while providing at moderate cost higher education for the middle and upper classes. Schooling is free up to middle school grade, and nearly 80 per cent of the pupils in public institutions belong to the backward and outcaste communities. Mysore's University, established in 1916, is the oldest Indian University outside British India. The liberal and sympathetic attitude of His Highness's Government, toward Christian interests, and the active personal support of the Dewan, in Christian social welfare work, throughout Mysore and Bangalore, have been of the first order.

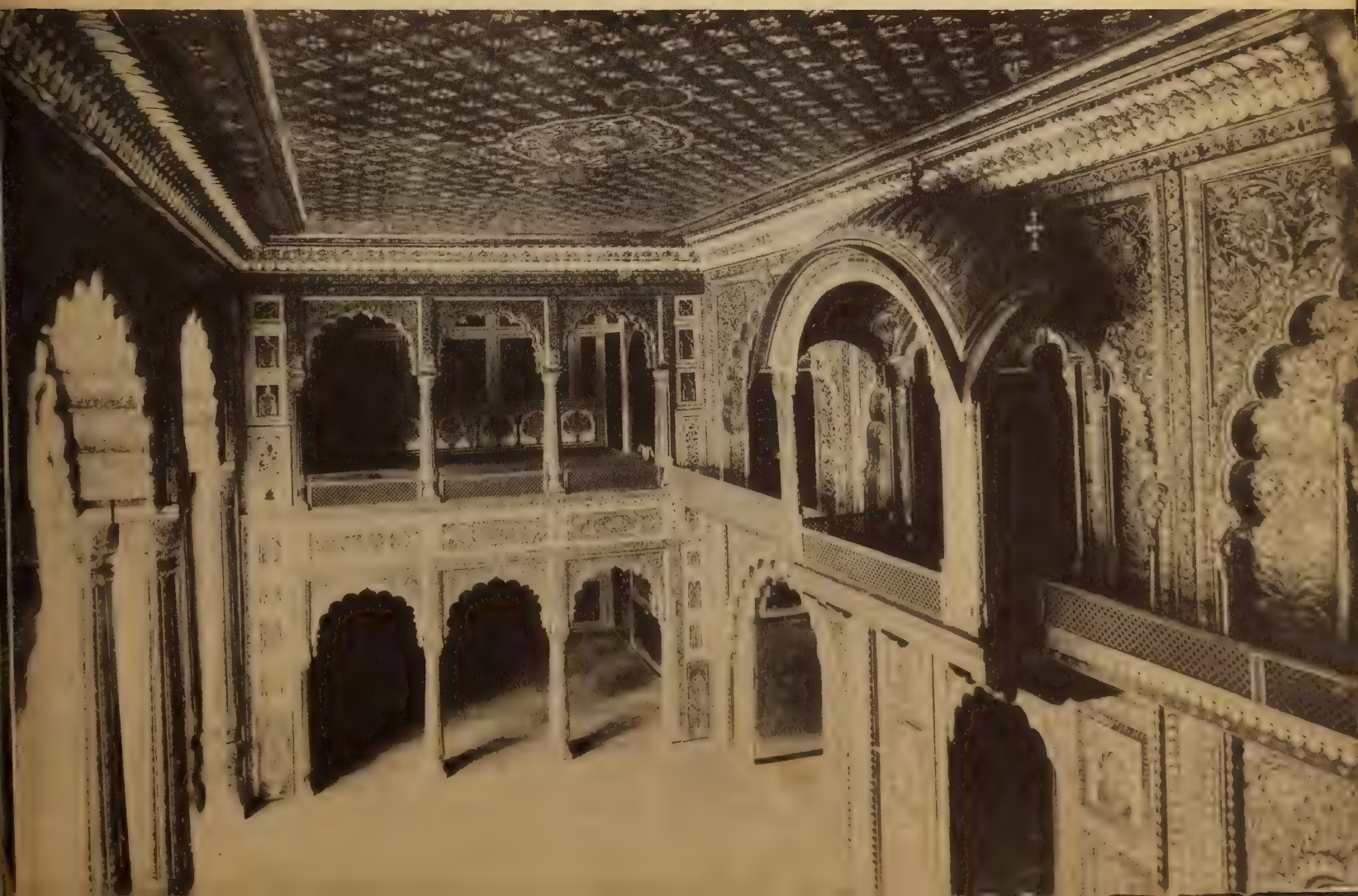
Courtesy of the Government of Mysore



6. Mysore has an excellent and active Archeological Department for the conservation of her antiquities, which are numerous and important. But one of the youngest of these is not the least interesting, because of a whimsical humour involved. This is the Garden Palace of Tippoo Sultan, just outside the Fort of Seringapatam where Tippoo fell, gallantly fighting. The walls are a solid mass of ornamentation in brilliant, enamel-like colour. But Tippoo caused the west wall in particular to be painted with elaborate miniature-like mockeries representing his father's destruction of a British force, which occurred in 1780. After the Duke of Wellington, then Colonel Wellesley, took Seringapatam from Tippoo, he used the Garden

Palace as headquarters, and, finding these wall-paintings defaced, ordered them restored. In after years some vandal covered them with whitewash; which discovering, Lord Dalhousie (Governor-General from 1848 to 1856), ordered them again repaired by an Indian artist who remembered the original. The visitor now, therefore, finds a great wall charmingly decorated with willful and ingenious caricatures of British soldiers discomfited by the arms of the Muslim conqueror of a Hindu power, which caricatures owe their preservation first to the British sporting spirit, and now to the care of a Hindu prince of the re-instated line.

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore



227. Mysore's major products are gold, iron, chrome, rice, sugar, coffee, silk, sandal wood. Her coffee crop is about half the total production of India. Her silk yield, but for the effects of Japanese and Chinese dumping caused by loss of the American market, would be a source of general prosperity; for sericulture, in several of its stages, is a cottage craft. But Mysore's sandal wood industry particularly interests the stranger.



228. Sandal wood Cutters and Government Guard. Mysore owns about three-quarters of India's sandal wood forests, and the greater part of the wood is reserved for the Government's distilling factory. A sandal wood tree takes one hundred years to attain its full size. Only dead trees are cut, and re-forestation is continually maintained. The Mysore wood is of superior quality.

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore

229. Freight train loading with sandal wood. Mysore's largest customer for this product is Colgate & Company of America, which uses about 50,000 lbs. annually.

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore



230. In the Government's sandal wood oil distillery

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore





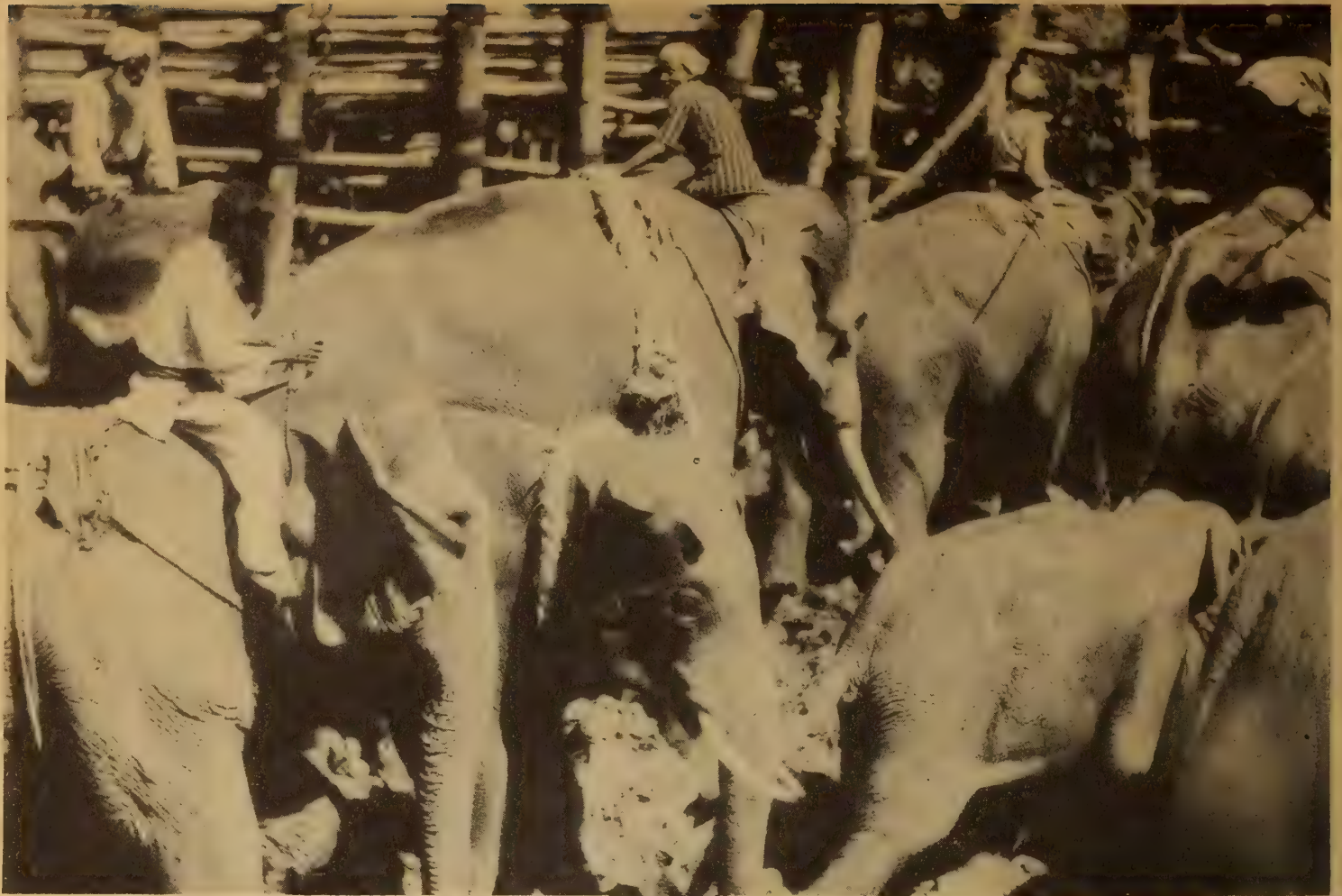
231. AMRIT MAHAL BULLOCKS. Draught and speed cattle of this strain, belonging to the Government of Mysore, carefully bred and famous for centuries, are said to be capable of trotting ten miles an hour. This picture was taken at the Maharajah's farm.

M. M. Newell



232. Gersoppa Falls, one of Mysore's beauties. Four separate veils of singing lace, afloat in a bamboo forest, each one five times the height of Niagara.

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore



233. Mysore buys machinery wherever she is best suited. Her electric gear has come heavily from Schenectady; her hydraulic turbines and her silk mills from Switzerland; Germany made her new steel planes; cheap motor cars come from America, her best ones from England; and her sandal wood distillery was built in India.

But periodically the forests of Mysore are drawn upon for the most unfailing power of all—the elephant. The herd is trapped through months of patient and stealthy labour and the final tragic work is done with the aid of tame cow-elephants who first lure, and then compel those who so lately were free. Persons who have seen the final necessary scene would gladly forget it. Elephants are too nobly human to be enslaved.

234. In the stockade, where the herd is trapped. When the head of the herd first realises that he is a prisoner, his rage and revolt are terrific. All the females, mad with terror, crowd about him screaming, and the cries of the babies, as, each frantically seeking its own mother, they are trampled in the melee and often killed, are like the cries of children being murdered. The handling of the herd, within the stockade, by men mounted on tame elephants, is a matter requiring much skill and courage, and the spectacle is counted a great one. But when the King Emperor, on his visit to Mysore, was offered this entertainment, Queen Mary, whose nerve and self-command under necessary shock and strain have been amply proved, was obliged, when the panic set in, to leave the scene.



235. This prisoner has fought hard for freedom; for it takes two powerful tame elephants, now, to lead him whither he would not go.



236. Elephants being dragged from the corral to the training stables.

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore



237. Captives, having been bound with ropes, are pushed alongside tame elephants and fastened to them, before being led out of the stockade. Those yet unroped are meantime kept huddled in a corner.

Courtesy of the Government of Mysore



238. Looking over Mysore roofs.
Courtesy of the Government of Mysore



239. In the Great War the Maharajah of Mysore, like his brother Princes of India, spontaneously poured forth men and money to the support of the King Emperor. The gallantry of the Mysore and Jodhpore Lancers in storming and taking the city of Haifa by street fighting under a short range sheet of machine gun fire, is not forgotten by him who was their Commander in Chief. Here are the Mysore and Jodhpore Lancers, 15th (Imperial Service) Cavalry Brigade, passing through the streets of Haifa in Palestine after they had captured the city.

We have glanced here and there at the panorama of the past, at defenses of the Frontier, at the Muslim north-country, at seats of the Imperial Government, at domains of the Princes, at the modern business centres. But we have left thus far practically untouched the lives of 90 per cent of the inhabitants of British India—the dwellers in 500,000 little villages scattered far and wide across the open country, over 92 per cent illiterate in any tongue. Two-thirds of these people are Hindus and their serfs, the Outcastes, called also Untouchables or "Depressed." The Hindus speak some two hundred different languages and dialects, of which only a few are mutually comprehensible. They are subdivided by birth into between 2000 and 3000 castes which constitute eternal and inescapable bonds deciding their callings, their marriages, their eating and drinking, their way of life in every respect; and they exist in terror of some 30,000,000 easily malignant gods, and of the Brahmins, who, controlling the favours and curses of those gods, are their earthly representatives. It is possible, in the space available, to review only a few of the types and occupations that exist in the vast swarm, but let us do what we can:

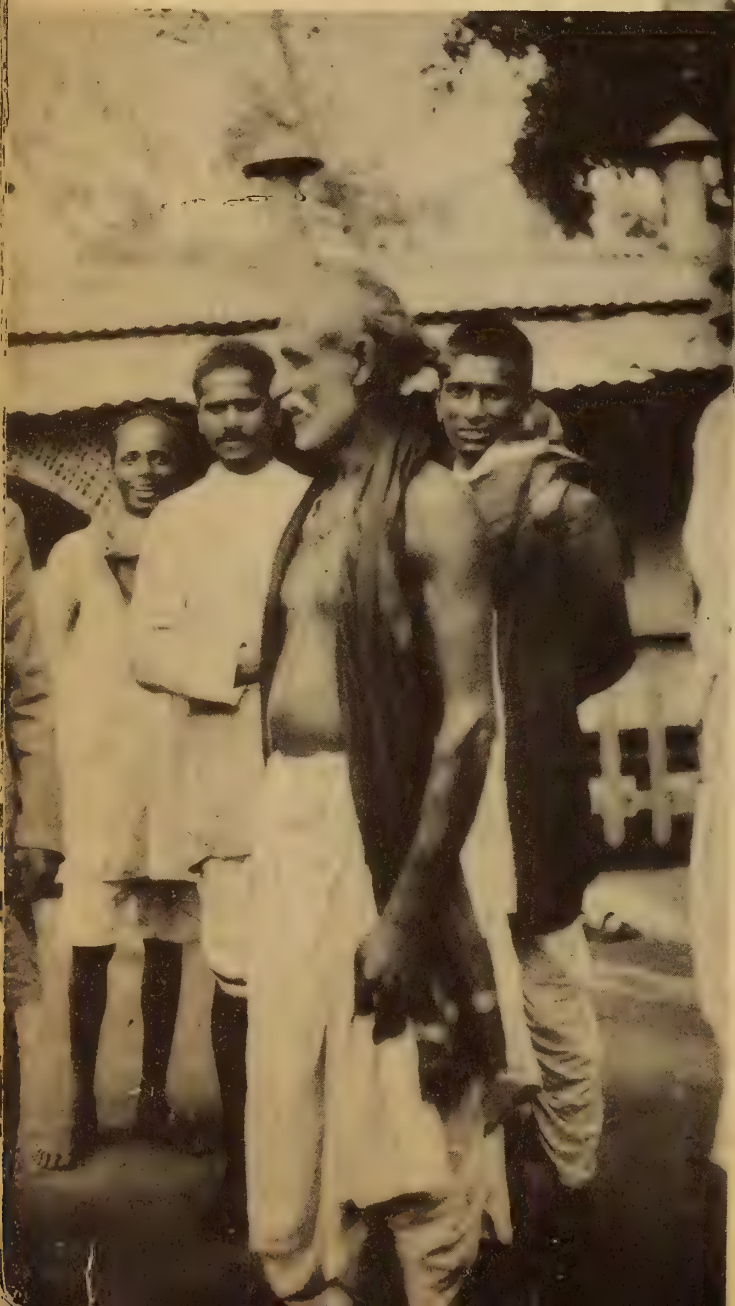
240. Litigation is an all-Indian passion peculiar to no place or blood. Here are litigants from far and wide waiting in the Law Courts of Madura, as they wait in every little court house in the land.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé



241. Summit of the Hindu caste structure, and priest of the gods by right of birth, the Brahmin may practice many other than priestly callings. He may, for instance, be a lawyer, a clerk or a cook if he likes, or he may, like the Delhi Brahmin in this picture, sell drinking water. For, whereas food or water touched by hands less exalted may be forbidden by their caste law to other Hindu caste folk, the Brahmin touch is pure for all. So he pours dirty water from a dirty can into the dirty hands of the boy who drinks, and all are satisfied.

Copyright, Miss Annie Martin



242. This is a Western Madras Brahmin with his typically shaven forehead.

M. M. Newell



243. These men and boys are Brahmins of South India, gathered in their temple grounds for a religious festival. The persons of all Brahmins are sacred. To kill one of them, whether by accident or intent, no matter what the cause, would mean the offender's condemnation to millions of unhappy rebirths in the basest forms of animal life.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé

244. This is the Brahmins' residential street, in a South Indian town. Here, a few months since, a dangerous tumult arose because an Untouchable errand-boy entered its sacred precincts to fetch a broken bicycle for repair. Not the tumult is the wonder, but, rather, that the boy and any other Untouchable within reach of wrath escaped alive. For he had broken a strong and ancient caste law when, an Outcaste, he trespassed within a fixed distance of that street; and, so doing, he had polluted the purity of every Brahmin in it.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé





245. There are 75,000,000 Untouchables in India. These are the descendants of an earlier race subdued in an unrecorded age by the ancestors of the present Hindus, and since that age the Hindu serfs. According to Brahmanic teaching these people are so foul that their touch, their breath on the air, even their proximity within a defined radius, defiles the caste Hindu. Because of forgotten but hideous sin committed in a past life, they are condemned by the gods to innumerable vile re-incarnations. Outcastes, "Untouchables," they have no human rights of any sort, but must serve forever at the most degrading tasks. They may not draw water from common wells, nor enter Hindu temples, nor hear religious teaching, and their children dare not present themselves at the common schools, meetings are found, whatever the law may say, to drive them out.

Having thus riveted ignorance and dirt upon them, Hinduism condemns them for their ignorance and dirt, and has called them subhuman until the helpless victims themselves have accepted the name—unless they have fallen into the hands of Muslims or Christian missionaries and so have emerged as men.

Of late there has been a tendency on the part of the Hindu politicians to make gestures of leniency toward Untouchables, and to include them, nominally, within the Hindu field, for purposes of majority building. But the victim has been slowly gathering courage, and is no longer always blind. He has, for example, challenged Gandhi's pitiful championship with biting and irreverent voice. And all gestures, all such championships, have left the subject practically where it was before.

Few houses in India possess plumbing, the night soil being carried away by Untouchables. These young Untouchable girls are performing their daily task of removing the night soil from a Bombay flat building, carrying it on their heads.

The Salvation Army's work among Untouchables is one of the finest things in India. It deserves every encouragement and help. Their little book, "The Untouchable," by Lt. Col. Hatcher, whether as romance or as a gospel of humanity is a classic that, once having picked up, few will leave unfinished. The Salvation Army have not adopted the sleek and easy theory that ministry to the body is sufficient ministry to the soul. Plain and practical folk that they are, and living amongst those whom they serve, they have lacked neither courage nor imagination. They see that the Untouchable serfdom is primarily spiritual murder, to be fought not with rose water and compromise, but with the most vigorous militancy of a great opposite religion boldly declared and boldly accepted, no matter at what risk or cost to anyone concerned.



246. Here is the raw material. A body of Untouchables, segregated in its own quarter, is attached to every Hindu village as scavengers and serfs of the caste Hindu. The Untouchable women, beside their other duties, are condemned to free use by every caste man in the village, Brahmanic law having provided that, in that particular form of contact, untouchability does not defile.

Copyright, Major Arthur W. Gill



247. Here again, is the raw material.

M. M. Newell



248. The Salvation Army takes two little Untouchables to London to make friends. Already, on the Railway Station platform, they have done it. The larger of the two, who stands so straight, was picked off a South Indian rubbish heap where, as a worthless baby, she had been thrown to die. This is the most hopeful stuff in all South India. It has produced the great majority of Indian Christians, who, in turn, have produced, for example, almost all the trained nurses available for the Indian people.

Courtesy, Salvation Army



249. Here is a partly-finished product. This child is being trained to help her own people and the desire and the courage to do so are already born in her heart.

Courtesy, Salvation Army

250. Men of the First Madras Pioneers. The Madras Pioneers, old command in the Indian Army, and Untouchables all, have a Great War record to be proud of. Reference is directed in especial to the Pioneers' distinguished conduct under fire before Kut.

Copyright, Sport & General

251. The Catholic Nuns at Bellary carry on a faithful mission of mercy and help amongst the friendless poor.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé



252. In the Seva Sadan, in Poona, a home and school for Hindu widows founded years ago by Pandita Ramabai, a Brahmin lady converted to Christianity.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé



253. World-Tourists visiting Benares, Holy City of the Hindus; seeing it from the Ganges. Benares has a resident population of Brahmin priests numbering about 30,000. These derive their income from the three to four hundred thousand Hindu pilgrims who come annually to the Ganges, their Holy River.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships





254. To die in Benares and be burned there is to go straight to heaven. This bier is ready for the flames, as soon as the wood is piled. Observe the river water below.



255. But the Hindu who dies with his feet in the sacred stream, or who, dead, is more or less immersed therein before being laid on the pyre, is doubly blessed. Here on the steps of the burning ghat, in the midst of the Ganges front, are two corpses, one half-immersed. To the right the ghat labourers are raking out the embers of one pyre and preparing another, partly from half-burnt and salvaged logs.

Courtesy. S.S. Resolute, Hamburg-American Line



256. Wood is costly, and the survivors are not always able or willing to supply enough of it to finish a cremation. Nor does the city government, religiously convinced that nothing can contaminate Ganges water, see fit under any condition to supply free wood. Therefore remains such as these are merely pushed into the river, amongst the bathers and drinkers.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppe



257. Sometimes bodies are committed to the sanctifying embrace of the Ganges very slightly cremated or even without cremation. Then crocodiles, turtles, dogs and crows all down the stream may be seen stripping the bones.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppe



258. A Yogini, or Holy Woman at Benares, practicing devotions by staring, unwinking, into the sun. A yogini, it is stated, is one who was chosen, as a young and beautiful girl, to represent the goddess in *sakti-puja*, a Tantric rite of the Hindus which consists in mass-violation, all in one night, by men and women together, of every imaginable form of decency. This girl, thereafter, becomes a sort of secular nun, to be supported by religious alms. The Tantric cults and *sakti-puja* have their stronghold amongst the Hindus of Bengal. (*Annotations of the Sacred Writings of the Hindus*. Sellon, London, 1902, pp. 52-3.)

HINDU

HOLY MEN ALL

259. With the exception of the center, Pandit Jogi Narayan, of the Brahmin priesthood of Benares, each is coated over his entire body with cow-dung ashes, giving the flesh an unpleasant oyster-like smoothness and hue; their eyes are usually inflamed with drugs, and their long, naturally black hair

Courtesy Canadian Pacific



Courtesy Canadian Pacific

bleached to a dusty orange. American women who have sat at the feet of visiting Yogis and Sadhus may have some difficulty in discovering their master when so arrayed, but some such holy men, having returned to India after a profitable American lecture tour, have not hesitated to amuse their native public with the weaknesses of the American female.

Photo by M. M. Newell





Few if any cities possess a water supply that is safe to drink. The portfolio of Public Health, in Provincial Governments, has of late years lain in the hands of Indian Ministers, usually Hindus who regard without concern the pollution of water. Good public water systems have been built; but no system is proof against the sort of handling to which these are subjected. Slipshod carelessness may shoulder its share of the fault, but a greater cause lies in the Hindu's indifference to dirt. Further, no provincial Public Health department has, in any direction, the minimum equipment necessary for efficiency, while the Central Public Health office is today starved almost out of existence—to the peril of the nations of the world.

Copyright, W. Stokes

Holy man, devotee of Siva.



In this tank a woman is cleaning her
one man is leaving after a bath and
ink, and another is bathing.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships

262. A Sacred Tank of the Hindu
Bathing to acquire religious merit.
The condition of this water, though
with experience, may be surmised.

Courtesy, S.S. Resolute, Hamburg-American
L



263. —while a second woman is
scrubbing a water-buffalo. Here
the whole community will wash
their soiled clothes, and hence
they bring their drinking and
cooking water.



264. Temple Tank Water at certain phases of the moon is especially efficacious. This is a new-moon bathing. Physical needs other than those of the bath itself are freely satisfied in and about the water, which is regarded as in itself purifying.

Copyright, Dr. J. R. D. Webb, O.B.E.

265. Hookworm, a dirt disease of a bare-foot people, comes from the prevalent Hindu practice of fouling both ground and water. The latest Census points out the great economic wastage (running into vast annual sums) occasioned by hookworm—as in Madras, where 73 per cent of the population are infected, and heavily infected Bengal; while the disciplined State of Mysore, like the great Muslim areas of Sind, the Punjab and the Northwest Frontier, are practically free. Here is an advanced Hookworm case in Madras.

Courtesy of the Rockefeller Foundation



266. The Great Temple Tank at Kumbakonam in Tanjore is always in use, for bathing, cleaning, washing soiled clothing, drawing drinking water and what not. But once in twelve years its water is suddenly augmented by a miraculous flow from the Ganges—the Ganges being, in a straight line, 1000 miles distant. At such moments all Hindus who immerse are cleansed of sin and also of any sickness they may have, however infectious or advanced. When the event is announced the Brahmin priests of the Temple send forth messengers to announce the day. Pilgrims from all over India, to a million or more, troop in, and await the Brahmins' signal. The signal sounds. Shouting their vocations to the god, the pilgrims rush for the tank. And then the miracle takes place. The water, packed with humanity, rises several inches. It is the Ganges! Every pilgrim submerges. Many are trampled, some are drowned. But the blessing of the god is theirs. This is the Kumbakonam Temple Tank on an ordinary day.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé





267. And here it is in the Twelfth-Year Miracle. The packed heads belong to the people in the water.

Copyright, Sport & General



268. India, to the peril of all mankind, is the world's chief reservoir of bubonic plague. Plague is carried by fleas to man from plague-sick rats. But when the British first applied that knowledge, in a violent plague outbreak in Bombay, two British officers were murdered by the Hindus because they had dared to affront the god Ganesha, whose earthly vehicle is the rat. In Ganesha's idols a rat is generally somewhere shown. (*see p. 34.*)

Copyright, British Museum

269. But the murdered officers' successors have gone their unshaken way, effecting, here and there, as the decades pass, some differences. Here is the District Commissioner himself, at a great cattle fair, patiently demonstrating the powers of a sulphur-fumes apparatus for rat killing. It is estimated that Ganesha's pets now cost India, annually, more than the National Defense; just as useless cattle cost her more than the land revenue.

Copyright, W. Stokes



270. Rai Sahib Harbilas Sarda, Member of the Indian Legislative Assembly and author of the famous Sarda Bill for the Restraint of Hindu Child Marriage. The bill as he introduced it was an honest, courageous and efficient measure. But the Assembly so emasculated it before its passage in 1929 as to render it practically a farce. Child marriage continues as before.





271. A Hindu wife not yet seven years old. The old women of the family will see to it that she escapes nothing that they have endured. It is nonsense to pretend that her marriage is only a betrothal. If her husband dies tonight, she is a widow, accursed and a slave for the rest of her life. He can and will claim her in full wifehood the moment he likes. The older he is the more surely will he do so quickly.

Copyright, Kaisar Co., Lucknow

272. Wedding Party. The bridegroom is he with a decorated headdress. He is a Kashmiri Brahmin, about forty years old. The wife, shown in her wedding finery, is eight or nine. Such marriages are consummated at once.

Courtesy of Canon Tyndale-Biscoe



273. In a school for high-caste Hindu girl-children. All are wives but one—the little shaven-head. She, though a widow, is by rare kindness allowed to sit with the wives. But, because of her guilt in that her sins of some past life occasioned her husband's death, she may not take part in religious worship as the others are doing. The latest Indian census shows 5,002,386 widows under the age of ten years.

Copyright, Miss Annie Martin



- 274. In Srinagar, capital of Kashmir; a back canal. Here, or in the river, or in the adjoining gardens, for pariah dogs to eat, Hindu widows' babies are thrown by uncounted hundreds, yearly. This is an ancient and general custom. No power could stop it save that which gave it birth—the Brahmins.

275. And here are Kashmiri Brahmins vowed to stop not only that but every other cruelty imposed in their own religion's name—child-marriage, enslaved widowhood, cruelty to animals, callousness to pain and weakness, and all the rest. Each boy or man in this picture, has, during the last year, risked his own life to save another from death.

Courtesy of Canon Tyndale-Biscoe





276. More of the same sort, source and promise—little fellows in their School boats, taking parties of sick women from the State Zenana Hospital for an airing on the river, cheered along by their school band. They took out over one thousand women last year.

Courtesy of Canon Tyndale-Biscoe



277. A few years ago no young Kashmiri Brahmin would take physical exercise, lest he grow muscular arms and legs like a coolie. Now, masters and boys alike, every member of Canon Tyndale-Biscoe's big and famous Church Zenana School in Srinagar swims like a shark, beginning with a dive from the school roof. Also, they box, they dig ditches, they carry loads for other people, they clean up dirt where need is, they champion helpless women, they rescue suffering animals, they take on, in short, every knight-errant's task that arises in their path. Regardless of personal consequences often ugly enough, they brave the hostility of the older type of their own caste; and the spectacle is a lesson to the whole world. Canon Tyndale-Biscoe's splendid disdain of compromise and complaisance have won him not only the devotion of his Brahmins, but the respect of Indians of all ranks and kinds. Whoever helps his work does well.

Courtesy of Canon Tyndale-Biscoe

278. A Hindu's caste does not affect his belief or disbelief. So long as he reverences Brahmins and cows, he may believe what he likes. But it does control his way of life through all generations. Thus, all washing of clothes is done by people of a very low caste, called *dhobies*. Here, having collected the laundry and loaded it on his bullock, the dhobie climbs aboard himself, and seeks his river.

Copyright, Miss Annie Martin



279. Here, in the Jumna River, near Agra, many dhobies work.

Courtesy, S.S. Resolute,
Hamburg-American Line

280. The dhobie's wife
irons the wash.

Copyright, Miss Annie Marti



281. A happy dhobie family. One brother beats the luckless garment on a good, hard, sharp-edged rock, the other takes his turn at the pipe, and wife and baby complete felicity. This is on the Ganges near Cawnpore.

Copyright, W. Stokes





282. The Barber practices his calling in the open. Amongst the Hindus he is an important functionary, not only shaving and cutting nails as each caste's ceremony requires, but also serving as negotiator of marriages.

Courtesy, S.S. Resolute, Hamburg-American Line



283. The Carpenter, in a Simla Bazaar. But each Hindu village in India has its carpenter servants as well as its barbers, potters, basket-makers, sewing-men, etc., who are paid, as a rule, by a share of the crops.

Copyright, W. Stokes



284. See this man's agile toes, as they guide the turning tool while he revolves the wood by the stick-and-string contrivance held in his left hand.

Copyright, W. St.

285. Sewing is a man's employment. These men are at work in a Madura bazaar, in South India. Being summoned, such men come to private residences, and, squatting on the verandah, copy anything very neatly—even European women's gowns in the most delicate materials. Few Hindu women, down to the poorest, make even the simplest garment for themselves or their babies. Barber, carpenter, sewer, potter, basket-maker, all are very low caste.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé





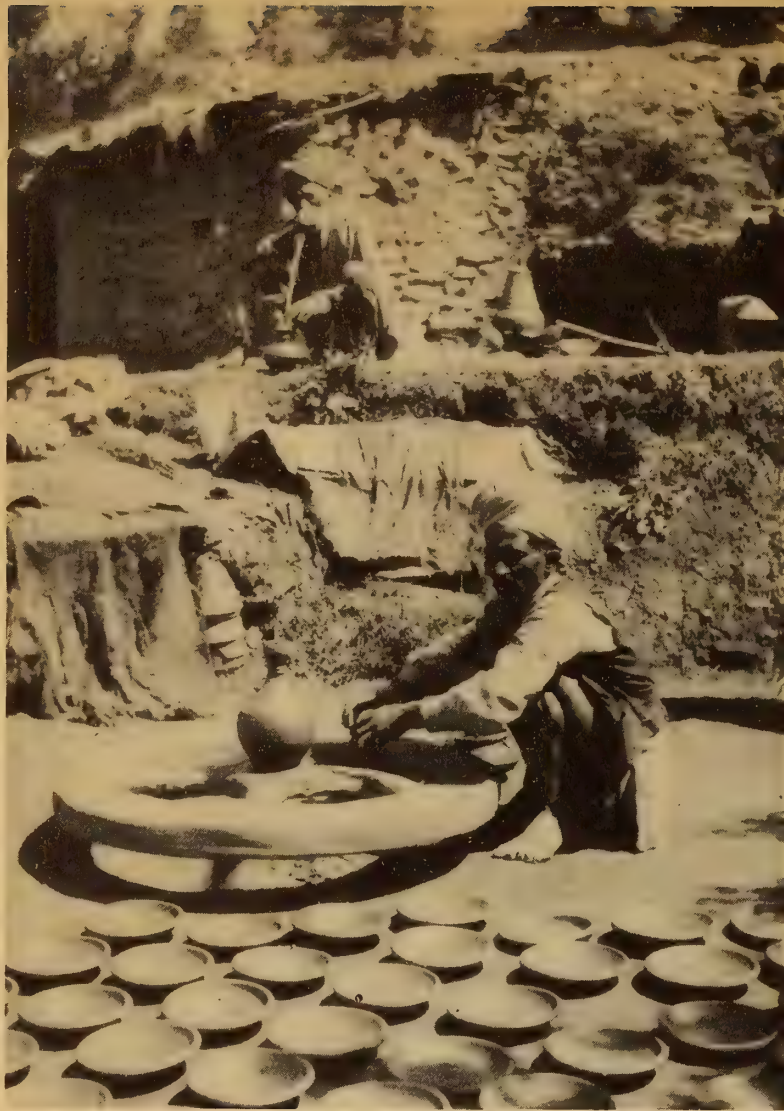
286. She sits on the kerbstone making
ushes for sale, winding her binding
ring around her ankle, for tension. Her
es, ankles and wrists are her husband's
nk. Savings beaten into jewelry and so
stowed will not be stolen without rous-
g considerable outcry.

Copyright, W. Stokes



287. The ' cobbler. All leather-workers,
amongst Hindus, are rated very low caste.
This man, near Simla, has been making
hill-men's sandals.

Copyright, W. Stokes



288. A Village Potter, of the North.

Copyright, Major H. N. Obbard, R.E.

289. Another Potter.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé





290. The Magician's Hand

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé



291. Wandering
Daughters of Joy.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé

292. Butter-making, in a village in Ahmedabad. The product will be clarified into an oil called *ghi*, used in cooking and as a libation to the gods.

M. M. No



293. Grinding mustard seed or linseed to make an oil for cooking, much used by the poor. This picture was taken inside the house. The seeds are in the wooden bucket, and the oil, as expressed, trickles out at the bottom into a basin. The bullock, blindfolded to prevent giddiness, has just room to turn. Such a mill produces about 8 lbs. of oil a day.

Copyright, W. Stokes



294. Mixing cement, as it was mixed since the beginning of time. The materials are shovelled into a circular trench and a roller is dragged over them by draught bullock—in this instance by water-buffalo.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamship

295. Shoeing a draught bullock. As usual, the work is done in the middle of the street. This picture was taken in South India. In principle it applies everywhere.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé



296. Another mid-road smithy. The wife wields the sledge.

Copyright, W. Stokes

297. The wood-sawyer. South India, on the Nilgari Ghats.

M. M. Newell





298. Cleaning Mother's Cooking Pot. He digs in the ground a hole that is just a tight fit for the brass pot. In the pot he puts a mixture of mud and cinders. Then, stepping in, he rotates the mixture by spinning on his toes, right and left, until the brass is bright.

Copyright, W. Stokes



299. Dyeing is largely a mud-hut industry, even to-day. Holes dug in the floor hold the big bowls of dye-liquor in which cloth and yarn are immersed. These, after dyeing, are hung out in the sun.

Copyright, W. Stokes



300. The *Bhisti*. In his skin container he brings water to drink, for cooking, or to spray the garden.

Courtesy, S.S. Resolute, Hamburg-American Lin



Courtesy, Burmah-Shell Oil Co.

301. The population of India increases by 10 per cent every decade; which means that the decade 1921-31 saw a natural addition of over 36,000,000 people to the burden laid upon the country's powers of maintenance. It is a good deal, in such a place and under such pressure, merely to maintain life. But the fact is that the comforts of living increase. This man, in his lonely hut, would, not long ago, have had no movable light after sundown. Now, when he settles himself for his evening smoke by his bit of fire, he hangs a lighted lantern within reach.

302. Kerosene hawkers parade the villages.

Courtesy, Burmah-Shell Oil Co.



303. And the little tank brings the supply around.

Courtesy, Burmah-Shell Oil Co.



304. Melon cultivation in the river-bed in the dry season. He makes sun-breaks of grass to protect the young shoots.

Copyright, W. Stokes

305. His wife
helps him
nurture the
growth.



Copyright, W. Stokes

Copyright, W. Stokes



Good
to sell in
ore.

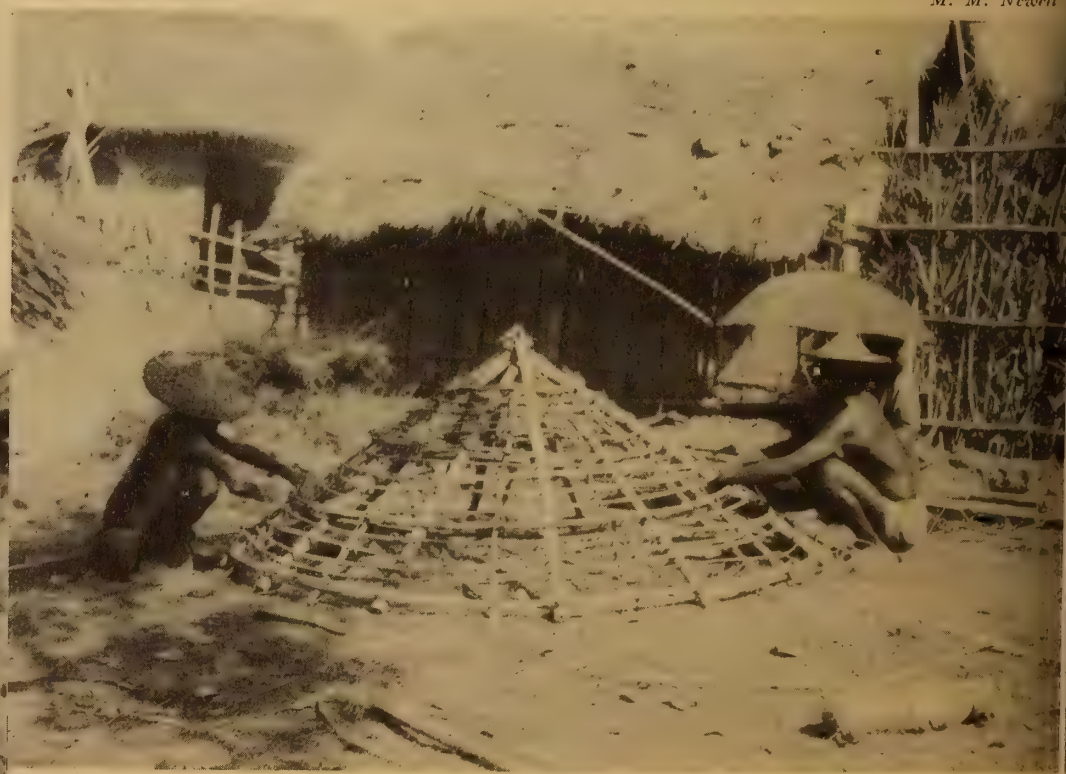


307. OPIUM POPPIES—all white. Their cultivation is confined, in British India, to a limited district in the United Provinces, and its manufacture is Government-controlled. British India now exports no opium to the Far East, save for medical and scientific use, and none at all to America or to any European country save Great Britain. She voluntarily stepped out of the Oriental market, to her own heavy loss, and has seen her China trade taken over by other opium producing countries. Opium smoking was never much practiced in India; but opium has always been eaten, as a medicine or stimulant.



308. In a Bengal Village. The old father comes from muddy work in the fields,

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309. —while his sons have been building for the new storehouse a hat like their own.

M. M. Newell

310. The storehouse complete with hat.

M. M. Newell



Courtesy, S.S. Resolute, Hamburg-American Line

311. On the Malabar Coast, people live in a richness of coconut palms. They weave their houses of coconut leaves.



Copyright, C. H. Doveton, Bangalore

312. They sort dried cocoanut meat (copra), for oil-making, for a living. These men are Moplahs. See p. 16.



313. This patient old woman pounds cocoanut husks, all day long, to extract fibre for rope making.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé



314. And then the fibre, on the long, free beach at Calicut, is made into heavy cable.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé





Copyright, E. O. Hoppe

315. Pepper, on the Malabar Coast today, exactly as Vasco da Gama saw it there in 1498, men, mat and all.



316. He carries His Majesty's Mails, on the Nilgari Mountains, jingling, as he runs, the bells of his metal emblem of office, now in his right hand. Pelsaert, the Dutch chronicler, found him exactly so, in 1620, and reported him as running, with the aid of plentiful opium, 50 to 60 miles a day.

M. M. Newell

317. The Ottam Thullal is an ancient Hindu religious dance, a part of temple ceremony, and normally performed to beat of drum. But, its action being negroid in type, this dancer has adopted gramophone jazz as his accompaniment. Ottam Thullal dancers paint their faces green.

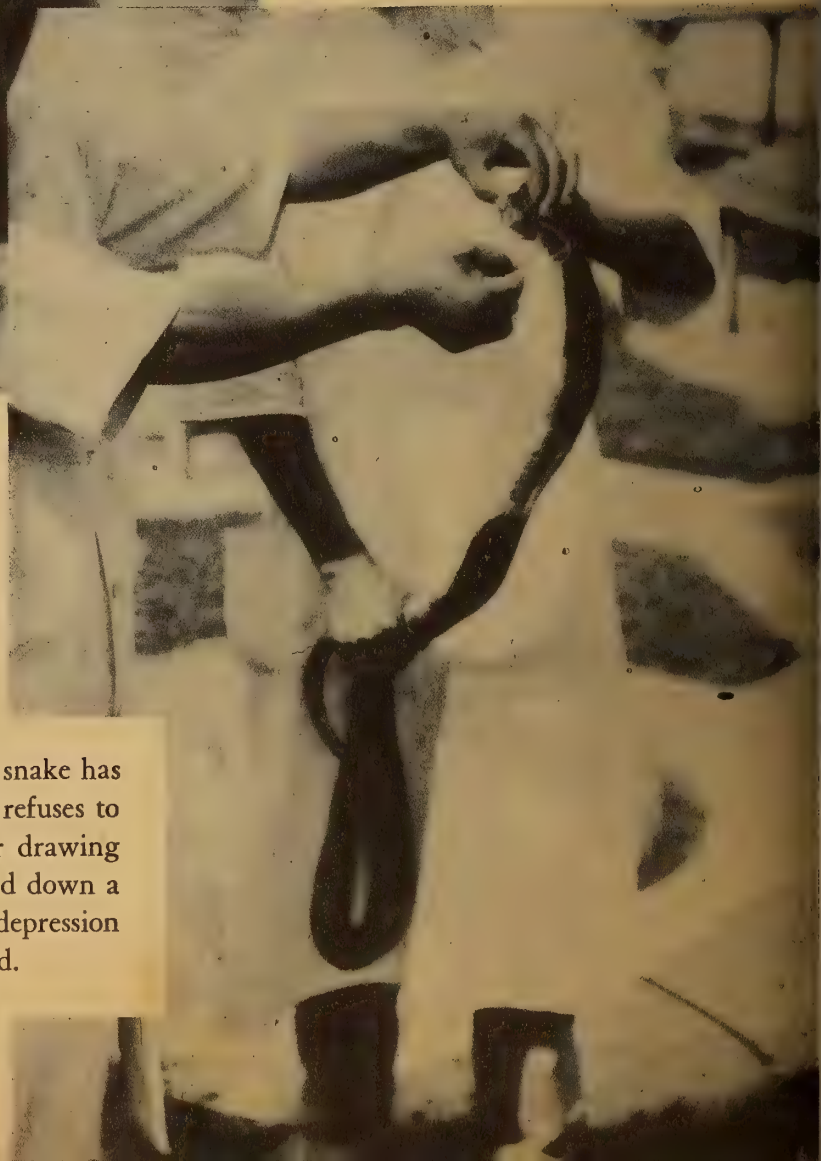
Copyright, E. O. Hoppé



318. The Snake Charmer is everywhere.



Copyright, W. Stokes



319. Serum-Makers drawing poison from a snake. After the snake has struck so heavily, he is depressed by the reflex of his anger, refuses to eat, and so stores up no venom. So the serum-maker, after drawing the poison, keeps the snake's mouth open until he has poured down a wine-glass of good egg-nog. The snake then sleeps off his depression and the egg-nog together, and natural functions are restored.

Photographed by Captain Ralph Burton

320. Houses in a Bengali village.

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321. In a village near Lucknow.

M. M. Newell

322. A Village Well, Hyderabad, Deccan. This well, in its infinite varieties, is today as it always was, all over India. With the village tree under which the men gather at evening, it shares the honours of Central News Depot.

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Courtesy, S.S. Resolute, Hamburg-American



323. Gandhi has published his opinion that Hinduism's sole contribution to humanitarian advance is, its worship of the cow. [*Young India*, Oct. 20, 1927.] One could wish that claim stronger. Scenes such as this are, indeed, common all over Hindu India. But so, for example, is the next one:

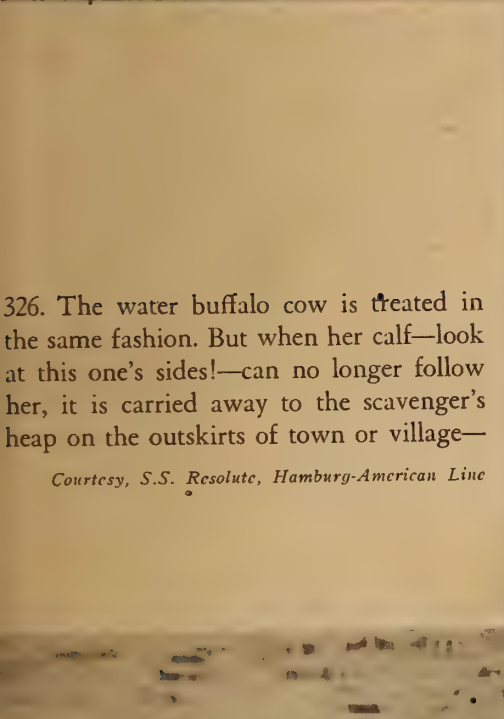
324. The milk man brings his cow to the customer, who will not otherwise trust him not to water his wares. He brings the calf with the cow, to arouse her motherly yearning and make her let down her milk, of which only one cow in ten has over a quart a day to give. He allows the calf a quarter to a half-cup, daily, for its sole food. After a few days of such starving the weak little legs can move no more, and it lies down to die.

Copyright, W. Sto



325. Then the milkman skins it, stuffs the skin with straw, and shoves four sticks up its legs. Next day when he goes his rounds, he carries his handiwork under his arm, to plant just beyond the mother's reach, and so keep her heart still hungry.

M. M. Newell



326. The water buffalo cow is treated in the same fashion. But when her calf—look at this one's sides!—can no longer follow her, it is carried away to the scavenger's heap on the outskirts of town or village—

Courtesy, S.S. Resolute, Hamburg-American Line



327. —where the pariah dogs and the vultures tear its flesh from its bones even though it be still living. This same fate will befall the other calf, if the milkman does not care to skin it. But even then he will be guiltless in Hindu eyes of taking the life of a sacred animal. He is merely refraining from feeding it.

Copyright, W. Stokes

328. Waiting for a sick cow to fall. Pariah dog, vulture and outcaste, these are the saviours of Hindu India from its own offal. But for them it must all remain whatever and wherever it is, untouched. All cows are sacred; no Hindu may have a cow's release from life, however great and hopeless her distress. But when, old and feeble, she staggers and falls, none defends her from being torn to pieces, while alive, by the eager and always present scavengers.

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329. The powerful water buffalo—the carabao of the Philippines—has no sweat-glands, and therefore suffers intense distress if made to drag heavy loads in the heat of the day, during which period, if left to itself, it seeks the nearest water and lies therein. The enormous loads imposed upon water buffaloes and their too-evident torture in being forced to pull them without intermission under a vertical sun, have long shocked and revolted Western spectators in Calcutta, without arousing any response in the Hindu. At last, in April, 1930, the Calcutta Municipal authorities issued a regulation fixing the maximum load that water buffaloes might be made to haul within its jurisdiction and also forbidding haulage during the three hours of intensest heat, during the hot months.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé



330. The sole effect of this test of regard for animal life, was to precipitate a concerted strike on the part of the owners of the animals, each driver, as he crossed Howrah Bridge into Calcutta (See No. 158) taking off the wheels of his cart and adding it to a barricade that completely blocked that main artery of traffic. When the police, in the presence of a large crowd, began to remove the barricade, a concerted attack was made by the carters and their sympathizers upon the European police sergeants, some of whom were badly hurt. Six persons were killed, and sixty injured.

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331. After peace was restored, and the casualties taken to hospital, the patient police moved the carts off the line of traffic, collected the carters' abandoned goods and mounted guard on the owners' behalf, to protect them against looters. The picture shows two British police officers performing that duty.

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332. Ali Musaliar, Moplah, religious teacher, much respected by his people; leader in the uprising and sentenced to die for that crime. A very poor, simple, courageous old man, without fame beyond his own village. No Mahatma, he pays the price and dies forgotten.

Copyright, The (London) Times

Murderous disturbances, political and religious both combined, have become more and more commonplace in modern India, not a few having sprung from Gandhi's incendiary words applied with deadly skill to the tinder of fore-doomed minds. Such a disturbance was the Moplah Rebellion of 1921 (see ante p. 16) when a race of simple, poor, and ardently religious Muslim mountaineers of South India, numbering about 1,000,000, were inflamed to religious fury by Gandhi's words spread amongst them by Swarajist agents. Accusing the British Government of betraying the holy places of Islam, denouncing it as "Satanic," "altogether vile," Gandhi promised "Swaraj" within a year to all who would work for it. But "Swaraj"—self-government, to the Moplahs, could only mean government by Islamic law. To work for the coming of that within a year, could only mean, to their realistic minds, to kill off the Hindus about them. And this with mounting enthusiasm they proceeded to do, until, after thousands of killings and a long and difficult campaign in mountain fastnesses, British and Gurkha troops stopped them. Any sane man knowing the Moplahs and their history, would have foretold that result with absolute certainty, given the provocation to which they were subjected. But the persons finally executed as criminal rebels were not those experienced politicians and psychologists who had incited the outbreak, but their all-too-credulous victims.



333. Gurkha soldier of the army command brought in to quell the uprising. The guns and home-made cutlasses were taken from Moplahs killed or captured. Gurkhas come from Nepal, beyond the north-eastern boundary of India.

Copyright, The (London) Times

334. Moplah prisoners being led away to court for trial. In the end over 200 were executed, including old Ali Musaliar, over 500 transported for life, over 200 sentenced to rigorous imprisonment—folk so humble, so obscure, so ignorant and friendless, that their utmost pain could not rouse wrath enough to fix the blame of the deed where the blame belonged.

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IN November of that same year, 1921, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, representing the King-Emperor, visited India. Gandhi, then at the height of his power, called for a boycott of the Prince's welcome and denounced his coming as "an unbearable provocation," an "insult" to India. A boycott, accordingly, was worked up in advance by the "National Volunteers"—a sort of militia auxiliary of the "National Congress." (The "National Congress" is a political party of which Gandhi was then president and must not be confused with the Indian Legislative Assembly.) When the day came, however, the great mass of Bombay's population joyously flocked out, to acclaim the Royal guest; whereupon, in the obscure quarters of the town, these were set upon and manhandled by the boycotters. The non-Gandhi folk fought back. Serious rioting ensued, lasting for three days, during which fifty-three persons were killed, four hundred wounded, and much property looted or destroyed. Gandhi, present in Bombay during the incident, let it get full headway before attempting to interfere. Later, although declaring that his boycotters and their allies were "not an unintelligent crowd," he frankly acknowledged his own personal responsibility and regret [*Letters on Indian Affairs*, Gandhi, pp. 100, 102], and announced his intention to do a few days' expiatory fast. During the following three months similar responses to his repeated incitement continued to break forth, until an example occurred of colour so special as to attract undesired attention and so, for a time, to arrest the policy.

Chauri Chaura, a small town in the United Provinces, had its little barracks for local police officers and watchmen. Indians all, and humble folk, these men were, nevertheless, a part of the Satanic Government's peace power. "Rather than have the yoke of a government that has so emasculated us, I would welcome violence," Gandhi had proclaimed [*Freedom's Battle*, p. 110]. And such words, often repeated, carried to his followers whatever suggestions of workable reality they could discern in his general talk.

So, amongst kindred results, it happened that a body of "National Volunteers" and their friends, on February 4, 1922, delivered a surprise attack on the little Chauri Chaura police barracks. Twenty-one officers were inside at the time, and the assailants were 3,000 strong. Having fired into the barracks until all the twenty-one were dead or wounded, the attackers flung dead and wounded into one heap, poured oil over the pile and set it ablaze.

Of this matter, Gandhi later said, in court, "It is impossible for me to dissociate myself from the diabolical crimes of Chauri Chaura. . . . A man of responsibility, a man having received a fair share of education, having had a fair share of experience of the world, I should know the consequences of every one of my acts. I knew I was playing with fire. I ran the risk and if I was set free I would still do the same."

The Judge replied: "I do not forget that you have consistently preached against violence. . . . But having regard to the nature of your political teaching and the nature of many of those to whom it was addressed, how you could have continued to believe that violence would not be the inevitable consequence it passes my capacity to understand. . . . You have made it impossible for any government to leave you at liberty."

Gandhi went to prison for a few months, where, as always, he was treated with every deference, surrounded by every comfort, enveloped in the world's admiration of a saint; and whence he emerged to make amply good his pledge to continue incitements to acts by which, while he went scatheless, other men should lose their lives.



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335. Chauri Chaura Police Barracks and its inhabitants, on February 4, 1922, after friends had appeared.



336. Gandhi talks through the microphone.

The political activities of Gandhi and his party have been directed to ridding India of British rule, against which they have preached deadly hatred; and the immediate establishment of complete elective self-government. "From hatred of the Government to [hatred of political and religious opponents and of other castes and creeds the transition was rapid and irresistible. . . . Mr. Gandhi is my authority for it," wrote Sir Surendranath Banerjea, the Hindu statesman, concerning this development [*A Nation in the Making*, p. 302.] And since all India believed that elective self-government could mean only government by the Hindu, because of the Hindu's secure majority, the minorities viewed the Nationalist movement with growing fear. Especially the Muslims realized their danger; and while Muslim chiefs began organizing for Islamic defence the common people in both camps, nerves strung taut with defiant alarm, watched their religious adversaries. From this point Hindu-Muslim battles, started by seeming nothings and fought at a moment's notice, have become more and more frequent and more sanguinary.

337. Listening crowd.





338. All that was left of a Bombay Muslim hack-driver's vehicle, after a Hindu mob had disposed of its owner.

339. The mob proceeds to a trunk dealer's shop, throws his wares into the street, and does all it has time to do in the way of destruction. Indian trunks are made of tin, as a guard against white ants; and tin will not burn. So they batter them. Naturally the trunk dealer and his fellow Muslims rise in fury.





340. Other Muslim shops produce wares that will burn.



341. Bombay city police, using their batons to clear the streets. These are British police sergeants, who are usually recruited from the Army, leading Indian police sepoy (rankers).



342. The Muslims carried away their own killed, for burial. But Hindu dead are burned. Here are the Hindu corpses, collected for that purpose.



343. And here are pyres, at the city burning ghats, ending the day's adventure for the Hindu casualties—ending also the story of a typical Hindu-Muslim outbreak.

344. Disorders in the town of Sholapur, in 1930, included the murder of five Muslim policemen by the mob. The condemnation of the murderers to death excited Bombay Hindus to sympathetic strikes, one of whose features was obstruction of traffic. This was one method employed.

345. This was another.

346. And as usual, the patient police tidied up the mess.

347. Interested observers.



348. Another way of stopping traffic, requiring less exertion and incurring no danger.



349. Bombay police guarding a principal department shop, Whiteaway & Laidlaw's, during a political demonstration against the existence of foreign-made cloth in India. Observe the second man from the right.





350. Woman demonstrator and British police officer.

351. General Weirs and a group of British officers of the police force.



352. Indian Mounted Police maintaining order. The behaviour of the Indian police force, throughout the long disorders, has been beyond praise for steadiness, courage, and dispassionate restraint under all provocation.



SALT MAKING FOR LAW-BREAKING ONLY

353. Thirty-four of these "Volunteers", working all day in the hot sun, produced two teaspoonfuls of very bad salt. Gandhi's point, in his salt making campaign of 1930, was not to get salt, but to defy the Government, and to convey to the masses the idea that an unjustifiable charge was being levied on a necessity of the poor. Three centuries before Christ, Indians were paying a salt tax to the Hindu monarch Chandragupta, who heavily penalized contraband production (Kautilya's Arthashastra, Shamasastri, Book II, ch. 12.). They have paid a salt tax to all their rulers ever since. It is the only tax that the whole people can and do pay. It amounts to six and three-quarters American cents [$3\frac{3}{8}$ d.] per capita per annum, and in spite of it, India's per capita consumption of salt has increased 50 per cent within fifty years. Government manufactures about 35 per cent of the Indian product, and makes no profit whatever thereby; 35 per cent is privately manufactured, 30 per cent imported. A uniform duty, used for revenue, is imposed on all sources. France, Germany, Holland, Bulgaria, Brazil and Venezuela levy a tax on salt. In Japan, Italy, Greece, Spain, and several other countries salt is a Government monopoly. It is probably the easiest and fairest tax that can be levied on any people.

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GANDHI'S "NON-VIOLENT" SOLDIERS

354. This squad was picketting St. Xavier's College, Calcutta, to dissuade Indian students from attending examinations. In most cases the parents of such students had been straining their resources for years past to carry their sons through the schools. Now, when the ardently-coveted degree is all but attained, they find it bitter hard to see their sacrifices and their ambition together brought to naught, for the sake of Gandhi's political gesture.

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355. Other Gandhi men in Gandhi caps, singing revolutionary songs as they parade the streets of Gaya, during the 37th Indian National Congress. Here disorders ensued, producing no little violence, as various elements clashed with each other.

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As Gandhi's "non-violent" teaching deepened its incendiary effects, breeding more and more anarchy and bloodshed, various large segments of the population declared against it. These included the Hindu Moderates, the Indian Christians and the Untouchables. But none have been so continuously emphatic as were, and are, the Muslims. When Gandhi finally declared, in so many words, that sedition was his religion and the destruction of Government his object, he affronted the religious sensibility of every Muslim in India save a fugitive handful repudiated by all the rest. "If he wishes to embark on a campaign of lawlessness . . . we Muslims accept the challenge. We will never give up the fight. Let Mr. Gandhi realize this important fact." So declared Mr. A. H. Ghuznavi, Muslim political leader, Round Table delegate, lineal descendant of the old Mughal rulers of Bengal. [*New York Times*, Dec. 10, 1931.] And before Mr. Ghuznavi spoke the position had been well and often tested.

For example—one among many—a Hindu called Bhagat Singh, leading conspirator in a Terrorist gang, stood convicted of many major crimes of violence, including bank-robberies, bomb-making, and the throwing of live bombs into the Indian Assembly Chamber while the Legislature was sitting. Incidentally and in cold blood, he had waylaid and assassinated a police officer for no reason save that the victim, as an officer, represented established Government. Bhagat Singh was sentenced to death by a tribunal consisting of three Judges of the High Court—two Europeans, one Indian, acting unanimously. Gandhi, while deprecating the murderous act, urged Lord Irwin, then Viceroy, to commute the sentence, in view of the "self-sacrifice and reckless courage" of the "young patriot." So that whatever deprecation he expressed was neutralized by his widely advertized admiration. The execution took place on March 23, 1931. Next day, strikes (*hartals*) were called all over the land. Violent anti-government speeches were made in the Legislature. The "Congress" (Gandhi's) party, then in session at Karachi, passed a resolution proposed by its own president, extolling the virtues of Bhagat Singh and denouncing his execution as an act of wanton vengeance, while Gandhi himself, there present, publicly announced that the execution "has only increased our power for winning the freedom for which Bhagat Singh and his comrades died." To put teeth into all this, Congress's Committee in the city of Cawnpore ordered every shop closed, every vehicle off the streets, and a profound general mourning to be observed for the whole day following Bhagat Singh's execution. But when the order was served upon the Muslims of Cawnpore, they flatly refused to obey it. They had neither desire to mourn for a justly-sentenced criminal nor sympathy for his deed, they said; Bhagat Singh was no hero of theirs, and Gandhi's "religion of sedition," to them, was simply a cardinal wickedness. Upon which, mobs of Congress supporters attacked the principal Muslim shops, smashing the windows and looting the contents. And so began a six-day Hindu-Muslim war, fought in alleys and courtyards and narrow streets, on roofs and in houses, with desperate ferocity. Cawnpore's inhabitants numbered about 250,000, two-thirds of whom were Hindus. But the Muslims neither asked nor received quarter. In the end, amongst the thousand identifiable dead, over two-thirds were found to be Muslims—men, women, children and infants. Pregnant women, in especial, had suffered unspeakable horrors antecedent to death. British troops eventually controlled the situation, but their available numbers were too few to do so promptly. And the final reported scene was the murder of nineteen Muslim fugitives ambushed outside the town by a troop of Hindu holy men.



356. Picket of the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, during a lull in the street fighting. But for the always imperturbable Tommy, no available force existed capable of stopping the slaughter.

Copyright, W. Stokes



357. Many truck-loads such as this—multilated bodies of men, women and children, mostly Muslims, were finally carried away. Many more had disappeared in the ashes of burning houses or had been thrown down wells. The thermometer stood fast at 105°, but the gathering and removal of the dead from alleys and inner chambers was delayed, by the street fighting, for over three days.

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Copyright, Major A. W. Gill

358. Hindu Holy Men like these murdered the Muslim refugees, men, women and children, in the meadows outside Cawnpore. Over a million of these types are today walking idle about India, living on the charity or the sheer physical terror of pious Hindus. Often secret agents of the Terrorists, they know how to make themselves feared in many ways.

The Cawnpore Massacre was a part of a war then in its 931st year—a war that began its Indian history when Mahmoud of Ghazni first came idol-smashing down amongst the Hindus, out of his Afghan heights—a war that still is young. For it is a clash between unchangeables daily reborn to more than mortal strength. The swarming gods that rule the Hindu world that Mahmoud saw, rule still. Temples built in modern times display the same elaborate obscenities and witness the same rites that ran riot in those of Mahmoud's day. The Great Hindu Temple of Madura, example of this fact, was largely built not by an ancient people, but by contemporaries of Sir Christopher Wren, the builder of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Junior to the city of Albany, which was founded in 1609, it is practically identical in age with the Great Mosque of Delhi, that austere House of the One God reared by Shahjahan.

And the huge temple cars, chariots of the gods, paraded through the streets today, owe their freedom of public highways to a special provision of law enacted by the Indian Legislative Assembly as late as 1925; this provision exempts all cars, carvings, paintings and writings of Hindu temples from the restraint imposed by International Convention upon "circulation and traffic in obscene publications."

If the temple of Siva in Somnath destroyed by Mahmoud in 1024 A.D., after his long desert march, maintained its corps of five hundred girls for priest and patron, exactly the same practice obtains in great Hindu temples of 1935. "There are, I am sorry to say," declares Gandhi, "many temples in our midst in the country that are no better than brothels." (*Young India*, Oct. 6, 1927.) The "*devadasis*," as they are called, numbered over 200,000 in Madras alone, according to their own statement submitted in 1927, while subsequent efforts to diminish this form of religious devotion are stated to have failed completely excepting in Native States, where the Prince has exercised his arbitrary power.

And the ancient and enduring worship of Kali, the terrible black goddess of the Thugs, who forever burns with thirst for running blood and for the sight of pain endured by living creatures, man or beast, today bears its natural fruit in cruelties, murders and massacres and in the Terrorist activities bred in Bengal.



359. The Jama Masjid, Cathedral Mosque, of Delhi, built by Shahjahan between 1644 and 1658. Its high simplicity, its austere dignity, cannot but impress the thoughtful eye.

360. In the Jama Masjid at the hour of evening prayer. All within is silence, wide, clean space and flowing air.

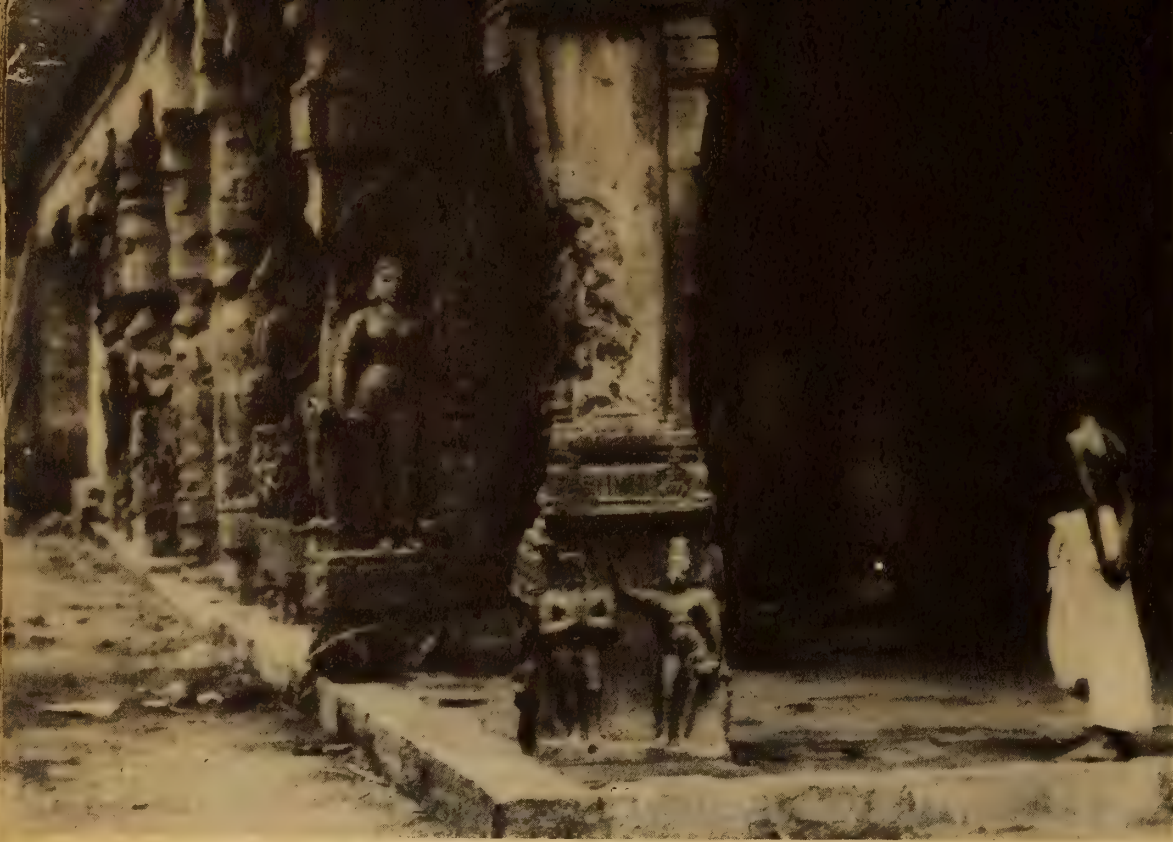
Copyright, E. O. Hoppe



361. Great Hindu Temple of Madura, Minakshi section.

Copyright, Klein & Peyerl, Madras





362. In the Vishnu Temple, Kumbakonam, where the 12th yearly Tank Miracle occurs. *See No. 266.*

Copyright, E. O. Hoppe

363. A Temple Car in its annual festival. The worshippers are seen drawing it by rope.

Copyright, Klein & Peyerl, Madras





364. Part of the corps of one South India temple. Girls are recruited very young and by 6, 8, or 10 years of age are already in professional use. They are usually the unwanted daughters of good caste or high caste Hindus who desire to escape the costs of their marriage dowry, or, to acquire merit with the god, or, to accomplish both ends at one stroke. Once the girl is "given to the god" she has no escape; and if she chances to bear a child, the child must follow the mother's calling.



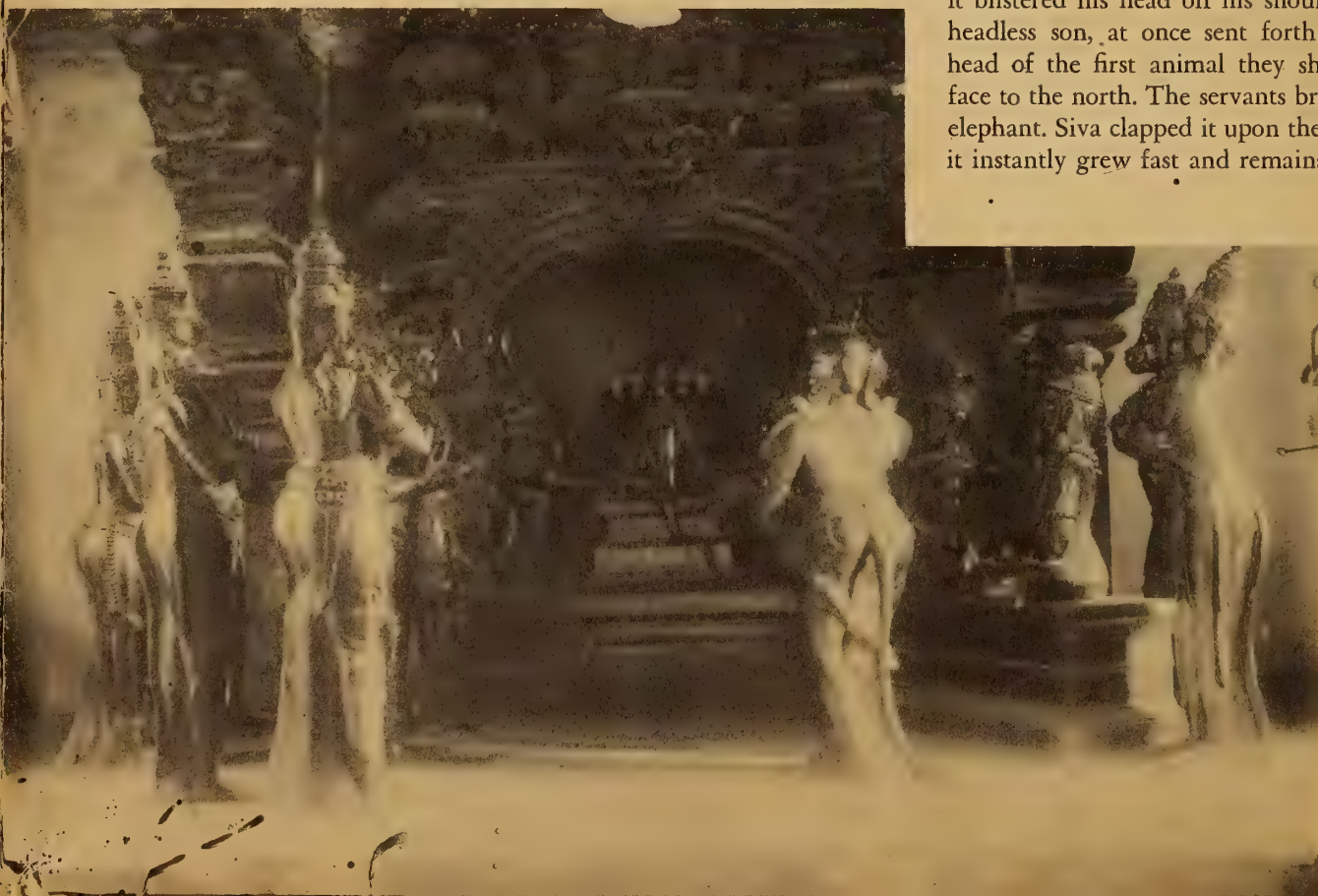
365. Vishnu. 12th Century carving.

Copyright, British Museum



366. Ganesha, 12th century carving. According to Hindu Scriptures, Ganesha is the offspring of Siva and Kali. When his terrible mother's eye first rested upon him, new-born, it blistered his head off his shoulders. Siva, not wanting a headless son, at once sent forth servants to bring in the head of the first animal they should find asleep with its face to the north. The servants brought back the head of an elephant. Siva clapped it upon the neck of the infant, where it instantly grew fast and remains to this day.

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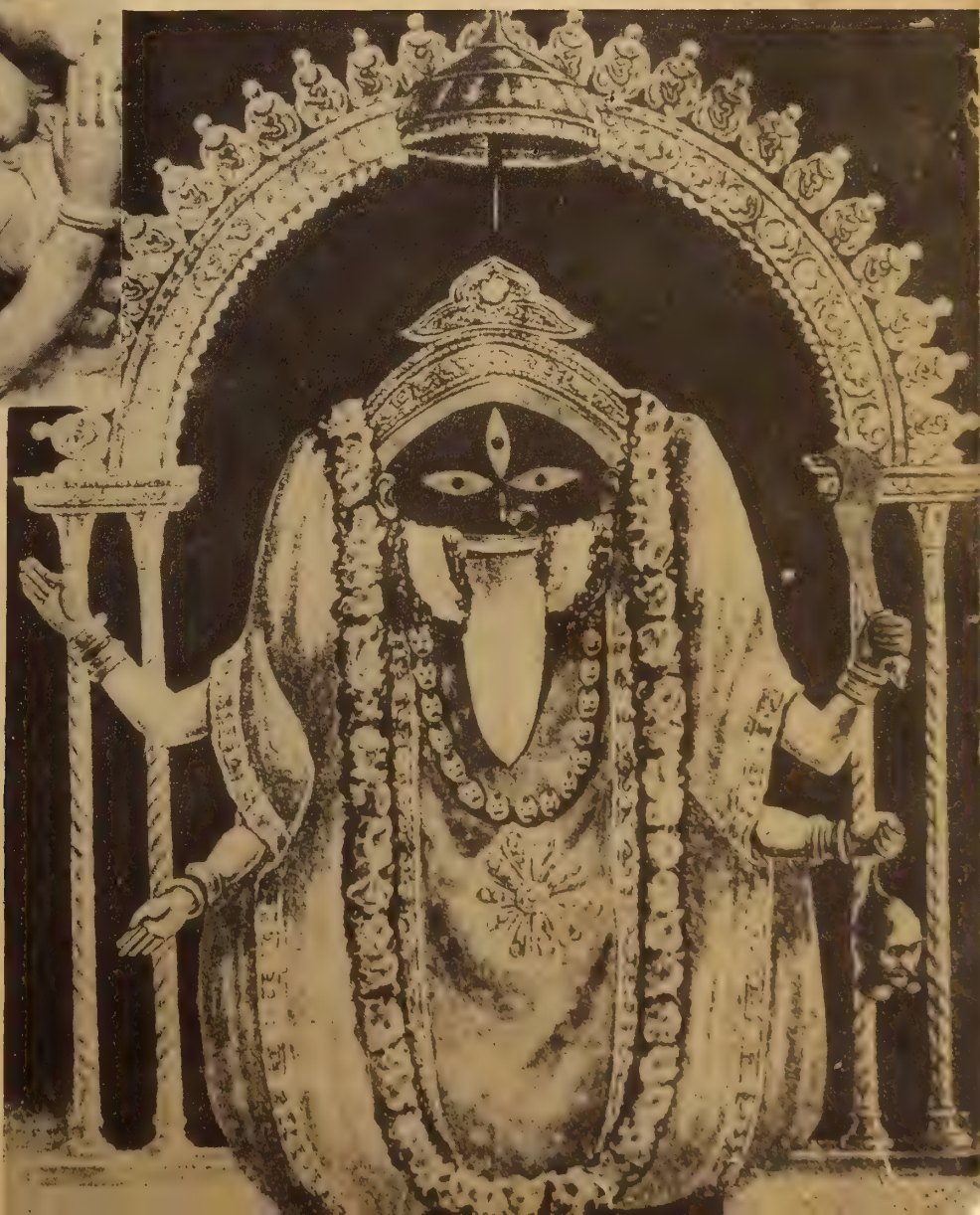


367. Shrine of the Lingam in Rameswaram Temple. Behind the lingam rears the head of a cobra god whose body trails over the pedestal. Monkey gods, here called "delegates from Benares," stand in worship. This is one of the most venerated and popular of Hindu temples today.



368. KALI, a 12th Century Temple Sculpture. The goddess is shown wearing a necklace of human heads. In one hand she clutches a man's head by its hair; in another a brandished sword. She is sitting on the body of a victim of her wrath, and her trunk is hollow below the chest, exposing her back-bone, in token of her unappeasable hunger for victims. This very image was worshipped by devotees over 800 years ago. Others essentially like it are today being worshipped and served in the goddess's chosen rites all over Hindu India.

Copyright, British Museum



369. A cheap print of Kali, such as, with similar figurines in pottery, wood or metal, are today sold to worshippers in Kali's temples. Her tongue is always lolling in thirst and dripping blood. Her face is black. She has three eyes, her necklace of human heads is supplemented by another of skulls, and human hands and tongues make her girdle.

Copyright, Keystone



370. A sight such as this in southern India, is supposed to delight Kali; and is therefore offered to her in sacrifice when her thirst is specially feared, as, for instance, when she has sent some deadly epidemic for her own enjoyment. The two devotees are pulling the motor—which children are sitting—by means of iron hooks sunk in their bare backs. Alternately, steam rollers are so dragged. These performances are much enjoyed by the spectators. A police officer attempting to stop a similar show was killed by the onlookers.

Copyright, Sport & General



371. Kali's taste accounts for this also—an act of merit that the pious recognize by dropping a coin in the always-present basin. Otherwise the curse of the Holy Man is ready on his lips.

Courtesy, S.S. Resolute, Hamburg-American Line



373. This one is stated to be a graduate of Cambridge University in England.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé

372. This Holy Man also carries his troubles about with him, but sings his appeal to the reverent world.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppé





374. Here is a heap of heads, photographed in Ellore, Madras, in 19... where the priests in one day slaughtered 5,000 animals of many s... before the goddess of small-pox—one of Kali's forms. Most of... creatures were killed by inches—the sheep with thirty-two blows... the cutlass, to prolong the goddess's gloating. The buffaloes, one by o... were driven into a pit from whose sides men mangled them w... spears before decapitation. The priests' cutlasses are shown stuck... the ground. A High Court Justice is authority for the statement t... upon these occasions "live pigs are thrown from a height upon sh... spikes planted in the ground and are left there till a certain height... reached. They are thus made to suffer excruciating pain for seven... hours before they die."

Copyright, Sport & Gen

375. KALIGHAT. Ellore is somewhat remote, and its festivals of slaughter somewhat far apart. But Kalighat is in India's largest city, Calcutta. And in this House of Kali several times a week priests chop off the heads of two hundred little goats before the face of the goddess, in order that she may exult in their shrieks, their terror and their blood. This temple is a modern building, as its architecture shows.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships



376. Here are the victims of the day, brought as gifts by devotees and awaiting the priestly knife. Most of them are little kids. When the killing begins, panic takes them all, and they shriek together, to the greater fervour of the human crowd.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships



377. The priests work

Copyright, Major A. W. Gill

378. —while the gratified —
crowd looks on

Copyright, Major A. W. Gill



379. and women squatting
on the verge of the blood-
pools cut up the bodies.

Courtesy, S.S. Resolute, Hamburg- American Line



380. At intervals during the killings, heralded by great clanging of bells, banging of drums and gongs and shouting, priests for their money, the doors of Kali's inner shrine flung open; but the vision vouchsafed to her prostrate adorers brief. Her black face, her glaring eyes, her hanging tongue, her bloodstained and threatening hands, her necklaces of horrors—are scarcely seen before they are again shut away. But in side chapels of the temple these and many other Hindu deities may be gazed upon and worshipped at leisure.



381. Meantime, within the temple precincts the funeral pyres blaze. The muddy little stream by which the temple stands is an ancient outlet of the Ganges, peculiarly valued for cure of the sick and for salvation of the dead. So whatever remains unburnt of the bodies here cremated goes into the stream, just as it does at the burning ghats of Benares.

M. M. Newell

It must not be supposed that the devotees of Kali come mainly from the ignorant, or from the lower castes. Hindus of every degree of intelligence and cultivation, men of the highest social and political position, including hundreds of thousands of Brahmins, are active Kali worshippers. In this sense Kalighat, in Calcutta, may be called the parish church of Mr. C. R. Das, Brahmin, highly educated man, Mayor of Calcutta, who, at the time of his death in 1925, had succeeded Gandhi as leader of the Swarajist party. Mr. Das's body was burned in Kalighat, although the city has many other places for cremation, and a memorial was built on the spot. His monument, yet awaiting completion, stands close by. In this connection, weight attaches to the following fact: In the period just before Mr. Das's death, Bengal had flared up in a revived blaze of murders committed in the name of Revolution; and Mr. Das had publicly deplored the fact. Yet when the Secretary of State for India asked Mr. Das to go a step farther and co-operate in repressing such acts, the latter refused. Nor, in a way, could he well have done otherwise; for one of his first uses of power as Mayor of the Calcutta Corporation had been to initiate a policy, continued after him, of appointing convicted terrorists and their relations, as "persons who have suffered for their country's cause," to municipal jobs—largely to jobs of teaching the youth of Bengal. Das, therefore, could no more turn upon the graduates from his own schools than he could be absolved from the blood of the victims thereof, be they murderer or murdered.



382. Unfinished memorial to C. R. Das, close to Kalighat, his place of religious devotion.

Copyright, Keystone

Bengal is the ancient centre of Kali worship. Kali has always been served by assassins. (*See ante*, p. 23.) The political terrorists of today take their vows at her feet, and again and again, when standing convicted of murder, have declared that their deed was done in answer to Kali's cry.—"I heard her voice at night, calling out 'I thirst! I thirst! Bring me blood!'"

Ground so prepared through centuries of cultivation, and now sown with Moscow's seed bears hot house crops. The wrecking of railway trains is one product. The manufacture of bombs and of false currency is a second. Assassinations are a third.

For example: Midnapore, in Bengal, is a terrorist nest. Three successive District Magistrates of Midnapore, Britons each, were murdered there by terrorists, all within a period of just over two years. The third, a young Englishman called Burge, was shot dead by three Hindu youths just as he was beginning a game of football. This happened on Sept. 2, 1933. The murderers' purpose appears to have been, to break down the tradition of British courage. Striking continuously at one spot, they hoped to produce a region, however small, to which they could point and say: "Here is your nucleus. Here, thanks to us, no Briton dare venture." How well their hopes were founded is best shown in the case of an individual Briton:—Young Mr. Griffiths, permanent member of the Indian Civil Service, had but just come home to England for a little holiday when news of the third killing reached him; and it happened that the man who fell on the football field was his own close friend. So, Mr. Griffiths did the only thing that to him seemed possible. He applied at once to be sent straight back to India, to Midnapore, to take over his dead friend's job.



383. Four attempts to wreck the Viceroy's train were intercepted by the police, in the course of a single journey, in 1934.



384. Mr. P. V. Griffiths, whose reaction to Terrorism may be read in his steady eyes.

385. A Bengali Terrorist who has served Kali well.

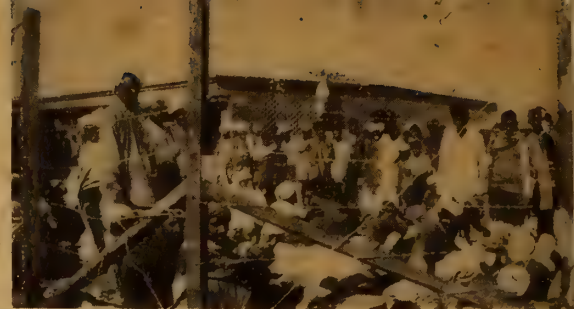


386. The operation of the Communist Terrorists, now gone beyond an attack upon British Government in India, has become an attack upon all government, all property and public peace, to the tardily awakening alarm of the Hindu Orthodox and Moderates. Meantime, main currents carry steadily on. Mr. Griffiths, at Midnapore, takes a walk with a British sergeant of police at his side. Observe the sergeant's ready right hand.



387. British soldiers have fallen at the assassin's hand, in defense of the people's peace; and terrorists have returned to desecrate their graves. Private Joseph William Farrell, who lies here, was killed by Terrorist raiders on April 18, 1930. Over two years later his resting place was thus disturbed.

In the India of the Princes, each State has its own army, yet even there Tommy Atkins must sometimes lend a hand. Kashmir has a Hindu Maharajah, a Brahmin oligarchy and a population 90 per cent Muslim—"the most simple-minded and law-abiding people in the whole of India," so Sir Albion Banerji, distinguished Hindu and once a Kashmiri official, has lately affirmed. Illiterate, poor and oppressed, this 90 per cent had endured long and much, but in the autumn of 1931 the waters of their grief overflowed. Greatly daring, they told their Maharajah they were tired of paying, on each bit of land, each cow, each goat, from ten to twelve times what their Hindu neighbours, His Highness's co-religionists were taxed. Tired, too, of being kept illiterate, of getting the rough end of every stick, and of being interfered with in their way of worshipping God. Also, they requested to see, henceforth, at least one British Minister sitting in His Highness's cabinet, in order that their voice might in future be heard. Hindu-Muslim outbreaks ensued. Hindu idols were smashed. Shops were looted and people killed on both sides. The Maharajah's army came into play. In British India the most influential of Muslim public men carried the case to the Viceroy. In Delhi, in the Legislative Assembly, Hindu members strongly condemned the Muslim agitation, and, in their "Working Committee," decided to back the Maharajah; while the Sikh Members of the Legislature passed a resolution offering the Sikhs' services to the Kashmiri Government—an expression of the abiding ill-will of Sikhs towards Muslims as such—the ancient grudge that misses no opportunity, however freakish, of self-assertion. Meantime, in the Punjab, Muslim peasants began forming in bodies, and marching into Kashmir. They had few arms or none save their staves. But they wanted somehow to identify themselves with the cause of Islam distressed. These the Maharajah seized and imprisoned as fast as they arrived. But their numbers embarrassingly grew. If they and the Kashmiri Muslims should deliver a joint attack, the Maharajah would be in trouble. More than a little alarmed, His Highness urgently appealed to the Viceroy for aid, on the ground that the British Crown had guaranteed his State from invasion. Now, there are 150,000 Muslim, Sikh and Hindu troops in the Army in India and only 60,000 British Tommies. But to send either Hindu, Muslim or Sikh troops into a situation such as this where their mutual antagonisms were so violently enlisted, would be unfortunate indeed. So, once again, off marched Tommy Atkins from the Border Regiment, from the Rifle Brigade, from the Norfolks, and not a day too soon. For Islamic feeling throughout the North-country was blazing, and the things afoot in His Highness's prison-camps, had news of them spread, would scarcely have dulled that flame. The prisoners, many of them wounded, were entirely without medical aid, without decencies of any sort, were starving, and for thirty-six hours had been left absolutely without food. Also, they had no blankets and no fires; and the weather was bitter cold. Daily their numbers grew, daily their spirit waxed more savage. The dam was about to break. At His Highness's request, quiet British officers now took over. The prisoners, when they found they had the British to deal with, gladly elected a man to speak for them; and he and the British Political Officer to Kashmir (*See ante*, No. 207) conferred as friends. Then the British fed the prisoners, gave them an issue of blankets, moved them, with their own leaders' help, out of the filthy camps and prisons and established order in the State. His Highness was glad, the prisoners were glad, the Islamic press throughout India entreated the Viceroy not to withdraw British troops from Kashmir till this particular up-flaring of Hindu-Muslim antagonism had abated. But nothing of all that tribute to British influence meant quite as much, perhaps, as did the spontaneous welcome that came from the humblest folk in Kashmir—from that 90 per cent of the population to whom the Union Jack, alone in all the world of India today, gave hope of justice, protection and peace—unless they should rise and take matters into their own hands.



388. Satwari Camp, where 7,600 men, Punjabi Muslims, many of them wounded, were interned by the Kashmiri Government for 36 hours, without food, blankets, or conveniences of any sort. It was cold at night. The Kashmiri Government's unanswerable reply to remonstrance was that they had not invited these guests.

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389. Mr. E. M. Jenkins, a British Political Officer in Kashmir, conferring with the spokesman of the Muslim prisoners, who are seen behind.

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390. The British fed the Muslim prisoners behind the wire.

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391. Kashmiri Muslim boys who knew a scrap of English and could print were commandeered by poor Muslims to paint on their crumbling walls that welcome to their friends with which their hearts were warm indeed, but which they could not speak.

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392. Such as this were Muhammad Khilji and the eighteen troopers at his back, who, in 1199, captured the whole of Bengal. Such as this are the men of Afghanistan and the wide Islamic spaces beyond, who weary of waiting to follow that gay example. Today the British still bar the path.



Relieved by its own explosion the Kashmiri fever for the time died down. But throughout the land the fire lies ever smouldering, to be fanned by chance winds into scattering flames. A Hindu temple band elects to blow its deafening horns and beats its drums before a Mosque at the hour of evening prayer; a Muslim kills a cow, for meat, before Hindu eyes. A Hindu publishes a pamphlet attacking the honour of the Prophet; a pious Muslim slays him, many lives are lost. And with each relaxation of powers of Government from the East, the tension stiffens. Meantime, with laughter in its zestful eyes, the transmontane Mahoud, an inexhaustible reservoir of wild Islam, waits only the word that the frontier guard is of the ages turns back to 1000 A.D. and Mahoud's men return to their own.



393. The men who stand between.

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To all this gathering blackness there are two, in India, who remain struck blind—the Hindu political, so wound in his own cocoon of words and arguments that he cannot discern the reality that holds a knife at his throat; so used to protection by British arms from the consequences of his own acts that he cannot really conceive their withdrawal and its sequel; and the Terrorist, Moscow-trained, who believes that when the crash for which he is working actually comes, he himself will emerge as ruler of a new world.

But there is in India a third—a man as simple as the Hindu, as forbidding as the terrorist is anarchic, a fanatic, a man of enormous moral courage and resistance. He is the Hindu who, in the face of the mortal danger in which he lives, has decided on nothing to do but to fight, by any means, gun or hand, for the God of his fathers.

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